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SOUL OF SPAIN

BY

HAVELOCK ELLIS

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PREFACE

MANY years ago, as a child of six, I was taken by my father from Callao to spend the day in Lima, the capital of Peru. It was the first great foreign city I had seen, and the unfamiliar features of its streets, such as elsewhere have since become so familiar to me—the huge gateways, the pleasant courtyards one looked into beyond—made an ineffaceable impression on my mind. It has since seemed to me a fact not without significance that this first glimpse of the non-Anglo-Saxon world should have been of a foreign city founded on those Spanish traditions which have since been so attractive to me, so potent to thrill or to charm.

My acquaintance with Spain itself has been confined to the past twenty years or less. During this period I have visited the land five times, traversing it in all directions, entering and leaving it by all its chief portals, at Port-

Bou, at Algeciras, at Irun. I am convinced that it is only by a succession of visits at intervals that an unfamiliar country, of such marked and strong character as Spain possesses, can be comprehended; it is necessary to meditate over one's impressions at leisure, to start afresh, again and again, with some old prejudice removed, and a clearer vision of the essential facts; during a single visit, however lengthy, this is difficult to effect.

Although I have in this way tried to approach, as well as I can and from many different sides, a few of the manifold aspects of the Spanish spirit, I am well aware how inadequate and superficial my attempt must appear to those among us who have devoted their lives to the study of Spain. My own life-work is in other fields; I cannot therefore complain if more profound students should feel that I have made but a feeble attempt to interpret the Spanish spirit.

Let me say also, once and for all, that this book is not put forward as an indiscriminate recommendation to visit Spain. Spain is not an easy land to comprehend, even for intelligent visitors, and, taken as a whole, it is by no means a land for those who attach primary importance

to comfort and facile enjoyment. The common notion that Spain is another Italy is false and misleading. An acquaintance with Italy is, indeed, the worst preparation for entering Spain: all we have learnt in Italy must be forgotten when we cross the Pyrenees. Spain is not even the equivalent of Italy. For all who inherit European civilisation, Italy must always be the chief and richest museum of antiquities, a sacred land of pilgrimage. Spain is interesting and instructive, in the highest degree fascinating for those who can learn to comprehend her, but these must always, I think, be comparatively few. For these few, however, the fascination is permanent and irresistible. It is a fascination not hard to justify.

The political, industrial, and commercial aspects of Spain, it will be seen, have little or no place in these pages. Those are aspects of Spain often dealt with by writers far more competent to deal with them than I am, and I recognise that they are aspects which are gaining a larger importance to-day than they have had for a long time past. But unless we look very far back, it is not in those fields that the genius of Spain has been conspicuously shown. Spain represents, above all, the supreme

manifestation of a certain primitive and eternal attitude of the human spirit, an attitude of heroic energy, of spiritual exaltation, directed not chiefly towards comfort or towards gain, but towards the more fundamental facts of human existence. It is this essential Spain that I have sought to explore.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

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I

INTRODUCTION

The common belief that Spain is a rigidly conservative country, unchanging and unchangeable, is not without an element of truth. There is a certain tenacity of fibre in the people of this land, tempered during untold generations by the mingled fire and ice of their keen Castilian climate, which makes it easy to recognise in the Spaniard of to-day the Iberian described by Strabo two thousand years ago. But the Spaniard's tenacity of fibre is like that of his famed old Toledo blades; it admits a high degree of flexibility. Of all the larger countries of Europe with a great past behind them, Spain has most fallen to the rear. Yet it is a mistake to imagine that Spain has at any time been standing still. It is highly instructive to-day to read Gautier's *Voyage en Espagne*. This book is much more than a fine piece of literary impressionism, it is a massive intellectual

achievement. Journeying in a little-visited country, with few modern means of locomotion, and no Baedeker in his hand (it is scarcely ten years indeed since Baedeker recognised the existence of Spain), Gautier in a few weeks grasped all the more salient characteristics of the people and the land, and set them down in the clearest and firmest fashion. His book will never cease to have its value, for it represents a state of things which has largely vanished. No one nowadays need make his Spanish tour in a diligence, and no tourist now is likely to be permitted, as Gautier was, to spread out his mattress at night in the courts of the Alhambra. The virginal romanticism of a splendid and tattered Spain such as Gautier found has gone, almost as completely as the splendidly ruinous Rome that Goethe entered in his carriage has to-day been swallowed up in the shoddy capital of modern Italy. Spain, indeed, has not yet attained the depressing exuberance of renovated Italy,—and the peoples of the two peninsulas are far too unlike to make any such resemblance probable,—but the contrast between Gautier's Spain of less than a century ago and the state of Spain to-day is sufficiently striking to dispel for ever the notion that we are here concerned with a country which has been hopelessly left behind in the march of civilisation.

I have been able to realise the change in

Spain in the course of my own acquaintance with the country during the past twenty years, never more vividly than now as I return from my fifth visit to a land which to me has long seemed perhaps the most fascinating I know in the Old World or the New. And when I compare the Spain I have just left with the Spain I first entered at Port-Bou nearly twenty years ago, the magnitude of the changes which have been effected in so brief a space seems to me very remarkable. As soon as we leave the railway track, indeed, we enter at once what may be called the eternal Spain—the Spain *sub species æternitatis*—which Cervantes immortalised. It is in the cities and towns that the change has chiefly been manifested. Spaniards are now experiencing (though not for the first time, for the same tendency was noted over a century ago) the modern European tendency to crowd into towns. All the recent consular reports, from north and from south alike—from Barcelona and Bilbao, from Malaga and Granada—contain the same monotonous refrain that the towns are becoming crowded, and that the expenses of town life are increasing. Yet the population of Spain, as the censuses show, is not expanding at any inordinate rate and the movement of emigration is active. What is happening is that urban life is developing, and as it develops its attractive power increases and it draws the

country dwellers more and more within its circle. The brothers Quintero, who rank high among the Spanish dramatists of to-day, in one of the best of their comedies, *El Amor que Pasa*, have presented a delightful picture of an old-world Andalusian village from which the tide of life has receded, where men are scarce and where strangers rarely come, and all the vivacity and intelligence of the place are concentrated in a few girls whom there is no one to woo. It was not part of the dramatists' object to elucidate this question of urban development, but it is easy to see from their picture how the city has impoverished the village, and how those who are left only feel with the greater force the fascination of the city.

The more flourishing Spanish cities are nowadays full of life and animation. Not only are the large and handsome cafés crowded—that is no novelty—but factories are springing up, the signs of industrial and commercial activity abound, and the streets swarm with electric cars. In the use of electricity, indeed, Spain is before, rather than behind most European countries. Electric lighting is becoming universal, even the smallest and most old-world cities are now covered with networks of wires, and as the massive old churches offer a tempting basis of attachment, the most beautiful and picturesque spots and buildings are everywhere being

desecrated and disfigured, to the disgust of the travelling lover of the picturesque. The brilliance, vivacity, and modern activity of a large Spanish city, a certain touch of almost Oriental colour in it, suggest that the Spanish are taking as their models the Hungarians of Buda-Pesth, a city which, in the opinion of some, represents the highest point of city development Europe has yet attained.

The conservatism and traditionalism of the Spaniard, we have to realise, are compatible not only with an aptitude for change, but even with an eager delight in novelty and a certain discontent with the past. An excessive admiration for everything foreign is, indeed, by no means a new Spanish characteristic; more than a century ago it was said that every educated Spaniard speaks ill of his own country; and to-day an Anarchist writes from Barcelona that "in no country have the workers shaken off prejudice and tradition so completely as in Spain." It would be surprising indeed if that spirit of restless adventure which enabled Spaniards to add America to the world, while the Portuguese of the same Iberian race were unveiling India and the farther East, had completely died out with the days of great adventure. The Spaniard, even the Spaniard of the people, is eager for reform. The more or less philosophical Republicanism, so frequently found in

Spain, as well as the Anarchism—a peaceful and humanitarian Anarchism for the most part—which flourishes to a greater extent in Spain than elsewhere, alike testify to this desire. The newspaper press of Spain—especially as represented by the *Heraldo* of Madrid and the new Republican journal, *La Nueva España*—is enlightened and intelligent, in the best sense Liberal. The fermenting discontent with sacerdotal bigotry, and especially with the extreme developments of monasticism, which has spread among all classes in the country, even leading to restriction of the freedom of public religious processions—notwithstanding the firm manner in which the Church is here rooted—is another sign of the same kind, strikingly manifested a few years ago when the *Electra* of the popular author Galdos was performed amid opposing demonstrations of popular feeling all over Spain; it is not necessarily a movement hostile to the Church, certainly not in so far as Galdos is its representative, but it demands a purified and humanised Catholicism which shall be in harmony with the claims of Nature and of social progress. The bull-fight, again, the national pastime of Spain—long a mark for opprobrium among English-speaking peoples, always so keen to see the mote in other people's eyes—no longer meets with universal acceptance, and lately, with the approval of many prominent toreadors, a

movement has begun for the mitigation of its more offensive features.

In all the practical appliances of domestic and working life, although it is the Spaniard's instinct to cultivate an austere simplicity, he is yet adopting the devices and appliances of more advanced nations, while in cleanliness and convenience a Spanish city usually compares favourably with a Provençal city.[1] The Spaniard is honest; he is sometimes a little slow of comprehension; he is proverbially proud of his country's ancient glory, but is at the same time deeply convinced that Spain has fallen behind in the race of civilisation, and he is eager to see her again to the front. I find the typical Spaniard of to-day in an Aragonese peasant, elderly but lithe, whom I lately saw jump from the train at a little country station to examine a very complicated French agricultural machine drawn up in a siding; he looked at it above and below with wrinkled brows and intent eyes; he ran all round it; he clearly could not quite make it out, but there was no flippancy or indifference in his attitude towards this new strange thing; he would never rest, one felt, until he reached the meaning of it. And many of us will regret that in this eager thirst for novelties the Spaniard

[1] Peyron in 1777 drew a very unattractive picture of the *posadas* which nearly everywhere were the only available kind of hostelry; they were expensive, having to pay high rents; they were forbidden by law to supply any kind of food, and bedsteads were usually absent.

will cast aside not a few of the things which now draw us to Spain.

There can be no doubt that this attitude of the Spaniard of to-day, inevitable in any case, has been greatly increased by the war. Thoughtful observers of great movements have often felt that the old cry "Væ victis!" requires very serious and even radical modification. This feeling was indeed long ago expressed by Calderon in his *Magico Prodigioso*:—

> More
> The battle's loss may profit those who lose
> Than victory advantage those who win.

In many a war it has been the vanquished, not the victor, who has carried off the finest spoils. Cuba and the Philippines have been like a tumour in the side of Spain and dragged her down in the race of civilisation. They have drained her life-blood and disturbed all her national activities. Only a serious surgical operation could remove this exhausting excrescence, and Spaniards themselves have been the first to recognise that the operation, though painful, was in the highest degree beneficial. Not even the most patriotic of Spaniards dreams of regaining these lost possessions. There was indeed a passing moment of exasperation against Columbus for having discovered the New World, —on one occasion the mob stoned the Columbus statue at Barcelona,—but the war was scarcely

over before Unamuno referred to it as that famous encounter between Robinson Crusoe and Don Quixote over an island. The war has been beneficial in at least two different ways. It has had a healthy economical influence because, besides directing the manhood of Spain into sober industrial channels, it has led to the removal of artificial restrictions in the path of commercial activity. It has been advantageous morally because it has forced even the most narrow and ignorant Spaniard to face the actual facts of the modern world.

It can scarcely be expected that the lover of Spain should view this new movement of progress and reform with unmitigated satisfaction. No traveller will complain that Spanish hotel-keepers are beginning to obtain their sanitary fittings from England, or that clerical and secular authorities alike are putting down the national vice of spitting. But the stranger can feel no enthusiasm when he finds that similar zeal is exercised in suppressing, on the slightest pretext, the national dances, unique in Europe for their grace and charm and ancient descent, or in discarding the beautiful and becoming national costumes. It is a little depressing to find a cinematographic show set up in the market-place of even the remotest cities, to hear the squeak of the gramophone where one has once heard the haunting wail of the *malagueña*, or to have

to admit that the barrel-organ is taking the place of the guitar. Civilisation is good, and progress is necessary for any people. But "civilisation" and "progress" mean much more than a feverish thirst for new things or a mad race for wealth, and some of us think that, however salutary the lessons that Spain may learn from the more prosperous nations of to-day, there are still more salutary lessons in the art of living which these nations may learn from Spain. One would grieve to see that in the attempt to purify her national currency Spain should cast away her gold with her dross.

A nation that is alive must needs borrow from other nations. The process is vital and altogether beneficial so long as the borrowed elements are duly subordinated to the development of the national genius. A nation that in its anxiety to reach the level of other more prosperous peoples moulds itself servilely on their ways and lets go the hold of its own traditions, condemns itself to hopeless mediocrity. To be a great and fruitful power in the world a nation must be true to its own instincts, and in Spain, it is well to remember, we have a people of very tenacious and independent fibre, crushed but not destroyed by centuries of misrule and the enfeeblement of the autonomous political aptitude it once possessed.

The Spaniard indeed, we may admit, always

is—and except to some extent in Catalonia perhaps always will be—essentially unbusinesslike, as we Anglo-Saxons reckon business. If we enter a Spanish shop, as likely as not no one will be forthcoming to attend to our wants; on going into a café it may be difficult to attract the attention of the two waiters who are too deeply absorbed in their game of chess to be conscious of any external distraction. Business has never seemed in Spain to be the highest end of man. "The grandest enterprises," Ganivet makes Hernan Cortes say, in justification of the old Spanish adventurers, "are those in which money has no part, and the cost falls entirely on the brain and heart." The Spaniard is constitutionally incapable of accepting the delusion that the best things in the world may be bought by money, or that a man's wealth consists in the abundance of his possessions.[1] That is why, in a passing phase of civilisation, the Spaniard seems to belong to the past; and that is why, to some observers, he seems to belong also to the future.

When I first entered Spain I said to myself that here was a land where the manners and

[1] "I will say for the Spaniards," Borrow wrote in *The Bible in Spain*, "that in their social intercourse no people in the world exhibit a juster feeling of what is due to the dignity of human nature, or better understand the behaviour which it behoves a man to adopt towards his fellow-beings. It is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is not treated with contempt, and, I may add, where the wealthy are not blindly idolised."

customs of mediæval Europe still survived.[1] Spain seemed in many respects to be about three hundred years behind the age. Now, when all things are in flux, it is pleasant to find that that early impression need not be absolutely effaced. Spain is still the most democratic of countries. The familiar and intimate relationship which we know in the old comedies of Europe as subsisting between master and servant, between gentleman and peasant, is still universal. The waiter, even in your modern hotel a few paces from the Puerta del Sol, pats you on the back with friendly intimacy as you step out of the lift on the day after your arrival, and every low-class Spaniard expects, as a matter of course, to be treated as an equal.[2] We are not unfamiliar

[1] Stendhal made the same remark nearly a century ago. "I regard the Spanish people," he says (*De l'Amour*, ch. xlvii.), "as the living representatives of the Middle Ages. They are ignorant of many small truths of which their neighbours are childishly vain, but they know deeply the great truths, and they have the character and intelligence to follow them out to their most remote conclusions. Spanish character forms a fine opposition to French intelligence; hard, brusque, scarcely elegant, full of savage pride, not concerned with the opinions of others, it is exactly the contrast of the fifteenth century with the eighteenth."

[2] In 1821 Pecchio wrote in his interesting letters from Spain: "When the Spaniard presents himself before a powerful personage he does not bend like a reed or stammer and become embarrassed; he salutes him and behaves as a man should before a fellow-man. When I travelled through Spain with the Minister, Bardaxi, the post-masters and alcaldes of the smallest villages, after saluting him with natural frankness, sat beside him, asked him questions, lighted their cigars at the Minister's, and in the warmth of conversation frequently slapped him on the shoulders."

with that attitude in more progressive countries, but the Spaniard shows that he is entitled to courtesy by knowing how to return it, and that is a phenomenon we are less familiar with. There is among Spanish people a friendly trustfulness towards all, even towards strangers and foreigners, which belongs to an age when no fear was necessary; the man of progressive civilisation is always prepared to be suspicious; he scrutinises a stranger carefully and feels his way slowly. That outcome of modern progress seems unknown to the Spanish man or woman; it is always assumed that your attitude is friendly, and on the strength of this trustfulness even the instinct of modesty or the not less instinctive fear of ridicule seems in Spain to become slightly modified.

We realise how far we are from the present when we enter a Spanish church. The ecstatic attitude of devotion which the worshippers sometimes fall into without thought of any observer is equally unlike the elegant grace of the French worshipper or the rigid decorum of the English, while perhaps, if it is a great festival, groups of women cluster on the ground with their fans at the base of the piers, and children quietly play about in corners with unchecked and innocent freedom. Nor are the dogs and cats less free than the children; at Tudela I have even seen a dog curled up in the

most comfortable chair by the high altar, probably left in charge of the church, for he raised his head in a watchful manner when the stranger entered; and in Gerona Cathedral there was a cat who would stroll about in front of the *capilla mayor* during the progress of mass, receiving the caresses of the passers-by. It would be a serious mistake to see here any indifference to religion; on the contrary, this easy familiarity with sacred things is simply the attitude of those who in Wordsworth's phrase "lie in Abraham's bosom all the year," and do not, as often among ourselves, enter a church once a week to prove how severely respectable, for the example of others, they can on occasion show themselves to be. It was thus that our own ancestors, whose faith was assuredly less questioning than ours, made themselves at home in the aisles of Old St. Paul's.

It would be easy to enumerate many details of life in Spain which remind us of a past we have long left behind. Pepys in seventeenth-century London days went out to a tavern for his "morning draught," which was sometimes chocolate, and in the smaller hotels of Andalusia one is still expected to do the same. Our forefathers in Shakespeare's day were familiar with the fact that "good wine needs no bush," and we are reminded of that fact when, as in Tarragona, we everywhere see great clumps of green

bushes, usually fir branches with their cones, suspended over the doors of low-class wine shops. The England of Chaucer and the ballads was familiar with the wandering figure of the palmer with his cockle-shells. Once on arriving at Zamora I found myself walking behind a dark, quiet, bearded man, evidently just arrived from Compostela, who had several large scollop shells fastened to the back of his cloak, and two or three little twisted shells hanging from the top of the traditional palmer's staff he bore, an ancient figure one supposed had passed from the earth five centuries ago, walking through the streets of a modern city, and not even attracting the attention of the bold and familiar children of Zamora.

It is pleasant to feel that such evidences of the community of Old Spain with a world—in many respects an excellent world—from which we have ourselves emerged have not yet ceased to exist. When we pass out of the beaten tracks we still come in touch with it almost everywhere in Spain. The stranger cannot perhaps more easily catch a glimpse of the true and ancient Spain than by acquiring the habit of travelling third-class. The seats, indeed, are hard, but the company usually is excellent, charming in its manners, and not offensive to any sense. Here a constant series of novel pictures is presented to the traveller, who may quietly study them at leisure. Perhaps it is a dozen merry girls on

their way to a festival, packed tightly together and laden with packages; some, the more sedate among them, wear mantillas, some bright handkerchiefs on their heads or with hair uncovered, but however they are dressed, to whatever class they belong, they are all clean and sweet. They carefully tie to the racks the little bunches of carnations they bear—Spanish women always treat carnations tenderly—and give themselves up to unrestrained chatter and laughter; their voices are apt to be somewhat piercingly vibrant and metallic, but their delight is good to see; the younger girls, at the climax of their glee, will perhaps stand up and flutter their arms like wings, and the elder women, if any there be, join in with only more restrained enjoyment. Or perhaps it is a less crowded carriage one enters; there are two middle-class Spaniards and a peasant group of three: a fat, jolly, middle-aged man in a peasant's costume, but clean and new, almost stylish; a woman of like age, one of those free, robust, kindly women whom Spain produces so often; and a pretty bare-headed girl, evidently her daughter, though the man seems a friend or relation who is escorting them on their journey. By and by, when we have been some hours on our journey, he lifts from the seat in front of him the large, heavy, embroidered wallet,—that *alforja* which Sancho Panza was always so anxious to keep well filled,—unwinds it, draws out one

of the great flat delicious Spanish loaves and throws it in the woman's lap. Then a dish of stewed meat appears, and the bread is cut into slices which serve as plates for the meat. But before the meal is begun the peasant turns round with a hearty "Gusta?" It is the invitation to share in the feast which every polite Spaniard must make even to strangers who happen to be present, and it is as a matter of course politely refused: "Muchas gracias."[1] Before long the black leather wine-bottle is produced from the wallet, and the meal proceeds. At its final stage some kind of sweetmeat appears, and small fragments are offered to the two middle-class Spaniards, and then—with a slight half-movement, expressing a fine courtesy restrained by the fear of offering any offensive attention—to the foreign *caballero* also. It is not improper to accept this time; and now the leather bottle is handed round, and the middle-class Spaniards avail themselves of it, though with awkward unfamiliarity, for it requires some skill to drink from this vessel with grace.[2] You

[1] The origin of this invitation, which has survived in Spain alone of European civilised countries, is magical. "In Morocco," Westermarck observes (*The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, vol. i. p. 561), "nobody would like to eat in the presence of other people without sharing his meal with them; otherwise they might poison his food by looking at it with an evil eye." Similar ideas are found among primitive peoples elsewhere.

[2] One of the best passages in Ford's *Gatherings from Spain* (chap. ix.) deals with the leather bottle or *bota*, the true and original bottle.

carefully fold over the belly of the vessel to the angle demanded by the state of its repletion, and as you apply the mouthpiece to your lips you slowly elevate your eyes towards the zenith. The two Spaniards quietly remark to each other that the wine is of first-class quality, and even without such an assurance one would know that that peasant never drank anything that was not of superior quality. Once more one enters a carriage, this time second-class, where sits a charming and beautiful Spanish lady with her child, opposite to a man who, with little success, is paying attention to the child with the object of opening up conversation with the mother. Two black-robed monks enter. They do not look at the pretty lady, they seem unconscious of her presence, and the elder of the two, a man of gentle refined face, alone greets us with the customary "Good-day." The other brother, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, is a larger man of more stolid and impassive type, evidently of lower grade in the order. The two exchange very few words in the course of their three hours' journey, and it is always the elder and more intelligent man who takes the initiative. He sits with folded hands, quietly but alertly interested in every smallest incident, while the younger man having placed his spectacles on the seat beside him, leans back, calmly vegetative, with arms folded within his sleeves. After a

while the other, with gentle feminine fingers, touches him softly on the arm without a word. He understands, and produces a bundle fastened in a knotted blue check handkerchief. I imagine for a moment that the holy men are about to partake of a frugal repast; but the bundle contains a large book of devotions, which the elder monk reads for a short time and then fastens again in the bundle and pushes towards his companion as its recognised guardian. A little girl enters the carriage with her small basket; the elder monk looks at her with affectionate interest, and when she passes him to get out at the next station he smiles sweetly at her, speaking a few words, to which she responds with an "Adios." I seem to see here typified the two varieties into which the discipline of the cloister moulds men—the sensitively feminine and the listlessly vegetative. The whole of the lives of these men has marked itself upon them. I realise how true are the words of the wise physician, that "from him who has eyes to see and ears to hear no mortal can hide his secret; he whose lips are silent chatters with his finger-tips and betrays himself through all his pores."

If I were asked to sum up the dominant impression that the survival in Spain of old-world mediævalism makes, I should say that Spain is, in the precise and specific sense of the word, the home of romance. The special

character of the Spanish temperament and of Spanish developments in literature and in art are marked not by classic feeling—though Spain owed so much to ancient Rome and Rome to Spain—but by a quality, rising and sinking with the rise and fall of Gothic, which we call the romantic spirit—a mixture, that is, of the mysterious and grandiose with the grotesquely bizarre, of the soaringly ideal with the crudely real, a mixture which to us to-day has the cunning fascination of art, but was really on both sides the natural outcome of the experiences and feelings of the men who created it. This romantic spirit was once the common possession of all Christendom, but the Spanish temperament peculiarly lent itself to the romantic attitude, and it is in Spain to-day that we may catch its final vanishing echoes. It was certainly no accident that Victor Hugo, the great representative of the romantic renaissance in France, went to Spain for his inspiration. It is sometimes said, and with truth, that Hugo had but a slight knowledge of Spain: he went there as a child of ten, that was all. But this child of precocious genius was able even at that age to receive impressions strong enough to germinate in the fulness of time. The whole of the earlier and more fruitful period of his work may be said to have been touched by the stimulus which came to Victor Hugo from Spain.

To-day it is the Church, always the most powerful stronghold of tradition among any people, where the stranger may most vividly realise how well the romantic spirit has been preserved in Spain. Notwithstanding invasions from without and revolutions from within, especially during the early years of the last century, Spain is still the country where the mediæval spirit of romantic devotion is most splendidly embodied and preserved. To the English visitor, in whose churches nearly every beautiful thing that royal despoilers had left was battered and broken by still more energetic Puritans, it is a perpetual miracle to find so much delicate work from remote ages which has never been ravaged by revolutionists or restorers. Moreover, there is no style of architecture which so admirably embodies the romantic spirit as Spanish Gothic. Such a statement implies no heresy against the supremacy of French Gothic. But the very qualities of harmony and balance, of finely tempered reason, which make French Gothic so exquisitely satisfying, softened the combination of mysteriously grandiose splendour with detailed realism in which lies the essence of Gothic as the manifestation of the romantic spirit. Spanish Gothic, at once by its massiveness and extravagance and by its realistic naturalness, far more potently embodies the spirit of mediæval life. It is less æsthetically

beautiful, but it is more romantic. In Leon Cathedral Spain possesses one of the very noblest and purest examples of French Gothic, a church which may almost be said to be the supreme type of the Gothic ideal of a delicate house of glass finely poised between buttresses, but there is nothing Spanish about it. For the typical Gothic of Spain we must go to Toledo and Burgos, to Tarragona and Barcelona. Here we find the elements of stupendous size, of mysterious gloom, of grotesque and yet realistic energy which are the dominant characters alike of Spanish architecture and of mediæval romance. We find the same characters in every object which subserves the Church service and ritual. The Spaniard has no fine instinct for the æsthetic, but in the sphere of devotion his romantic instinct is always right. The gloom which pervades Spanish churches—so unlike French churches, which are a blaze of light—has its source in the need for tempering the glare of the southern sun. But this gloom is finely subdued to the purposes of devotion, and exquisitely tempered not only by windows which are always painted, but by the use of candles as the only source of artificial illumination. Though here and there, as in Toledo Cathedral, we find the hideous French device of the electric light that pretends to be a candle, Spaniards still understand not only that the

candle is the illuminant which symbolically best lends itself to Christian worship, but that the full and equable illumination necessary to reveal the symmetry of classic buildings is worse than useless in this more mysterious Gothic art which demands the emphasis of its perspective, the broken play of light and shade.[1]

The affinity of the Spaniard for the romantic spirit is far from being—in the common sense of the word "romantic"—the expression of a superficial sentimentality. The chivalry peculiarly identified with Spain—the chivalry embodied in the conception of the Cid, which finally drove the Moor out of Spain—however fantastic and extravagant it sometimes became, was stern in its ideals and very practical in its achievements. And alike in its practical and its fantastic shapes, it was always peculiarly congenial to the temper of the Spaniard. When Loyola, the knight of a new chivalry, watched over the weapons of his spiritual armour in his long vigil at Monserrat, he was not artificially aping the knight of old-world chivalry, but

[1] The candle, as has been said by a writer on "Christmas as the Feast of Candles" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, December 1906), is the true symbol of the link between the soul of man and the Unseen. Spain has always been noted for its devotion to candles, and is "not only the land of sunshine but the land of candle-light." Nowhere has the use of tapers in worship been so highly developed. More than fifteen centuries ago the Synod of Elvira condemned the Spanish custom of burning candles in cemeteries, apparently regarding it as a relic of witchcraft, but the custom has none the less persisted even till now on All Saints' Day.

naturally satisfying the spiritual instinct of a true Spaniard.

Interwoven with the manifestations of the romantic spirit of Spain, indeed a part of its texture, there is a perpetual insistence on suffering and death. A certain indifference to pain, even a positive delight in it, was long ago observed by Strabo to mark the Iberian. And the deliberate insistence on the thought of death, so congenial to the ethical temper of this people that, it has been said, the Spaniard has a natural passion for suicide, has always been a note of the romantic mood. But while the favourite mediæval conception of the dance of death, peculiarly at home in Spain,[1] has elsewhere passed out of the living traditions of European peoples, in Spain the naked lugubrious fact of death is still made part of the lesson of daily life. "*Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, nihil*": that inscription in huge letters which alone serves to mark the grave of a great Archbishop on the pavement of Toledo Cathedral, well expresses the Spaniard's haughty humility. The Escorial, again, the Royal Spanish Temple to Death, is unique in its elaborate and

[1] The anonymous Spanish *Danza de la Muerte* of the fourteenth century is said to be the oldest known Macabre Dance legend. Emile Male, however, who has written an interesting study on the Dance of Death, and the fascination exerted by the idea of Death in mediæval Europe after the thirteenth century (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 1906), regards the Dance of Death as an entirely French concep tion, though he thinks its origin may probably be traced to Franciscan or Dominican influence.

impressive circumstances; the ruling Spanish monarch may here descend the dark marble staircase to the little vault below the high altar, to view in its own small niche the sarcophagus which was prepared for him centuries before he was born. Even in Spain there is nothing more impressive than this huge Escorial, the grey and sombre Palace of Death, which Philip built on this carefully chosen site, in the lonely village amid the grey and sombre mountains. And in the loftily magnificent pile there is nothing so impressive, and nothing so essentially Spanish, as the little suite of dark rooms with its plain furniture which the greatest and richest of kings built for himself, so that he might lie on his dying bed with its outlook on the high altar, fingering the same crucifix as his father, the still mightier monarch, Charles V., also held when he too lay dying, in the same Spanish way, gazing at the altar in the Convent of Yuste. Nowadays a disconcerting little stream of cosmopolitan tourists is for ever passing through the huge temple—gaily dressed ladies from every clime, the patient Yankee globe-trotter, the smug English curate, the irrepressibly cheerful little Frenchman who stands in the middle of the solemn vault of the dead kings and quietly sums up his impressions: "*C'est joli, ça!*"—but it cannot wash away the deathly solemnity of this ferocious Escorial.

The Spaniard broods over and emphasises the naked majesty of death. Very far from him is the sunny and serene saying of the Spanish Jew, Spinoza, that "There is nothing the wise man thinks of less than of death." In Barcelona Cathedral, the most solemnly impressive model of Catalan architecture, the broad and stately entrance to the crypt, the gloomy house of death, is placed in the centre of the church, between the *capilla mayor* and the choir. Every Spanish sacristan seems to possess a well-polished skull and a couple of thigh-bones, with which to crown the catafalque it is his duty to erect—a task in which we may sometimes find him engaged in the silent church at twilight, preparing for the funeral ceremony of the morrow. In a church in the heart of the city of Zamora I have found, prominently placed on a pedestal, a skeleton of fine proportions holding an hourglass in one hand and a scythe in the other, while high on the interior wall of Salamanca Cathedral one discerns a skeleton of lesser proportions with what seems to be the skin still clinging to the bones.[1]

[1] Since the above passage was written, I have read the *España Negra* of the distinguished Belgian poet, Emile Verhaeren (translated into Spanish, annotated, and illustrated by Dario de Regoyos, who accompanied the poet on his journey). No tourist in Spain has seen so vividly as Verhaeren the sombre violence of the Spanish temperament, the insistent fascination of death, showing itself in the unlikeliest places, even in Andalusian love-songs. Few tourists in Spain seem to note these things. Even Ford, whose *Gatherings from*

The age of chivalry, as we know, is over, and the romantic spirit is rooted in conceptions of life and death which are not able to flourish vitally in the soil of our time. It is inevitable that, however firmly the mediæval idea may have persisted in Spain, its tendency must be if not to die out, at all events to become attenuated, overlaid, at the least transformed in its manifestations. But a nation that at one moment led the world and has always shown an aptitude for bringing forth great personalities, cannot be hastily dismissed as decadent, unable to exert any influence on human affairs. The people of Spain—still sound at the core, and with a vigour of spirit which has enabled them to win strength even out of defeat—showed at one period at least in their history, from the conquest of Toledo to the conquest of Seville, an incomparable strength, freedom, and vitality; even later, Spain still had the energy to find and to colonise the other hemisphere of the globe; and later still, to bring spiritual achievements of immortal value to the treasure-house of humanity; while the forceful and plastic genius of Spain has moulded one of the strongest and most beautiful forms of human

Spain is so delightful and intimate, for the most part so accurate and well-documented a picture of Spanish manners and customs, shows no sign of any perception of the tragically intense and sombre aspect of Spain. Verhaeren's special temperament makes him peculiarly sensitive to this side of the Spanish soul, though *España Negra* can hardly be accepted as a completely adequate picture of Spanish life.

speech and one of the most widely diffused. The soul of Spain has its persistent and indestructible fibre inextricably woven into human affairs. It has, moreover, its own special seal, the mark of a lofty and unique personality, which we cannot too patiently and reverently study in all its various manifestations. For we are but now growing ready to receive the inspirations that it may yield us.

II

THE SPANISH PEOPLE

I

It has been said that a Spaniard resembles the child of a European father by an Abyssinian mother. Whether or not the statement is literally true, the simile may be accepted as a convenient symbol of the most fundamental fact about Spain and her people. Just as Russia and her people are the connecting link between Europe and Asia, so Spain is the connecting link between Europe and the African continent it was once attached to and still so nearly adjoins. That is the cause of the almost savage primitiveness and violence which we find in all the burnt-brown soil of Spain, wherever it is most characteristic, and of the independence, equally savage in its aboriginal primitiveness, which we may detect in the temper of its people. Spain is a great detached fragment of Africa, and the Spaniard is the first-born child of the ancient

white North African, now widely regarded as the parent of the chief and largest element in the population of Europe. That is why the people of Spain are nearer to the aboriginal European racial type, as Ripley has truly said, than are the people of any other civilised land in the European continent.

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The Berbers and Kabyles, hidden among the hills of Morocco and Algeria, may well seem, to one who has lived in North Africa, to have a better claim than any other people to represent the primitive European stock. In appearance they are not seldom entirely European; while often as dark as men of Cadiz can be, they might sometimes also pass as men of Aberdeen. Physically they are lithe and vigorous, with the dignity that comes of lithe vigour. In character they are serious yet cheerful, warlike yet according a high place to women, extremely independent, and preferring to live in small, clannish, closely knit communities, jealous or hostile toward other social units. They constitute an admirable human material, though one that is peculiarly difficult to tame to the ends of civilisation. In nearly every respect the Spaniard seems to show traces of relationship to this North African stock, which he, of all European men, most closely resembles.

It is now generally believed that the Basques with their mysterious language represent the

primitive Iberians of Berber stock. Once, as place-names still show, this language was spoken over the greater part of Spain, but now, in a modified shape, it is confined to the people who inhabit the north-east corner of Spain and the adjoining region in France. The Basques themselves, as Telesforo de Aranzadi has shown in a detailed anthropological study, correspond to the primitive Iberians of Berber affinity, though modified, he believes, by some admixture with people, on the one hand, of Lapp and Finn type, on the other hand, of Cymric or Germanic type. Their isolation on the flanks of the Pyrenees has enabled the Basques to retain their ancient language and some of their primitive institutions, —as, in some districts, precedence of the eldest daughter over all the sons in inheritance,—but the Iberians still, it is probable, form the fundamental material in the population all over Spain. Moreover, it is a remarkable and significant fact that nearly all the successful historical invasions of Spain have been carried out by peoples who were of North African or allied stock, and often very largely of actual Berber race. The Carthaginians, who played so large a part in the early history of Spain, were mainly, it is probable, of race allied to the Berbers. The Moslems, who represent by far the most important invasion, reached Spain from Morocco, and though their leaders often came from farther east, the bulk of

the Moorish invaders was usually made up, as the name indicates, of Berbers from Morocco; so that, notwithstanding the age-long warfare between Spanish Christianity and Moorish Islamism, Spaniards and Moors were yet in blood closely related.[1]

To this general rule there were two notable exceptions. The Visigoths—a Germanic people of Byzantine civilisation who were not altogether typically Teutonic—dominated Spain for several centuries and then more or less melted away into the underlying mixed Iberian stock. Of much earlier occurrence—before the fifth century B.C., according to Jubainville—was the invasion of the Asiatic and mid-European Celts, who are still easy to trace in the Iberian peninsula, though much mixed with Iberian elements, by their shorter heads. They probably entered from France—where they are still firmly entrenched among the mountains of Auvergne—and being unable to dislodge the tenacious inhabitants of the Pyrenean heights, were com-

[1] The readiness with which so obstinate and pugnacious a race as the Spaniards received the Moslem invaders and made terms with them, in large numbers even embracing Mohammedanism (being then termed *Muladies*), shows that they regarded them as less alien than their Gothic masters. Even when their Christian subjects retained their religion (and were then termed *Mozarabes*) the Moors frequently admitted them to high posts, even to the command of Moslem armies. The fanatical spirit only began to appear at the beginning of the twelfth century, and the intimate alliance and mingling of Christian and Moor continued even to the last. (See, *e.g.*, Lea, *History of the Inquisition in Spain*, vol. i. pp. 52 *et seq.*)

pelled to proceed farther and found a congenial home among the hills of Asturias and Galicia, for everywhere these reserved and dreamy people are attracted to the seclusion of hilly country; their descendants extend along the Portuguese coast, and it may be said that the Celts have had less to do with the making of Spain than of Portugal, to which indeed Galicia really belongs, by soil and climate, as well as by race and language. Along the northern Spanish heights Celts and Iberians seem to have mingled at a very early period to form the vigorous and obstinate Celtiberian stock. The Celts brought, however, no very positive contribution to the Spanish character; they doubtless heightened the Spanish tenacity and domesticity, and probably diminished Spanish pugnacity, for crimes of blood are comparatively infrequent in the Celtic regions of Spain;[1] they were certainly more apt for menial labour; even to-day the Gallegos in Spain, like the Auvergnats in France, are known all over the country as labourers and servants.

Partly owing to the predominance of the primitive Iberian elements, partly to the racial affinity of most of the elements of later introduction, the population of Spain reveals to-day a singular anthropological uniformity.[2] It is quite

[1] Bernaldo de Quiros, *Criminologia*, p. 52.

[2] A similar uniformity seems to have prevailed even at the outset. In a fragment of the old Greek historian, Herodorus of Heraclæa, it is said that the Iberians are everywhere the same people, though they

true that the inhabitants of many of the provinces of Spain are even now distinguished from each other by various marked and obvious peculiarities of appearance, costume, and disposition. If, for instance, we compare Spain with France in this respect, we might be inclined to say that the Spanish provinces are more unlike each other to-day than the French provinces probably were even a century ago. Yet the inhabitants of many of the French provinces are anthropologically of radically unlike race, while the people of Spain are as uniform, anthropologically, as those of Great Britain now are. This apparent diversity, there seems to me little doubt, is due to that tendency to clannishness, to local patriotism, which the Spaniard has inherited from his Berber ancestors.

The greater part of Spain is thus occupied by a race which Deniker terms Ibero-insular, and is sometimes called *Homo Mediterraneus*.[1] The same race occupies the large islands of the western Mediterranean, the south of Italy, and some regions in central France, especially Limousin and Périgord. The chief racial characteristics of this people, as compared with

bear different names because they are divided into different tribes; and Pierre Paris, in his valuable study of primitive art and industry in Spain, finds that among all the ancient works of art which have been discovered throughout the great peninsula there is a certain undeniable uniformity.

[1] Deniker, *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, July and December, 1904.

Europeans generally, are shortness, darkness, and long-headedness. In stature they vary within the same limits as Italians, but while in Italy the short population is mainly in the south, in Spain it is more to the north and in the centre. In colour Spaniards are on the average somewhat darker than Italians, and though fair hair and light eyes are common in many if not all parts of Spain, there appears to be no large region of the country in which, as illustrated by Deniker's chart of pigmentation, the people of brown type fall below 30 per cent of the population. Tacitus referred to the curly hair and coloured complexion of the Spaniards. The rich pigmentation of the skin seems to be a marked characteristic of the Iberian race (even in the branch that extends to the south-western peninsula of England), for Silius Italicus compared the Spaniard's skin to the gold of his mines, and in its most delicate modification it constitutes that "golden pallor" which Gautier so greatly admired in the women of Malaga. As regards head-shape, Spaniards, as we should expect, though on the whole long-headed, are distinctly less so than the Berbers. The fairly uniform manner in which mixture has taken place is decisively shown by the very narrow limits within which the cephalic index varies. The more long-headed people are in the east and south-west, the more broad-headed

people in the north-west. The men and women we see in the pictures of Murillo, and to some extent those of Zurbaran, admirably illustrate the chief anthropological types of Spain.

II

The land of Spain and the physical traits of Spaniards lead us back to Africa. If we take a more penetrating survey we shall find that there is much in the character of the Spaniard which we may also fairly count as African. Indeed, the Spanish character is fundamentally, it seems to me, not only African, but primitive, and—in the best and not in any depreciative sense of the word—savage. It is usual to say that every nation passes successively through the three stages of savagery, barbarism, and civilisation, and no doubt that is true. But it has often seemed to me that certain peoples have so natural an affinity for one or other of these stages that something of its character always clings to their national temper. Thus France is not only the land of civilisation to-day, but we clearly detect the same instinct of civilisation in the Gauls described by Strabo two thousand years ago; that premature instinct of civilisation seems indeed the main reason why they fell so easy a prey to the Romans. Again, the Russian is and always has been a barbarian,

not necessarily for evil, but also for good. And the Spaniard is, and remains to-day, in the best sense of the word, a savage. His childlike simplicity and intensity of feeling, his hardness and austerity combined with disdain for the superfluous, his love of idleness tempered by the aptitude for violent action, his indifference to persons and interests outside the circle of his own life—these characteristics and the like, which have always marked the Spaniard, mark also the savage. The love of idleness, for instance, as a background for the manifestation of violent energy, everywhere noted among savages, has always been pronounced in the Spaniard; he has little natural aptitude for sustained and detailed labour; even the highest efforts of Spanish genius have often had little about them of "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and none of the world's great literary masterpieces show so many careless flaws in matters of detail as *Don Quixote*, even though high authorities maintain that *Don Quixote* is written with great care. Except in Catalonia and Galicia, work is a necessity, it may be, but never a heart-felt impulse; the shopkeeper and the manual labourer are traditionally regarded with contempt; even the poor Valencian boatman, in a novel of Blasco Ibañez's, could feel nothing but contempt for men who cultivated the ground: "they were labourers, and to

him that word sounded like an insult." The Spaniard of an earlier age entrusted labour to slaves or to free Moors living under Christian rule, and called *Mudejares*, who were frequently men of much more skill and education than their employers. So that the Castilian, whose business was war, having left trade and commerce and craftsmanship to slaves, came to regard them as slavish occupations. Hence it is that in Spain a beggar can afford to feel proud—indeed nowadays the beggar alone retains that air of pride once attributed to the Spaniards generally—and social parasitism, which gave rise to the old picaresque literature,[1] under new forms still remains a national institution.

It is true that in this matter a too absolute statement may easily produce a false impression. Spaniards themselves are reasonably annoyed with the tourists who seem to see the population of Spain symbolised in gipsies who dance or tell fortunes and beggar boys who lie in the sun eating oranges. Spain, Emilia Pardo Bazan declares, is not merely the land of the gipsy

[1] It is noteworthy that the masterpieces of Spanish picaresque literature were probably all written by men who had lived on the verge of the nomadic life they described, and perhaps themselves felt the impulses it tended to engender. The authorship of the first and best, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, is unknown, but "it may have been written," as Butler Clarke remarks, "in a camp, a pot-house, a lax student's garret, or even in a prison." Mateo Aleman was a poor soldier; Espinel was a vagabond, a soldier, a sailor, and perhaps, like Cervantes, a prisoner in Algiers; Quevedo had mixed with all strata of society.

with his guitar, for there is "a youthful and muscular Spain, covered with sweat, wearing a blue blouse, and with face blackened by the smoke of the forge." This is undoubtedly the fact, and yet it remains true that the temperament, the independence, the traditions of the Spaniard, even his climate, all combine to render uncongenial the gospel of work for the love of it which has commended itself to the nations who are for ever inventing new wants in order to excuse to themselves their appetite for work. To the Spaniard work is not so much a good in itself as an evil to which he is inured, and he prefers to limit his wants rather than to increase his labour. According to a Libyan or Berber tradition, preserved by a Pindaric fragment, the first ancestor, Iarbas, of the race to which the Spaniard belongs, sprang directly from the sun-heated African soil. It was a natural belief. The plains of Castile, also, are hard to cultivate, and baked by the sun when they are not frozen; the natural selection exercised by ice, fire, and hunger has tended to produce a tough and dry race, extremely sober, temperate in all their physical demands, and too familiar with work to care to idealise it. The poverty of the Spanish soil has made the Spaniard, as Unamuno puts it, the son of Abel rather than of Cain, the agriculturalist, who slew him; he prefers to breed cattle in the pastures

and among the hills; from such districts, rather than from the rich and cultivated lowlands, came *conquistadores* like Cortes or Pizarro, with many others of the most vigorous children of Spain. By environment as well as by temperament the Spaniard is a nomad, a born adventurer.[1]

So that if we may say that there is in the Spaniard a distaste for organised and constant labour, there is also a great reserve of energy, and also the heroic endurance of hardship when the laborious acquisition of comfort is counted a greater hardship. On the one hand, there is the love of doing nothing, a contempt for ordinary useful work, and a tendency among the weaker social elements to parasitism; on the other hand, there is at times, and especially in some elect individuals, a fury, almost an ecstasy, of extravagant and untiring energy. It is this fascination of energy which leads in Calderon, as Norman Maccoll has remarked, to a special predilection for all dæmonic types of character, the natures full of restless energy and eagerness for action, urged forward by an impulse they are themselves unable to account for, and regard as external. Even the poet

[1] It has often seemed to me a curious proof of the persistence of hereditary influences that Casanova should have been ultimately of Spanish race; it is scarcely fanciful, indeed, to find in him a special affinity with the Mallorcans, among whom the name Casanova has long been common and indeed famous, since it is that of their chief woman saint. Casanova is the Spanish picaro *in excelsis*. (I may refer to my study of Casanova in *Affirmations*.)

of to-day, Ruben Dario, though penetrated alike by the cosmopolitanism of the new world and the old-world fragrance of Baudelaire and Verlaine, remains a true child of Spain in his admiration for energy, and sings—

"Yo soy el caballero de la humana energia."

In his *fiestas*, also, as Salillas well remarks, the Spaniard loves to expend an immense amount of work, which may not indeed be useful work, though it is capable of being transformed into useful work,—and is to-day to some extent undergoing this transformation,—for it has all the virility of work; and the chief national form of the *fiesta*, the bull-fight, demands in the highest degree courage, strength, agility, intelligence, and grace.[1]

This attitude of the Spaniard, his hardness, the indifference to pain which is so often looked upon as a love of cruelty, again allies the Spaniard to the savage. From first to last the emotional attitude underlying such manifestations is alien to the tenderness, fully as much egoistic as alrtuistic, which marks civilisation, but it is perfectly intelligible to the savage mind. Every form of asceticism has been triumphantly exhibited by Spaniards, and asceticism, sometimes tempered by orgy, is always easy and often necessary in the conditions of savage life. It is only in this way that we can understand a

[1] Salillas, *Hampa*, pp. 86 *et seq.*, 114 *et seq.*

characteristic so alien to the softness of civilisation. Spaniards have often indignantly repelled the common charge of cruelty, and the accusation that the existence of the Inquisition testified to a special delight in religious persecution; the town of Salem alone, Valera somewhere remarks, was responsible for more torture in the name of religion than can be put to the account of the Holy Office from California to the Straits of Magellan. Moreover, in an age when torture was a recognised part of judicial procedure nearly everywhere,[1] its use by the Inquisition in Spain can only call for special comment if it can be shown that the Spanish Inquisitors went beyond their judicial contemporaries in its application. This is the reverse of the fact. In Aragon, though it admitted the Inquisition, torture was even illegal, and it was only by positive command of Clement V. that it was applied in 1311 to the Templars. Later, when torture was in daily use in Castile in the secular courts, it was also used by the Inquisition, as it then was in Aragon, though still not there permitted in secular jurisprudence. The Inquisition in Spain used the almost universally accepted methods of torture for extracting confession, but its use was jealously guarded, and as a rule only a few of the simplest of the

[1] Even in seventeenth-century England, Bacon, a man of the highest genius, humanity, and temperamental moderation, accepted torture as a matter-of-course element in English judicial proceedings.

generally recognised mediæval methods of torture were applied, and not generally to any great extent. The belief that the methods of torture used by the Spanish Inquisition were exceptionally cruel in their character or their degree is due, remarks Lea in his very detailed study of the Spanish Inquisition, to sensational writers who have played on the credulity of their readers. "The system was evil in conception and in execution," he states, "but the Spanish Inquisition, at least, was not responsible for its introduction, and, as a rule, was less cruel than the secular courts in its application, and confined itself more strictly to a few well-known methods. The comparison between the Spanish and the Roman Inquisition is also eminently in favour of the former."[1] Yet when we reflect on the history of Spain, and the temperament of the Spaniard, it is difficult not to realise a certain indifference to pain, almost a love of it. The early Iberians, even when nailed to the cross, still chanted their national songs, unvanquished in spirit, to the astonishment of their Roman conquerors, and Iberian mothers dashed their children to death rather than that they should live to be slaves. It is scarcely more than a century since Spanish churches in Lent were habitually bespattered with the blood of peni-

[1] H. C. Lea, *History of the Inquisition in Spain*, vol. iii. ch. i., "Torture."

tent worshippers,—just as across the Straits of Gibraltar to-day the more fanatical sectarians of Islam dance through the market-places during the great Moorish festival in June, hacking themselves till the blood flows down. Even yet, it appears, a similar custom still lingers here and there in Spain. Regoyos has seen at San Vicente de la Sonsierra, near Haro in Rioja, a brotherhood who still flagellate themselves and each other till the blood flows, a mediæval survival amid electric lights and railway trains. Just as bulls are pricked in the bull-ring, so these men use a special instrument armed with sharp pieces of broken glass. Not every one feels called upon to be a *picao* in this game, but those who have the courage to take part in it are greatly admired by the girls and much sought in marriage. Those who once adopt this practice, which is an observance of Good Friday, feel that they need it every spring to cool the blood, and the authorities have not been able to stop it, for even when prohibited it still took place in private.[1] Two centuries ago it was a common custom for lovers during Holy Week to scourge themselves to a like extremity in the streets, to win the pity and admiration of their mistresses.[2]

[1] Emile Verhaeren and Dario de Regoyos, *España Negra*, 1899, p. 72.

[2] In 1692 the Countess d'Aulnoy, in her *Relation du Voyage d'Espagne* (vol. ii. pp. 158-164), gave a detailed account of such flagellatory scenes and the admiration they aroused in the feminine

"I suspect the Spaniards," Barrès remarks, "of finding pleasure in the sight of the sufferings of Christ." It is certain that Spanish artists have ever sought to achieve the most poignant and agonised images of the suffering Christ, and that Spanish worshippers have shown a peculiar complacency in surrounding such images with elegance and luxury. I recall, for instance, a most sorrowful Christ which I came across not long since over an altar in an aisle of Palencia Cathedral. It was a large wooden image on a crucifix, carved in the Spanish realistic muscular style, and around the waist there was a charming little embroidered skirt, very short, and below it peeped out a delicate lace petticoat, a coquettish disguise made to suggest and not to conceal, for there was nothing to conceal. Such is the piquant figure that Spanish religion devises for the adoration of Spanish women, and the bent dolorous face looks more dolorous than ever with eyes turned to this ballet-girl's costume.

The Spanish interest in blood, and the satisfaction in the shedding of it, has even intruded itself not only into art, but also, as Ganivet well points out, into medicine. Servetus's part in the discovery of the circulation of the blood is one of the most notable contributions of Spain

heart. When such a flagellant met a good-looking woman in the street he would strike himself in such a way that she was sprinkled by his blood; it was a great honour, and the grateful lady would thank him.

to medical science, while Spain has surpassed all other nations put together in the number and excellence of its blood-letters. The supreme Spanish doctor is Doctor Sangrado.

Stoicism, the instinctive philosophy of the savage everywhere, is the fundamental philosophy and almost the religion of Spain. Seneca, the typical Spanish Stoic, it has been said, has in Spain the air of a Father of the Church; the Spaniard, Marcus Aurelius, bears the imprint of his native country; and Lucan of Cordova was the first of a long line of Spaniards. They have taken so important a share in moulding the later developments of Stoicism because that philosophy answered to an instinct they already felt in their veins. Even when most a Christian the Spaniard has been a Stoic, one may say, almost more than an ascetic. Torquemada lived in palaces, surrounded by princely retinues of armed horsemen, but he would not accept the archbishopric of Seville, he wore his humble Dominican habit, never wearing linen nor using it on his bed, he ate no flesh, and he refused to give a marriage portion to his indigent sister. One recalls also the characteristic anecdote of Fray Luis de Leon, who, after five years' suffering in prison at the hands of the Inquisition, returned to his professorial chair at Salamanca—in the dark little lecture-theatre we may still see there—and began, according to

his usual custom: "As I said in my last lecture."

This attitude of mind is associated with the Spanish emphasis on character, on morals, on practice. Pure intellectual curiosity has never flourished in Spain. Spaniards have played no prominent part in mathematics or geometry, in astronomy or physics, though they have distinguished themselves in many departments of applied science as well as in biology, and to-day Ramon y Cajal, the neurologist, has a worldwide reputation. They have also been greatly occupied with metaphysics, but in Spain metaphysics has been one with theology, a subject of intensely practical concern.[1]

It would be a mistake to suppose that the hardness of the Spaniard and his instinctive Stoicism in any degree exclude an aptitude for real tenderness or the display of any of the gentler human emotions. This result is not reached even in the savage, and in the Spaniard there is a very high degree of such human feeling. Cervantes, the most typical of Spaniards, is as sweetly humane as Chaucer.[2] What seems to mark the gentler emotions of the Spaniard

[1] Menendez y Pelayo, who brings out this point in his *Ciencia Española* (3rd ed., 1887, vol. i. p. 94), refers to "the sad fact that our Faculties of science are deserted."

[2] It is the humanity of the Spaniard which makes the plague of beggars so difficult to suppress in Spain; a considerable section of the Spanish population of all classes feels that it is inhuman to refuse to give alms.

is simply a less effusive facility in their more serious manifestations and a tendency to expend them on those immediately around him rather than on the world at large. For their friends, said Strabo, the Iberians were ready to sacrifice their lives. There is thus, as has sometimes been pointed out, a certain apparent antagonism in the attitude of the Spaniard towards the world. On the one hand, he delights in a hard and rigid formalism, an austere and abstract uniformity in morals and religion, to which his own spirit and that of others must be relentlessly broken. But, on the other hand, to the individual sinner, as to his friend and neighbour in all the relationships of life, the Spaniard is always indulgent,[1] a quality which was conspicuously displayed, in the strictly theological field, by many Spanish casuists.[2] The Spanish Church, however stern to the alien heretic outside, was always tender to its own child within. Spain produced the pitiless Torquemada, but also produced the pitiful Valencian monk who, six centuries ago, built the first hospital for the insane. "We have an

[1] It is noteworthy that the practice of allowing counsel to prisoners in criminal cases, though comparatively recent in England, has in Spain been customary for many centuries, defendants too poor to retain counsel being supplied at the public expense (Lea, *History of the Inquisition in Spain*, vol. iii. p. 43).

[2] Caramuel, who, on account of the tendency of his teaching to moral indulgence, has been termed the *enfant terrible* of theology, was a Castilian. He was a man of great learning, very influential, and full of practical energy.

anomalous state of things," an acute Spanish thinker has said, "in harmony with our character. We punish with solemnity and rigour to satisfy our desire for justice; and then, without noise or outcry, we pardon the condemned criminal to satisfy our desire for mercy."[1] This attitude of mind has been regarded as a Spanish outcome of Christian sentiment and Senecan philosophy at a point where they both concord. But the tendency is probably more radical and instinctive than such a suggestion would indicate. We may find a similar mingling of strong notions of abstract justice combined with merciful indul-

[1] In the Spanish religious spirit there is an extreme tolerance as well as an extreme intolerance. The austere spirit of intolerance gained the upper hand during the late Middle Ages, just as the austere spirit of Puritanism, a little later, gained the upper hand in England, but it is not necessarily the most genuine and native impulse of the race. The Visigoths were very tolerant. "Never was there a nation who so little deserved the reproach of bigotry as the Visigoths of Spain" (H. Bradley, *The Goths*, p. 329). It was a Spanish Goth who shocked Gregory of Tours by saying that it is a Christian's duty to treat with respect whatever is reverenced by others, even by idolaters. At a later period Castile, alone among Latin nations, refused to admit the methods of persecution, notwithstanding all the prescriptions of the Church. Aragon was more subservient to the Popes of Rome, although its secular laws were enlightened and just, and Jaime the Conqueror burnt obstinate heretics (Lea, *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, vol. ii. pp. 180 *et seq.*). Early in the fourteenth century the movement of religious intolerance spread among the Castilian bishops after they returned from the Council of Vienne, and at the Council of Zamora in 1313 they went beyond the French in the ferocity of their movement against Jews and infidels, although the people were far from sharing their feelings. The Inquisition, which was the chief instrument of the impulse of intolerance, was political even more than religious, and was mainly fostered by the political genius of Ferdinand in his effort to attain unity and strong government.

gence to offenders among the peasantry of Ireland, a land where, according to very ancient tradition, which modern research tends to confirm, a primitive Iberian element is well marked. As regards the Spanish peasant's attitude towards his fellow-men, I found an instructive story, as recorded by a Spanish magistrate, in an Aragonese newspaper a few years ago, at a time when there was much distress in Aragon. A labourer out of work came on to the highroad determined to rob the first person he met. This was a man with a waggon. The labourer bade him halt and demanded his money. "Here are thirty dollars, all that I have," the detained man replied. "There is nothing left for me but robbery, my family are dying of hunger," the aggressor said apologetically, and proceeded to put the money in his pocket. But as he did so his mind changed. "Take this, *chico*," he said, handing back twenty-nine dollars, "one is enough for me." "Would you like anything I have in the cart?" asked the waggoner, impressed by this generosity. "Yes," said the man; "take this dollar back too, I had better have some rice and some beans." The waggoner handed over a bag of eatables, and then held out five dollars, which, however, the labourer refused. "Take them for luck-money," said the waggoner, "I owe you that." And only so was the would-be robber persuaded to accept. This

authentic story is characteristic of the mixture of impulses in the Spanish temperament. We are not unaccustomed to find a veneer of humanity and courtesy over an underlying violence and hardness, but in this temperament it is the violence and hardness which lie nearer to the surface, and they fall away at once as soon as human relationships are established.

This tendency of the Spanish peasant, together with his liking for abstract laws which can be modified in concrete cases, his individualism, his love of independence, and his clannish preference for small social groups, may help to explain why it is that Spaniards, peasants and workmen alike, are attracted to the ideals of Anarchism. There is no country in which Collectivist Socialism of the Marxian school has made so little progress as in Spain, and Anarchism so much progress. This has been the case for at least forty years.[1] In 1868 Fanelli, an Italian member of the Bakunist Alliance (the Anarchist section of the International), went over to Spain, and two years later, when an Anarchist Congress was held in Barcelona, the movement was already beginning to assume a convinced and determined character. Since then Anarchism has steadily progressed in Spain. It flourishes in Catalonia, where it

[1] A brief sketch of the history of Spanish Anarchism, by Stoddard Dewey, was published in the *Contemporary Review* for May 1902.

actively foments and supports the frequent strikes in Barcelona; it finds a stronghold in Andalusia, where the contrasts of wealth and poverty are very marked; while all the intervening Mediterranean coasts, especially Valencia, an important industrial region, are affected by its influence. The more northern parts of the country also show similar developments, but in a less degree, and the Atlantic coast is not so favourable to Anarchism as the Mediterranean; in Bilbao, the second great industrial centre of Spain, the Labour Party has frequently been hostile to Anarchism, but in most parts of Spain the ideals of labour are largely the ideals of Anarchism.[1]

There is another Spanish characteristic which is also characteristic of the savage attitude towards life: the love of formalism and ritual and ceremony. No doubt in every stage of human culture this ceremonial and ritualistic element exists and must exist, but in savagery,

[1] The ideals of Anarchism are by no means confined to the Spanish peasant and labourer. In his *Doña Luz*, Valera has a passage which, although he ascribes it to "my famous friend Don Juan Fresco" (who reappears in the background of so many of his novels), we may fairly accept as embodying his own opinions: "I confess that I have an ideal which, at the rate we are moving, will not be realised, if it is realised at all, within ten or twelve centuries; but it is necessary to make our way towards it, even though at the tortoise's pace. My ideal is the least government possible, almost the negation of government, a mild anarchy compatible with order, an order born harmoniously from the bosom of society and not by authority." This is a genuinely Spanish creed.

as well as in an ancient civilisation like that of China, it is the external embodiment of all philosophy and religion and social organisation. Far from being free, a savage is always bound by a ceremonialism which is by no means a mere convention, and may even be tragic in its reality. For the Spaniard, also, ceremonialism is a real and serious thing, extending over the whole of life, not less formal and serious in the bull-ring than it is in the Church. In ancient days this conception of ceremony, as the supreme expression of the highest religious privileges, reached its climax in the gorgeous spectacle of the *auto-de-fe*, or "act of faith," the great festival of joy in a glorious service to God, at which the Inquisition publicly enacted the final scene in the condemnation or reconciliation of the heretic, before he was "relaxed," that is, abandoned to the secular arm, to be burned at the *quemadero* outside the city, the execution of heretics being a matter entirely of secular law, and not prescribed by the Church. It was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that the *auto-de-fe* fell into disrepute.[1]

The Spanish dance, again, in its ancient and noble forms, is a solemn ritual. "What majesty, what decorum, what distinction!" exclaims Valera, in old age, recalling the dances of Ruiz and his daughter Conchita, "and what grace

[1] Lea, *History of the Inquisition in Spain*, vol. iii. bk. vii. ch. v.

when both together danced the *bolero*! There is no more aristocratic dance. They seemed to be princes or great personages."

To the man of Anglo-Saxon stock ceremonial functions are for the most part an unreal and uncongenial convention, which he carries through to the best of his ability with awkward and portentous solemnity. To the Spaniard ceremonialism is so real that in his hands it becomes gracious, simple, natural, almost homely. "All my life I have carried myself gracefully," said the Marquis de Siete Iglesias on the scaffold, summing up the final apology of a Spanish gentleman. This ritual tendency involves indeed a faith in exteriority which is almost fetichism; it seems to have been a Spaniard, Ramon de Peñafort, who first mentions the pardon of venial sin by aspersion with holy water, and in one of Calderon's plays, the *Devocion de la Cruz*, a man commits every crime yet retains his respect for the cross, the symbol of redemption, and by that at the end he is saved; he has not violated his *tabu*.

III

When we thus survey the various aspects of the Spanish temperament as revealed in daily life, in history, in religion, in literature, and in politics, we find that they coalesce into a more

harmonious picture than is sometimes represented. They are all the manifestations of an aboriginally primitive race which, under the stress of a peculiarly stimulating and yet hardening environment, has retained through every stage of development an unusual degree of the endowment of fresh youth, of elemental savagery, with which it started. The brilliant author of the *Idearium Español*, I may add, puts the same point in a rather different manner when he remarks that there is a profound reason why Spain has always proclaimed and defended the dogma of the Immaculate Conception: she has herself been forced to undergo all the pangs of maternity and has yet reached old age with the virginal spirit still young within her.

With this history and this outlook we see how inevitable and how deep-rooted are alike the fine qualities of Spain and her defects, especially the combination of splendid initiative with lack of sustained ability to follow it up which Menendez y Pelayo regards as marking the Spanish genius. We see how it is that the point of honour always played so important a part in Spanish ideas, even in the most brilliant and fruitful period of Spain's history; we see why the Cid, as popularly conceived, with his thoroughly democratic air, his rough-and-ready justice, almost as of a glorified Robin Hood,

came to be the great hero of Spain.[1] We realise also how the prime virtue of the Spaniard has ever been the primitive virtue of valour. "Our most striking quality," Pascual Santacruz truly says of his people, "is valour," though he admits that it is a valour which has in it much of the savagery and rashness which belong to the infancy of civilisation. Whatever can be achieved by the inspirations of sheer valour, even carried to the pitch of heroism, has been achieved by Spaniards. It is interesting to observe that Brantôme—the Frenchman, Morel-Fatio believes, who has best understood Spain—was chiefly impressed by the warlike qualities of the Spaniards. He saw them marching through France to Flanders in the days when Spain was still a great power in the world. "You would have called them princes," he says, "they were so set up, they marched so arrogantly, with so fine a grace."[2] They were mostly indifferent to any

[1] For a study of the character of the Cid, see H. Butler Clarke's *The Cid Campeador* in Heroes of the Nations Series.

[2] It seems to have been as a caricature of the Spaniard as soldier that the old conception of the Spaniard as braggart—which ran, and indeed still runs, through so much of the adventurous literature of France and England—originally arose. Shakespeare's Pistol has been supposed to reflect this caricature. The conception is mistaken, for the Spaniard's undoubted pride, which is by no means vanity, is apt to be associated with discretion, a quality on which Cervantes much insisted. "The extravagant, boastful posturer," Mr. Martin Hume remarks in his interesting study of Spanish influences on English literature, "which the French adopted as the Spanish type, was never true to nature, except perhaps in the case of the Spanish soldier of fortune in the sixteenth century."

other virtue but valour. "They send books to the devil," he adds, "save a few among them who, when they give themselves to study, are rare and excellent therein, very admirable, profound, and subtle, as I have known several."

Even, however, when he has directed his energies into other channels, it is interesting to observe how often the Spaniard has preserved the same spirit of chivalrous valour, even the very forms of warfare. This is so even in the sphere of religion. Ramon Lull is happily termed by Menendez y Pelayo "the knight-errant of philosophy." St. Theresa began her career by writing a romance of chivalry. The militant friars of the Dominican order were organised by a Spaniard, while the peaceable and scholarly Benedictines, with a few notable exceptions, soon ceased to flourish on Spanish soil. It was to the military genius of another Spaniard, Loyola, that the Church owed, as the Protestant Macaulay pointed out, the reorganisation of the forces of the Counter-Reformation, and the effectual rampart that Catholicism was enabled to erect against the further advance of the movement started by Luther. Loyola had been a soldier and he organised his order in the spirit of a soldier; everything was based on implicit obedience and military discipline; regulations and nomenclature were alike


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military;[1] the order constituted a *compañia*; they had a standard—a bleeding heart crowned with thorns—and they were commanded by a general. The soldier of Christ, elsewhere a symbol, in Spain became, in the Company of Jesus, an embodied reality.

Literature, again, an avocation which seems far outside the soldier's profession, has in Spain been almost monopolised by soldiers.[2] Cervantes, the supreme literary figure of Spain, Camoens, the supreme literary figure of Portugal, were both men who spent a large part of their lives in fighting and adventure. Sir Philip Sidney, a unique figure in England, corresponds to the general type in Spanish literary annals. The poets of Spain, as well as the dramatists and novelists, have frequently been fighting men who have written in the intervals of their more active life in courts and camps and affairs. The Castilian Alvaro de Luna—the best knight, horseman, dancer, troubadour, and diplomat in the Spain of his day—represents the old Spanish

[1] Here, again, we have evidence, if more were needed, of the persistence of primitive tendencies among Spaniards, for the early Church was profoundly impressed by military metaphors; the *sacrament* was the solemn promise of allegiance to his great Captain made by Christ's faithful soldier and servant, and the early Christian's *symbol* or password, as he called his Creed, was a name taken from the military vocabulary.

[2] This is clearly brought out in Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's admirable and delightful *History of Spanish Literature*, a work in which spirited narrative and sympathetic enthusiasm are balanced by exact erudition. It has been found worthy of translation into Spanish.

ideal. In later days, the novelist Alarcon was adventurer, journalist, free-lance, soldier, and man of the world. Until recently the literary man of the study, the writer who is nothing else than a writer, was almost unknown in Spain. Even yesterday the most conspicuous Spanish man of letters, Valera, was a diplomatist and cosmopolitan man of the world, while Blasco Ibañez, the most remarkable novelist of the younger generation to-day, is a politician and revolutionist whose life has been full of daring adventure.

The special qualities of the Spanish genius, we cannot fail to recognise, found their most splendid opportunities in a stage of the world's history which, on the physical side at all events, is now for ever gone. Spain has fallen on to an age which is content to demand and to reward the industrial and commercial tasks which require a less brilliant initiative. Great, however, as is the natural wealth of the country, we can scarcely desire to see Spain occupying her fine energies in no higher task than that of competing, on a second-rate basis, with England and Germany, accepting the petty bargains which the greater industrial powers, first in the field, may have disdained to touch. Spain is at last facing the task before her of setting straight her economic position and her domestic political position. But beyond and beside that task

there are problems in the future of human progress in which we have a right to expect that Spain should take as independent and as valorous a pioneering part as she once took in the problems of the physical world. It is by retaining and applying afresh her own primitive and essential ideals, we may be sure, that Spain will impart her finest spiritual gifts to the world.

III

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN

THERE are some countries, one is inclined to assert, peculiarly apt to produce fine men, others peculiarly apt to produce fine women. That this is so on the physical side all who are familiar with several countries have had occasion to observe. It is so also on the mental side. I have elsewhere pointed out, when investigating the genius of Great Britain, that while the men of Scotland have contributed more than their share to the sum of British intellectual achievement, and the men of Ireland less, as regards women the case is reversed, and the women of Ireland have contributed more than the women of Scotland.[1]

The Spaniards, if we take their history as a whole, have been a peculiarly virile people, yet at the present day one is tempted to think that the women of Spain are on the average superior to the men. In the past, the men of Spain

[1] Havelock Ellis, *A Study of British Genius*, p. 28.

have been distinguished by the most brilliant personal qualities. In the Spanish men of to-day, however, it is sometimes difficult to recognise the splendid and restless activities of their forefathers. There is often a certain air of lassitude about them which is reflected in the comparative absence of brilliant adventurers or highly endowed personalities among the men of modern Spain when compared with the men of the great ages. It cannot be said that this must be set down to "degeneration," for then it would affect the feminine half of the race; but the women are full of energy and vigour even to advanced age; the Spaniards also are certainly a healthy people, and centenarians are by no means rare.[1]

While the problem is somewhat complicated, we may perhaps appeal to selection for its explanation. Everything has happened that could happen to kill out the virile, militant, independent elements of Spanish manhood. War alone, if sufficiently prolonged and severe, suffices

[1] Oloriz, who has made a special study of the distribution and causes of longevity in Spain (summarised in *British Medical Journal*, December 24, 1898, p. 1898), states that for the Peninsula and adjacent islands generally the proportion of centenarians is twenty-five per million, and that on the whole it rose during the past century. The Andalusian provinces (especially Malaga) stand at the head of the list, the second place being occupied by the Galician provinces, while the more or less Basque provinces of the north-east stand lowest; the central regions also stand low; on the whole, extreme and ordinary longevity coincide, but not in Andalusia, where the conditions seem to use up rapidly the energy of average members of the race, but to be very favourable to those who reach old age. Longevity is more common among Spanish women than men.



to deplete a people of its most vigorous stocks. "The warlike nation of to-day," says President Jordan, "is the decadent nation of to-morrow."[1] The martial ardour and success of the Spaniards lasted for more than a thousand years; it was only at very great cost that the Romans subdued the Iberians, and down to the sixteenth century the Spaniards were great soldiers; but the struggle in the Netherlands against the Dutch finally wasted their energies, and when at Rocroy, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Spanish infantry that had been counted the finest in Europe went down before the French, the military splendour of Spain finally vanished.[2]

[1] This writer has stated in a powerful manner the arguments which tend to show that war permanently deprives a nation of warlike men, that it is a people bred through long ages of peace which attains heroism and success in war, and that the warlike spirit tends to kill out itself ("The Blood of the Nation," *Popular Science Monthly*, May and June 1901).

[2] Among the Spanish women also, in ancient days, notwithstanding their customs of almost Moorish seclusion, courage and warlike qualities were common. A typical fifteenth century figure is that of Doña Maria de Monroy, a widow of noble family with two sons. One of these youths was slain in a quarrel over dice by two close friends, who then slew the other brother to avoid his vengeance, thereupon fleeing to Portugal. But the mother, in male attire and accompanied by a band of twenty cavaliers, promptly took horse and tracked them to a house where they lay concealed, entered with two of her men, and was soon on horseback again with both heads suspended from her left hand, never stopping until she had reached Salamanca and placed the heads on her sons' tomb. She was a type, Lea states, of the *mugeres varoniles* of the time, "who would take the field or maintain their place in factious intrigue with as much ferocity as the men" (H. C. Lea, *History of the Inquisition in Spain*, vol. i. p. 57).

It is not war alone, however, that has tended to crush Spain's manhood: the Inquisition, an institution apparently alien to the spirit of the race and only established—by Spaniards indeed—with great difficulty, killed, banished, and drove out all the varied, vigorous, and independent stocks on the intellectual side, just as war had on the militant side. And a third great cause of the depletion of manhood was the vast colonial empire "on which the sun never set." All the ardent adventurers, in search of gold or fame or eager to convert the heathen, rushed to the new world and made the old world poorer. When Ferdinand and Isabella conquered Granada, almost at the same moment that they succeeded in firmly establishing the Inquisition and that Columbus returned from his great expedition, Spain seemed about to reach the summit of her worldly glory, but at the same time she was preparing to plunge into an abyss.

So it is that, as some one has said, the history of Spain may be summed up in a single ancient sentence: "This is Castile, she makes men and wastes them." But the women of Spain have not thus been wasted; war, persecution, and emigration have never borne heavily on them; there has been no powerful weeding out of the best here. And it seems to me that we might explain the fine qualities of Spanish women to-day by supposing that, while the stocks that specially

tend to produce fine men have been largely killed out, the stocks that tend to produce fine women have not been subjected to this process.

Whether or no this is so,—for both facts and theory are still doubtful,—the distinguished qualities of Spanish women can scarcely be questioned. Their beauty and grace are a theme for rhapsody to every tourist. And if we disregard the tourist, we find that a scientific anthropologist like the Italian Mantegazza—who has lived in many lands, and regards the study of beauty as one of the anthropologist's most serious duties—reaches the conclusion that the most beautiful women, whether in the old world or the new, are those of Spanish and of British race, and that the finest Spanish women and the finest English women are the most perfectly beautiful types the world can show;[1] it is certainly a conclusion that an English lover of Spain need not feel called upon to question.

If any one can be found to question the beauty of Spanish women, he should go to the Feria at Seville. This is especially a woman's festival, and the beautiful women of Andalusia, and, indeed, of Spain generally, crowd to Seville for the three days during which it is held. If

[1] "When an Andalusian woman attains the stately height of an Englishwoman, and when an Englishwoman has small hands and feet, they are both divine, the two highest forms of life, the most splendid creatures in the human world" (Mantegazza, *Fisiologia della Donna*, cap. iv.).

the foreign visitor to the Prado de San Sebastian at this time has ever before in his life anywhere seen so many beautiful women beautifully dressed he may count himself happy. The national costumes of Spain may be dying out, but on such an occasion as this the shawl and the mantilla are universal, and in Seville, at all events, the Andalusian woman betrays little desire to seek for new fashions from Paris. It is fortunate, for a Spanish woman in a Parisian costume is nearly always badly dressed, while in her native costume her distinction is perfect. In the Sevillian temperament the aristocratic and the democratic are united; this is reflected in the costume. Its simplicity, the universal love it reveals for black—a colour so admirably fitted to emphasise beauty and grace—introduce a note of distinction which is equally within reach of poor and rich, so that it is often difficult for an uninitiated stranger at a first glance to guess the social class of the woman he meets.[1]

The typical young Sevillian woman of the people builds her hair up into a little fortress with combs at the top of her head—in a way that is substantially the same as that practised by the women in this part of Spain more than two thousand years ago[2]—and she adorns it with

[1] It has doubtless always been so; in 1623 Howell wrote from Spain that "one can hardly distinguish a countess from a cobbler's wife."

[2] Even in the sixth century before Christ Artemidorus described the extravagant head-dresses of Iberian women. The *manola's* long

a carnation or a rose. She wears a shawl, as, indeed, all Spanish women do, but the Sevillian woman is distinguished by the manner of wearing it; she folds it in oblong, not triangular, shape, so that it lies straight across the back and hangs over each arm; this method requires a little more skill than the triangular method, but, so worn, the shawl becomes a more expressive garment and adds a distinction to the wearer. The Feria is a marvellous display of beautiful and various shawls—which are often, even when belonging to the poor, very costly—and they are nearly always worn in this way. There are, indeed, exceptions to this rule; some of the small and more elaborate Manila shawls cannot thus be worn, and the old women also wear the shawl cross-wise with a point hanging down, and at the same time do their hair at the back and not at the top of the head. The peculiar erection of the hair at the top of the head, the flowers that adorn it, and the method of wearing the shawl are a kind of coquettish war-paint, the appanage of youth and vigour; and there is a certain pathos in the resignation of the return to the cross-wise method with its inelegant tail lying motionlessly down the back.

comb covered by the black mantilla is a survival of those elevated *coiffures* which we may still see in prehistoric statues, such as those of the Cerro de los Santos. They are figured, for instance, by Engel in the account of his archæological mission to Spain (*Nouvelles Archives des Missions Scientifiques*, 1892, vol. iii. p. 180).

This method, however, becomes more frequent as we leave Seville in any direction, even at Cordova, and still more so at Granada. When we reach Aragon a totally different type of costume prevails, a severely prim type—well suited to the graver, more austere type of feminine beauty prevailing here—with little or no bright colour, one white flower alone perhaps being worn in the hair, which is done at the back and brought close down over the temples, while an abundance of white petticoats are worn, simulating a crinoline. The plain dark shawl is worn cross-wise down the back, and instead of being loudly striped the stockings are more usually black; altogether in this extreme sobriety of visage and costume the Aragonese women are absolutely unlike the brilliant stately Andalusians, and, to English eyes at all events, present a quaint old-fashioned air singularly recalling the women of the early Victorian era.

Charming as is the costume of the most typical Spanish woman—the Sevillana—that charm is merely the expression of the physical personality it clothes. It is certainly true that the element of solemn ritual which runs through everything Spanish has its part in the women's dress also, and that the contrast, especially among the middle class, between the Spanish woman in the almost oriental seclusion of her own house and the same woman when abroad in

the streets is often considerable. But there is a proud, almost self-conscious, absence of artifice in a Spanish woman's dress; in Seville, at all events, it is strictly expressive of the woman it covers. The mantilla is in this respect truly characteristic; it is the type of the garment—more common in the East than in the West—which is itself meaningless and expressionless, gaining all its meaning and expression through its enhancement of the special qualities of the wearer.

The Spanish woman is commonly spoken of as a small brunette of sallow or "olive" complexion. Such are indeed frequently found in Spain, as also in Italy and France, and this description is far from defining precisely the woman of Spain. From an English point of view Spanish women are, on the average, below medium height, with small but well-shaped and vigorous hands and feet. They are sometimes slender when young, but bust and hips are generally well developed. As they approach middle age they frequently become very stout; this tendency seems to me specially marked in Catalonia, but is fairly evident everywhere; a type is thus produced to which Spaniards themselves apply the term *jamona*; but this tendency by no means always involves any considerable loss of agility. In old age, when this excessive stoutness is no longer so pronounced, the women are often singularly vigorous and active.

Beyond these main physical traits of the Spanish woman, she possesses certain interesting peculiarities. One of these lies in the shape of the chest. Unlike the French and the Northern woman, the Spanish woman's chest is found to be shorter and broadest at the base—at the level, that is, of the lower end of the breast-bone—so that she requires, according to Carmandel, a differently-shaped corset, while at the same time there is greater amplitude and accentuation of the hips in relation to the figure generally. These characteristics of the Spanish woman are well illustrated, it has been said, by a comparison between the statue which Falguière modelled after Cléo de Mérode and the distinctively national Spanish type represented in Goya's Maja Desnuda now in the Prado.[1]

The typical Spanish woman (as Duchenne first pointed out in 1866) presents another puzzling but well-authenticated peculiarity in the heightened curves of her spine. The Spanish woman's spine looks as if its curvature had been increased by pressure applied to the two ends. This indeed has by some been supposed to be the actual cause of the peculiarity, and

[1] It may be further noted that the Spanish woman's breasts (as is shown and illustrated by Ploss and Bartels, *Das Weib*, vol. i. ch. viii.) tend to have the peculiarity that the areola around the nipple is raised and clearly separated from the surrounding skin; the same peculiarity is noted in Sicilian women, who are of allied race; it is a characteristic which recalls the breasts of black African women.

Spalikowski—who has found the *ensellure* or saddle-back, as it is termed, well marked among some of the most beautiful and vigorous of the labouring women and fisher-folk near Boulogne and Dieppe—states that it only occurs in women who are accustomed to bear heavy burdens; he also remarks that it is frequently associated with small feet and hands, well-modelled neck, graceful bust, and lithe figures, usually in brown-eyed women. This association of characters suggests that the peculiarity is not an individual acquirement, but a racial trait, and there is no difficulty in believing that the Iberian element, which is still strong in the south-west of France and recognisable in the south-west of England, may also have passed up the French coast. Lagneau and others are distinctly of opinion that the saddle-back is a racial Iberian trait.[1] This conclusion seems inevitable, and in any case there can be no doubt that the special grace and distinction of profile of the Spanish woman's figure is associated with the saddle-back; it is this that gives the characteristic mark to her bearing and carriage, while it emphasises much that is most significant in Spanish dancing. In

[1] Sr. Bernaldo de Quiros remarks (in a private letter) that the saddle-back is not marked in the women of the northern coast, who are accustomed to bear burdens on the head, but in those of the centre and south, where weights are more usually supported on the hips. He also refers to the curious fact that the horse of Andalusian race possesses a very pronounced saddle-back.

extreme cases it may sometimes involve a slight simulation, in a more beautiful manner, of the development typical of the Hottentot Venus, and then the Spanish girl of the people may, if she so pleases, adopt, like the Ogowe woman of tropical Africa, that swaying movement from side to side which was familiar to the author of the old sixteenth century novel, *La Lozana Andaluza*, as *culeando*. For it is a curious and significant fact that the Iberian saddle-back has not only been traced in a slight degree by Hartmann among the Kabyle women of North Africa, but has been found by accurate measurements to mark many of the Negro tribes.[1]

It is probably in some degree to her anatomical peculiarities that we must attribute something of the special character of the Spanish woman's way of walking. This gait, which is also seen wherever women are accustomed to bear burdens on the head—as in the women in Rome from the Alban hills and in some parts of Ireland[2]—is the erect dignified carriage, with

[1] G. Fritsch has carefully studied the natural lordosis of the African's body (*Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, 1891, part iv. p. 470).

[2] I well remember the surprise of a graceful Irishwoman, who had lived long in Australia, when I told her that she must once have been used to carrying heavy things on her head. Among the very ingenious and elaborate gymnastic systems which have been invented for the benefit or the torment of civilised women this method has no place, probably because it is too simple to afford a living to its professors. But it is an excellent method not only of ensuring a beautiful distinction of carriage, but of imparting tonicity and control to a large number of muscles throughout the body.

restrained movement, of a priestess who is bearing the sacred vessels. At the same time, the walk of Spanish women, while not lacking in proud human dignity, has in it something of the gracious quality of a feline animal, whose whole body is alive and in restrained movement, yet without any restless or meaningless excess of movement. A beautiful walk seems to mark all the races which have produced a fine type of womanly beauty, and the fact that it is so rare in England and America arouses some misgivings as to the claim of our women to stand in quite the first rank of beauty; the Spanish woman, like the Virgilian goddess, is known by her walk.

Perhaps an even rarer accomplishment than that of walking well is that of sitting well. A typical Sevillian woman of the people—sitting squarely in an attitude of calm and easy, yet not languid repose, her knees slightly separated, her hands resting on her thighs—seems to assume instinctively, as a friend once remarked to me, the hieratic pose of a Byzantine Madonna.

The special features of the Spanish woman's face that have always aroused admiration are her eyes and her complexion; in these respects she is universally considered to excel the women of other countries. The face varies greatly in outline; not seldom it is straight in the classic manner, with beautiful brows; the lower part of the face, though often as beautiful as could be

desired, is the part most liable to be unsatisfactory; it may become somewhat coarse and thick. The nose also is sometimes defective; there seems, indeed, to be a peculiar tendency to arrested or irregular development in the Spanish nose; and Spanish women at times have what we commonly call the Wellington nose. The hair, again, though sometimes considered a special beauty of the Spanish woman, does not, to me at least, stand in the first rank of her charms; it is not comparable, for instance, to the beautiful and abundant hair which one sees so often among Polish women in the streets of Warsaw. The Spanish woman's hair, in the south (it is not so in the north-west), is frequently lacking in any tawny or auburn tints, and it is too tightly dressed (often with the aid of oil of sweet almonds) to be quite charming; but, with its prevailing tones of dull brown to deep black—with blue reflections rather than red—it supplies, at all events, a perfect background to the white or preferably red flower, the jasmine or carnation, which is often the chief note of colour in the Spanish woman's attire.

It is usual to say that the Spanish woman's eyes are large and black, sometimes, it is added, and bold. This is the first and most obvious impression of the northerner, who realises that he has come among a people of a higher degree of

pigmentation than he is accustomed to, who use their eyes with a calm steadiness not unusual in peoples with a dash of the East in their blood and their habits—it is still more pronounced in Hungary—but disconcerting to the foreigner from England or France or Germany. The impression, however, which the Spaniard himself receives of the beautiful eyes of his own women, as well as the impression of the foreigner who has really lived in Spain, is not the same as that of the casual tourist. In Spain, as Mateo Aleman wrote four centuries ago, the mere glance of a woman's eye is regarded as a high favour, and the Spaniard is more affected by the quality of the gaze than by the precise colour of the eyes. Undoubtedly the brown or pigmented eye seems more expressive than the blue or unpigmented eye—a fact of which physiologists have sought to give a precise explanation—but it is by no means the "black" eye which is in chief honour. The black eye is plebeian, and it is usually associated with a plebeian style of beauty. The Spaniard, whatever region of the country he belongs to, has nearly always admired the "mixed" eye, that of medium pigmentation, which—like the men of Old France, who felt the same admiration for it—he terms green. Calderon, it is true, associated black eyes with beauty, but in the *Celestina* green eyes with long lashes are one of

the chief marks of supreme beauty. "I am persuaded," said Don Quixote also, "that Dulcinea's eyes must be green emeralds, full and soft, with two rainbows for eyebrows." Even to his charming little gipsy, Preciosa, Cervantes gives locks of gold and eyes which are, as usual, like emeralds. The same admiration exists to-day, and is easily traceable in the chief and most characteristic Spanish novelists. In *Morsamor*, Valera, describing the beautiful and seductive Olimpia, refers to "the magnetic force of her green or glaucous eyes, like those of Minerva, Medea, and Circe, and which might be compared to two emeralds in burning flame." Blasco Ibañez also, in *Cañas y Barro*, says of Neleta, the beautiful Valencian girl of the Albufera, that she had "clear green eyes that shone like two drops of Valencian absinthe."

The complexion can scarcely be passed over, for it is a character of the first importance in the Spanish beauty. The Spanish complexion has sometimes been called "sallow," or, as Gautier more happily and more correctly described it, "a golden pallor." But whether the golden element is present or not, there can be little doubt that the Spanish skin is the most perfect in Europe, and there is no need to hide it, as was once the Spanish custom, by rouge, and now by the unpleasant use of powder. The finest English complexion is incomparable, but it is a

very delicate and transitory possession; take it into a hot, dry climate, like that of Australia, and it is swiftly destroyed. But Spain is a very hot and very dry country, and yet, even among the peasantry, who are constantly exposed to the weather without any sort of protection, one can nowhere see better complexions, sometimes even very fair; this skin seems to be not only of finer, but also of firmer and more vital texture; it will not easily discolour; it seldom congests; it never freckles. There is a quality about the skin of a beautiful Spanish woman which always instinctively suggests, alike to the foreigner and to the Spaniard himself, the quality of the finest and most exquisitely wrought metals. This had not escaped Cervantes. "Señor Don Quixote," asked the duenna, "have you observed the comeliness of my lady the Duchess, that smooth complexion of hers like a burnished polished sword?" Blasco Ibañez refers to the "metallic reflections" of Neleta's skin, and Valera says of Rosita, in *Las Illusiones del Doctor Faustino*, that at twenty-eight she was so full of health and purity that "she seemed a statue of burnished bronze; the weather had tarnished neither her hands nor her face, which had something of the *patina* which the Andalusian sun gives to columns and other objects of art." Nothing could more accurately describe the impression constantly given by

the Spanish, and especially the Andalusian, woman.

Discussion has sometimes taken place as to the proportion of fair-complexioned women in Spain; it is certainly large, not only in the seaport towns (there is always a tendency to blondness by the sea), but in Madrid and other inland centres. The proportion of notably fair-complexioned women in Spain is decidedly larger than in the south of France, in Toulouse, for instance, or at Arles. The northerner, arriving in Spain for the first time and noting the presence of a very dark type, much darker than can be found in France, is apt to overlook the more familiar fair type and so to receive a false impression. Over sixty years ago Gautier noted that blondes were common in Madrid; half a century later they seemed to Mr. Finck to be rare, and he contended that they are being displaced by brunettes. Doña Emilia Pardo Bazan, the distinguished Spanish novelist, writing at about the same time as Mr. Finck, expressed an entirely contrary opinion, remarking that what she considers the national type of beauty—the woman of middle height, slight yet rounded form, undulating movements, swift and graceful, black eyes, black hair, and olive complexion—is slowly giving place to a fleshy blonde of the Rubens type. If one may venture to express an opinion in a matter concerning which such

learned authorities differ, I should be inclined to say—in the absence of exact statistics—that there has really been no change. My own impressions to-day in Madrid correspond with tolerable exactness to those of Gautier in the early part of the nineteenth century. Really blue eyes and very light hair are indeed, in most regions, rare; but light mixed eyes and medium brown hair are by no means rare, while quite fair complexions are common. The prevalence of the very fair type, in the past as well as in the present, is clearly reflected in Spanish literature. It is sufficient to refer to Cervantes; throughout *Don Quixote* and *The Exemplary Novels* a beautiful woman has golden hair just as she has emerald eyes; Luscinda, by way of variety, has auburn (*rubios*) tresses. The fair woman plays, indeed, in Spanish literature, a much larger part than she is entitled to, for fairness in Spain was not only part of the ideal of beauty, but also the mark of aristocratic birth.[1]

Eyes and complexion are recognised traits of

[1] The term "blue blood," or *sangre azul*, as indicating nobility, is believed to be of Spanish origin. In Spain, as in most other countries, the nobility are somewhat fairer than the ordinary population, and, as Sir Lauder Brunton has pointed out (*British Medical Journal*, March 21, 1896), while in dark people the blood-vessels do not easily show through the skin, in the fair the veins are distinctly seen and appear of a blue colour, so that to have "blue blood" means to be fair. I have discussed the European ideal of beauty in its history and national modifications in my *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, vol. iv., "Sexual Selection in Man."

Spanish beauty, alike to native and foreigner. There is another characteristic of the Spanish woman which I have never seen mentioned, but which seems to me very fundamental, very significant of a special quality of nervous texture. I refer to the comparative immobility of the face, the absence of unnecessary movement. The contrast in this respect with the face of the average Englishwoman is considerable. If one walks through a crowded English city and looks at the women's faces, one notes that, in many if not in most cases, the face is in constant meaningless movement, the forehead wrinkling, the eyes tremulous, the mouth twitching, the expression suggesting obscure physiological distress; in the better-bred people the restless movement is less conspicuous, being replaced by an equally painful sense of artificial tension. But the Spanish woman exhibits the minimum of this confused fluctuation of muscular movement. Whether or not she is observed, she is serene, motionless, self-possessed. Her face withstands your gaze, graciously indeed, but coolly and firmly as a marble statue. I have heard it said that the English face with its fleshy pinkness looks positively indecent beside the finely toned skin of the Spaniard, and one is almost tempted to think that this complexion acts as a shield, of which the northerner is deprived. It is doubtless because of this muscular control

that to gaze on a woman in Spain is by no means an offensive act; it causes no embarrassment; it is a form of flattery well suited to a dignified, silent, and intense race, and in Spanish poems and novels the *mirada*, this long gaze, plays an important part.

The adequate adjustment of nervous force to muscular movement is, in the best sense, an animal quality; it is the quality which gives animals, living in nature, their perfect grace. In Northern France, in England, in America, the influences of civilisation lead to an excess of irritable nervous energy, which is always overflowing, meaninglessly and therefore ungracefully and awkwardly, into all the muscular channels of the body. In this excess of restless nervous energy the qualities of our modern civilised temperament largely lie, and it is this probably, more than anything else, which removes us so far from the Spaniard. The existence of a general distinction is clearly as present to the Spanish as to the foreign mind. It is often a little surprising to the Englishman to find that he is nearly always, in the first place, supposed to be a Frenchman, or, as I heard myself described by a more precise Spaniard, "that French or English gentleman." To the average Spaniard the difference is clearly small or none, and a party of Catalan ladies, with whom I once found

myself travelling, though they knew me to be English, brought out their small stock of French words in my honour, and sought to please me by saying what a fine place Paris must be. When, however, a few days later, I found myself once more in Paris, I realised that this confusion is not so absurd as at first it seems to us. I felt at once that I belonged to these people as I could not possibly belong to the Spaniards. The differences between Englishmen and northern Frenchmen are indeed very important, but they are slight differences, and to the untravelled Spaniard, whose civilisation and whose character—though not without its marked affinities for the English character—has traits and traditions which are Moorish, mediæval, and still more primitive, they may seem to have scarcely any existence at all.

In connection with this special nervous quality of the Spanish woman which seems to me so significant, I may refer to her general attitude towards men. In England, especially in any urban centre, if one observes a young woman—any ordinary young woman of the people—talking casually with a man in the street, one may usually note that, though they are probably speaking of the most indifferent subjects, her face is full of the consciousness of her sex; her whole nervous system is instinctively affected by the fact that she is a woman before a man.

In France, though more restrained and less naïvely expressed, the same tendency is still emphatically present. But it is seldom obvious in the Spanish woman, whose manner towards a man, gracious as it may be, is always cool and self-possessed; she sees the man but is not embarrassingly conscious of the possible lover. Doña Pardo Bazan remarks that it is a mistake to suppose that the Spanish woman possesses in a high degree what the French call "temperament." Probably she is right. No doubt there are great possibilities of passion in the Spanish woman—the Spanish qualities of mysticism, ardour, and tenacity would alone indicate this—and those possibilities not seldom lead to tragic results; but the very intensity of this disposition is opposed to emotional facility. All the old Spanish traditions show that the women of this race required much wooing; a certain chastity corresponding to their extreme sobriety seems to lie in the temperament of the people.[1]

This proud reticence, the absence of any easy erethic response to masculine advances, is the probable source of that erotic superiority of women, the sexual subjection of men, which has

[1] They also demanded much discretion in their lovers. "The Spaniard," said Howell, "is a great servant of ladies, yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad, his doings in that way, but is exceedingly careful of the repute of any woman, a civility that we much want in England." The same point is reported in Spanish countries to-day.

often been noted as characteristic of Spain, and is indeed symbolised in the profound Spanish adoration for the Virgin Mary. It is probably very primitive. Strabo, perhaps a little excessively, even speaks of "gynecocracy" or rule of women among the ancient Iberians, and Bloch considers that a persistent relic of the early matriarchal period was transformed into chivalrous romance and supremely illustrated in the great Spanish romance of *Amadis of Gaul*.[1] In the *Celestina*, when Calisto is asked if he is a Christian, he replies: "I am a Melibœan: I worship Melibœa, I believe in Melibœa, and I love Melibœa." At the end of the eighteenth century, a thoughtful German observer in Spain, after referring to the seeming lack of modesty in the speech and the eyes of Spànish women, and their "masculine boldness," adds that it is a great mistake to imagine that they yield easily to love, and any liberty on the part of a man is not well taken, for they are proud. "They wish to choose and not to be chosen, they play the man's part, and it is for him to yield and sacrifice himself. That is why a reticent, shy, and cold man has more success with them than an ardent and passionate lover."[2] This statement may be put somewhat extravagantly, but

[1] Iwan Bloch, *Beiträge zur Aetiologie der Psychopathia Sexualis*, vol. ii. p. 150.

[2] C. A. Fischer, *Reise von Amsterdam ueber Madrid*, 1799, pp. 195 *et seq.*

it doubtless corresponds to a real psychological fact which in some degree still persists.

We may associate this position of women in Old Spain with the recognition that was accorded under many circumstances to unmarried mothers and the relative absence of the social stigma elsewhere generally attached to illegitimate children. This was doubtless a survival of primitive matriarchal conditions, but it was adhered to with great tenacity by Spaniards, and even the not uncommon practice of a legitimate son preferring to use the name of his mother rather than that of his father shows the absence of any ostentatious preference for paternal descent. This is a remarkable feature in the domestic life of mediæval Spain, which has left an impress on the laws even to-day, and it is interesting to observe how the women of what is commonly regarded as the most bigoted Catholic country succeeded in preserving a freedom and privilege which even in the free Protestant countries has never yet been established and only of late claimed.[1]

Nowadays, Doña Pardo Bazan states, chivalry towards women is in Spain nothing more than a code of antiquated and empty formalities, and she considers that the social position of the

[1] See Burke, *History of Spain*, vol. i. Appendix II.: "On customary concubinage or barraganeria," the recognised concubine being called a *barragana*. In 1679 Innocent XI. felt called upon to condemn formally the proposition of the Spanish theologian, Sanchez, that concubines should not under all circumstances be cast forth.

Spanish woman generally has been lowered by the introduction of constitutionalism and the accompanying modern institutions. In the old days the Spanish woman was more on a level with the Spanish man; what interested him interested her; she could engage in any activity and occupy the highest place in the State, while in the sphere of religious ardour men and women could rival each other in saintliness. This state of things has given place to a political system, devoid of either religious or patriotic enthusiasm, in which all the rights belong to men, and women have nothing but duties. The social position of women, their intellectual interests, and their personal initiative have consequently been depressed.[1]

If this is the case, it is a transitory phase which will pass with the inevitable expansion of our modern political methods. There is indeed no enthusiastic movement in Spain for conferring the suffrage on women. "The suffrage in Spain," as Posada remarks, "can scarcely be called such; it exists in law, but in practice it is an indecorous and unworthy farce. How is it possible for men to feel the necessity of giving it to women, or for women to be anxious to

[1] Emilia Pardo Bazan, "La Femme Espagnole," *Revue des Revues*, February 1, 1896. Concepcion Arenal, one of the most eminent of modern Spanish women, who had been appointed Inspector of Prisons by Queen Isabella, was deprived of that post by the Revolutionary Government, merely on the ground that she was a woman.

become, like the great majority of Spanish men, merely honorary voters?"[1] Spain has adopted the English parliamentary system, which was not the outcome of her own history and which she has not been able to assimilate. As her political and social development enters a more vital stage, no doubt the women of Spain will naturally and inevitably take the part in the national life which they are so well fitted to take.

Salillas, the Spanish sociologist, who has so often discussed in an illuminative way the psychology of his own people, somewhere remarks that the Spanish woman is a tame savage. Such a generalisation contains as much truth as most attempts to reduce complex phenomena to simplicity. It may be said that the typical Spanish woman, as Spaniards see her, is specially marked by sweetness and strength. Just as the typical Italian woman seems to suggest tenderness and maternity, the typical Teutonic woman purity and reserve, so the ideal Spanish woman is at once strong, independent, self-contained, and at the same time wholesomely gracious and gentle. She is, as Valera says, angelic but robust.

In foreign representations the Spanish woman is usually a brilliant and reckless creature, passionate but cruel, peculiarly adapted to occupy a place in novels and pictures, but on

[1] Posada, *Feminismo*, p. 222.

the reverse side ignorant, bigoted, lazy, and dirty. Mérimée's and Bizet's Carmen—the *cigarrera* who slashes the face of another *cigarrera*, and who possesses over men a maddening influence which she exerts to their ruin—crystallises into a whole the more picturesque elements of this conception, and is doubtless largely responsible for its wide dissemination. It is true that Mérimée represented his Carmen as more or less of a gipsy. But, as he was himself well aware, in many respects his Carmen was not and could not be a gipsy. Louys, again, in *La Femme et le Pantin*, presents the conventional picture of the bold and bad Sevillian *cigarrera*, and represents the tobacco factory itself in a somewhat appalling light, while Baedeker speaks of it as an unpleasant and malodorous spot, which no one should visit for pleasure. Bearing this in mind, my own visit to the Fabrica, together with a small party, was planned not without some misgiving. So far, however, from being unpleasant, the Fabrica seemed to me one of the most delightful spots in this delightful city, and one of the most picturesque. The workrooms are vast chambers, supported by great piers and resembling cathedral crypts, airy, scarcely redolent even of tobacco, and occupied by girls and women, who have changed their out-door dresses, which hang all round the walls, but remain fully dressed in

various costumes, and are so absorbed in their work, except when they turn to the babies some have brought with them, that even the hum of conversation is scarcely heard and but few workers look up as the strangers pass. Every workroom has its duly decorated altar, and here and there one notes a beautiful carnation placed in water while its owner is at work. It is not necessary to deny, and there is ample evidence to show, that life in this Fabrica, as in the factories elsewhere in which women are confined together under undomestic conditions, leads to the development in predisposed individuals of various evil passions and to quarrels that are sometimes even fatal. Yet a more restful and charming scene of labour, and one more typically Spanish, it could not be possible to find.

A few days after my visit to the Fabrica the annual festival of the Sevillian *cigarreras*, the *Kermesse*, took place in the Eslava Gardens. Imagining that if I saw the *cigarrera* at play I might find that the conventional traditions were more exact than appeared from the contemplation of the *cigarrera* at work, I duly visited the Eslava Gardens. Nothing could be more remote from the Flemish conception of a *Kermesse*. It was really a kind of bazaar, for the benefit of the workers, but quite free from the vulgarities of an English bazaar. Every stall was presided over by a group of shy, gracious, beautiful *cigarreras*

—evidently the finest flowers of the factory—all dressed in their very best Andalusian attire. The Spaniard has none of the instincts of the commercial traveller, and I could not see that one of the girls ever offered her wares for sale, or even addressed a stranger at all, though the final results of the sale seem to have been considerable. On a stage a number of the women were sitting in a semicircle, and dancing from time to time the characteristic *sevillanas* and other dances, in a simple, unaffected, often, it must be said, very amateurish way. So again I went away confirmed in my first impression. Clearly one was indeed far away here from the typical English factory-girl, but one was scarcely less remote from the insolent *cigarrera* of legend.

If one distrusts one's own impressions, it is interesting to see how the Spaniards themselves depict their women. Doña Pardo Bazan has chosen a *cigarrera* as the heroine of one of her best as well as most realistic novels, *La Tribuna.*[1] Amparo is not only a *cigarrera* but the daughter of a *cigarrera*, and having become a partisan of republican opinions through reading the newspapers, she takes a prominent local part in the movements of 1868, as a sort of tribune of the

[1] Doña Pardo Bazan has since stated that before writing this book she spent two months, morning and afternoon, in the tobacco factory of her own city of Corunna.

people, a woman "whose heart was softer than silk, who could not hurt a fly, and yet was capable of demanding the one hundred thousand heads of those who live by sucking the blood of the people."[1] At the same time, however, she falls in love with a man of higher class than herself, who seduces her under promise of marriage, and finally, as the revolutionary movement dies out, Amparo is left to become a mother, abandoned but not crushed.

Amparo, notwithstanding her southern ardour and impetuosity, belongs to Corunna, to Northern Spain, Doña Bazan's own country. If, however, we turn to the novels of Valera, who has devoted himself to the delineation of the women of his own Andalusian land, we find the same qualities of energy, independence, and courage—the firm resolve to lead one's own life and possess one's own soul—that seem to me to mark Spanish women in an unusually high degree. In a book which he describes as less a novel than "a mirror or photographic reproduction of the people and things of the province in which I was born," *Juanita la Larga*, Valera's most detailed portrait of a girl of the people, the heroine reveals the same fundamental vigour and

[1] I may remark that the *cigarreras* have strong political convictions. The marriage of the Infanta, the Princess of Asturias, a few years ago, was extremely unpopular in Spain, and when, in celebration of this event, the authorities sent theatre tickets to the *cigarreras* they were returned.

independence as Amparo, though in this case united with the most solid common sense, and exerted exclusively within the sphere of her own personal everyday life. She is an illegitimate child, but by force of her personal qualities she wins the esteem and regard of all, and finally marries one of the chief persons in the village, a man much older than herself, whom she has slowly learnt to love and respect. Juanita's vigour and solidity are as marked on the physical as on the mental side. At seventeen she could run like a deer, throw stones with such precision that she could kill sparrows, and leap on the back of the wildest colt or mule, to ride not astride but sideways; while, a little later, when the advances of a wealthy admirer became too aggressive, she was able to lay him dexterously on the floor and to render him henceforth her humble servant.[1] In the same way Blasco Ibañez,

[1] Elsewhere, in the course of a detailed and interesting essay on the women of his own province of Cordova ("La Cordobesa"), Valera has some remarks on this aspect of the Spanish woman. After observing that the poorest girl will talk of her honour like a heroine of Calderon, he adds: "When that is not sufficient, she neither screams nor makes any disturbance or scandal, but defends herself like a Penthesilea; she wrestles as the angel wrestled with Jacob in the darkness of the night, and, robust though angelic, she is able to trip and throw him and even to give him a pummelling, and all this with an eloquence that remains marvellously silent; nor is this singular, for among poor girls, even those of well-to-do families of the labouring class, there is a notable robustness. They are harder than marble, not only in their hearts, not only at the centre but all over the surface." After narrating incidents in point from his own observation, Valera adds: "I do not imply anything that would diminish or disfigure in

who has an incomparable knowledge of the psychology of the Spanish people of to-day as well as of their ways of life, describes in his *Flor de Mayo* a young woman who could meet "audacious proposals with gestures of contempt, a pinch with a blow, and a stolen embrace with a superb kick which had more than once felled to the ground a big youth as strong and firm as the mast of his boat."

While to-day we naturally find this attitude described as more especially pertaining to women of the people, it is essentially that of the ideal Spanish woman throughout Spanish literature. It is this type of woman which Cervantes delights in throughout *Don Quixote*, as well as in *The Exemplary Novels.* The "Illustre Fregona," for instance, who is described as very beautiful, with cheeks made of roses and jessamine, is yet, like Valera's women, "as hard as marble." Sancho's daughter was "as tall as a lance, and as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter." "I know her well," said Sancho of the peasant girl whom Don Quixote identified with Dulcinea, "and let me tell you she can fling a crowbar as well as the lustiest lad in all the town. She is a brave lass and a right and stout one, and fit to

the least the beauty and charm of my fellow-countrywomen. Density and firmness is one thing, unwieldy size another. The girl who works from childhood, walks much, goes to the fountain to return with her full pitcher resting on her hip or with the clothes she has washed in the stream, is not fat, but she is strong."

be helpmate to any knight-errant that is or is to be, who may make her his lady. What pith she has, and what a voice! And the best of her is that she is not a bit prudish, for she has plenty of affability, and jokes with everybody, and has a grin and jest for everything." This ability to "fling a crowbar" seems to have descended in a but little changed form to the Spanish damsel of to-day. Not long since I spent a Sunday in the old Castilian city of Palencia and watched how the women—stout and matronly as well as young women—amused themselves with playing at a game between bowls and ninepins, casting the large heavy balls along the grass with unwearying satisfaction during the whole of a long afternoon in the most business-like and yet gleeful manner, while a few children stood looking on at their elders. I have never seen English women of the people, or indeed the women of any other land, playing at anything so vigorously healthy and innocent for the sheer joy of muscular exertion, and a race whose mothers have so much wholesome energy to spare can scarcely be very exhausted or decadent.

It is of interest to note this aspect of the Spanish ideal of women, in life and in literature, for it is widely unlike that which has until lately prevailed in England. Shakespeare often found it convenient to put his heroines into men's clothes, but it never occurs to him to

sum up their feminine charms in the epitaph—which Cervantes has written over "Las Dos Doncellas," who girded on swords and went out into the world in search of their lovers—that they were "as daring as they were virtuous," although, rightly considered, with regard to the special circumstances of women's lives, daring is as much a feminine as a masculine virtue. However much his women may seem to vary, Shakespeare nearly always selects ultra-feminine types, and clearly delights to dwell on their gentleness, dependence, and weakness. It is the same, though usually in a less pronounced degree, with the other Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists; and for the original of their "Roaring Girl," who is a little in the Spanish manner, Middleton and Dekker had to seek rather low in London life. The heroines of the robust literature of the eighteenth century were much more concerned to achieve daintiness than vigour; while Dickens and Thackeray, the most popular and admired novelists of the nineteenth century, were eager to idealise the lowest stages of feminine feebleness and inanity. Meredith, with his ideals of robust and independent womanhood, Hardy, with his spontaneous and autonomous heroines, are the representatives of a more modern spirit. It is of interest to find that the more vigorous ideal, in harmony with our developing conception of the place of women,

has always been held in honour in Spanish literature.[1]

In this matter Spanish literature corresponds to the facts of Spanish life. There can be no doubt that the vigour and independence of character notable in the finest Spanish women of to-day, and so often reflected in Spanish literature, is a characteristic which stretches very far back in the history of the Spanish race, and is by no means entirely due, as the considerations I brought forward at the outset might suggest, to any modern effeminisation of the men. Even in the fourth century Spanish women insisted on retaining their own names after marriage, for we find the Synod of Elvira trying to limit this freedom;[2] while for long afterwards it still remained possible for a man to assume his mother's name. The greatest of Spanish painters is only known to most of us by the name of his mother, a Velazquez, and even to-day it is not unusual for a Spaniard to use the united names of both his parents.

I have emphasised the physical qualities of

[1] Tirso de Molina, the great dramatist, has been said to represent Spanish life and Spanish character more veraciously and more realistically than any other Spanish author. Doña Blanca de los Rios de Lamperez, who has specially devoted herself to the study of Tirso's life and works, after emphasising this point, remarks, that though it is not true, as some have said, that "all his vigour is in his women and all his weakness in his men," yet he seems to regard virility as a quality apart from sex, and bestows it on women as well as on men.

[2] A. W. W. Dale, *The Synod of Elvira*, p. 172.

the Spanish woman, but it must always be remembered that they are the expression of corresponding qualities of intelligence and will. The Spanish woman may be reticent and reserved, as regards her most real self, but in her most characteristic manifestations she is prompt and witty and alert, like Altisidora in *Don Quixote*, the ancestress of the girls whom we meet again to-day in the plays of Serafin and Joaquin Quintero, frank, independent, outspoken, self-possessed, always charming. Even in the most dubious avocations of life, the qualities of Spanish women have been triumphantly vindicated. In one of the earliest and most genuinely Spanish of Spanish novels, *La Lozana Andaluza*, which Francisco Delicado, a Spanish priest from Cordova, wrote in Rome in the year 1524 for the solace of his own sufferings, we have the whole detailed and instructive history of a Cordovan woman who was, as the author is careful to tell us, the fellow-countrywoman of Seneca, not only by birth but by intelligence and experience and knowledge, while she was *lozana*, as he also points out, in the full meaning of that term, which implies beauty and elegance and vivacity and frankness. Yet she was a courtesan. At Carmona, near Seville, where she learnt the occupation of a weaver, she was noted for her beauty and her grace; she was athletic also, for we incidentally learn that she was in the habit

of jumping over walls; and she had wit. Aldonza was still young when she fell in love with a handsome young Genoese merchant and ran away with him, travelling much in the Levant and elsewhere, and having several children. He meant to marry her, but his father interfered, separated them, and sent her off, meaning her to be drowned, but she escaped in her shift and holding a valuable ring in her mouth, and came to Rome in the days of Pope Leo X., when all the most pagan forms of gallantry were held in honour. Aldonza here falls in with a young valet, Rampin, who becomes her lover as well as her servant, but who is never jealous, and her career as a courtesan begins. Delicado always insists on the grace of his heroine, on her bold courage, on her clever speech. She can be all things to all men, "a Christian with Christians, a Jewess with Jews, Turkish with the Turks, a *hidalgo* with *hidalgos*, Genoese with the Genoese, and French with the French." At the same time she is by no means without the domestic virtues, and is an excellent cook. Aldonza always remains very Spanish even at Rome. "Spanish women are the best and the most perfect," some one remarks in this novel, even among courtesans. Aldonza says she believes it, for there are no such women anywhere. Finally, she leaves Rome with her old valet Rampin for the Island of Lipari; here

she changes her name to Vellida, and finishes her life in holy fashion—*muy santamente*—according to the Spanish tradition, having, the clerical author points out in a final defence of his heroine, taken care always to earn her own living, and never to offend God or injure her neighbour. Thus nearly four centuries ago we find clearly set forth in rough outline that type of which Valera has given the finest and the latest picture in Rafaela la Generosa.

La Lozana Andaluza, whether or not it was founded on life, was quite true to life in representing the success of Spanish women as courtesans in the splendid Rome of the Renaissance. Tullia d' Aragona, the most distinguished among the Roman courtesans of that age, an almost austere figure indeed, commanding the respect of the best men and women of her time, is believed to have been Spanish, the daughter of Cardinal d' Aragona, an illegitimate scion of the Spanish royal family.[1] Isabella de Luna, again, another famous Roman courtesan of the Renaissance, was also Spanish. She had, like Aldonza, travelled much, even in North Africa, also following the Imperial Court to Flanders, and she appears to have been a charming and intelligent woman, much esteemed in Rome and highly spoken of by Bandello.[2]

[1] G. Biagi, "Un Etera Romana," *Nuova Antologia*, 1886, pp. 655-711. [2] A. Graf, *Attraverso il Cinquecento*, p. 234.

It is so usual for writers on Spanish women to dwell on the eminence they have attained as queens and as saints, that it seemed as well to point out that the great personal qualities of the women of this race have been very far from confining them to success in merely the more honoured avocations of the throne and the convent, or the more modern platform, but have also enabled them to inspire respect and admiration even in those walks of life which are counted least honourable; although it is perhaps a significant fact that, as Emilia Pardo Bazan remarks, the famous Spanish courtesans in the sixteenth century, as well as to-day, have attained fame and success in foreign lands, and been little known in their own land.

Spanish women have likewise been pioneers on the stage. According to Devrient, it was in Spain that women first assumed women's parts, although actresses appeared in Venice not much later. Spanish actresses are mentioned in 1534, in an ordinance of Charles V.[1] Shakespeare was compelled to entrust his women's parts to boys, but his Spanish contemporary, Lope de Vega, could give his women's parts to women, to the "divine" Antonia Granada and others.

Spanish women have often willingly sought the convent and gained the highest fame there; St. Theresa, though sometimes counted the

[1] Devrient, *Geschichte der deutschen Schauspielkunst*, 1848, vol. i.

victim of hysteria,[1] is deservedly considered the greatest woman who ever lived in a cloister. But if Spanish women have often willingly entered the convent, they have sometimes willingly left it, temporarily or for ever, for other less spiritual occupations, even a military career or the bull-ring, acquiring therein also both success and fame.[2] Calderon was not violating probability when, in the *Devocion de la Cruz*, he represented a nun as escaping from the cloister to become a captain of bandits, while the exploits of Emilia Pardo Bazan's heroine, Amparo,

[1] The serious disorders which began to afflict St. Theresa at the age of sixteen, and never entirely left her during the remaining fifty years of her life, being doubtless also intimately connected with all her activities and ways of feeling and thinking, are vaguely termed "hysterical," but there is no exact agreement among even the most competent medical authorities who have studied her history. Thus while Georges Dumas regards her as strictly hysterical, Pierre Janet considers that she was a psychastheniac who, as it were, aspires to hysteria, that is to say, seeks an automatism of action which she never succeeds in attaining. (Discussion at the Société de Psychologie, *Revue Scientifique*, May 12, 1906.) But when morbid nervous and psychic manifestations are combined with genius the results defy even the most subtle analysis. An interesting picture of St. Theresa's practical activities, it may be added, is presented in Mrs. Cunninghame Graham's biography, *Santa Teresa*.

[2] Thus Doña Maria de Gaucin, according to Mme. Dieulafoy (*Aragon et Valencia*, 1901, p. 21), left the convent to become a *torero*, in which career she was distinguished not only for her courage, but also her beauty and virtue, and after a few years, during which she attained renown throughout Spain, she peacefully returned to the practice of religion in her convent, without, it appears, any reproaches from the sisters, who enjoyed the reflected fame of her exploits in the bull-ring. One of Goya's etchings in the Arte de Lidiar los Toros, I may add, represents the "valor varonil" of "la celebre Pajuelera" in the Plaza de Toros of Saragossa.

in leading popular movements are strictly true to life. When I was in Barcelona a few years ago, during a great strike, when martial law was proclaimed and sanguinary collisions took place between the people and the military, it was remarked that an unknown work-girl appeared as an organiser and leader of the men on strike, encouraging the waverers and bringing in new recruits, finally disappearing, still unknown, into the obscurity from which she had mysteriously emerged.

It is not alone in movements of revolt that Spanish women have been leaders. Concepcion Arenal, one of the most distinguished women of the nineteenth century, at first a poet and novelist, then a collaborator with her husband, a distinguished jurist, became a leader in various social and moral reforms, more especially as they affected Spain, and was marked by her sagacity and good sense. Emilia Pardo Bazan—of aristocratic origin, and belonging, like Concepcion Arenal, to Galicia—is to-day the foremost woman in Spain, and perhaps indeed the most notable woman of letters in Europe. Above all a novelist, she has in that field followed the realistic traditions of Spain with some influences from France, but with the versatility so usual among the writers of her land, she has concerned herself with criticism, sociology, and many other subjects, always with brilliance,

insight, and sound knowledge. Like Concepcion Arenal, she is vividly interested in the destinies of her own country, and in all the questions that affect its progress.[1]

Spanish women are not highly educated, as education is usually counted; a large proportion cannot even read or write. But there is perhaps no European country where one realises so clearly how little this really means. A Spanish woman of the people, who finds it a laborious task to write her own name, may yet show the finest tact and knowledge in all the essential matters of living. More than a century ago Casanova remarked on the superiority of Spanish women in intelligence. To-day Doña Pardo Bazan similarly remarks that the women are superior in intelligence to the men. She is referring more especially to the upper classes, but the same is perhaps true of the working classes. Among these, as Posada observes,[2] whether in town or country, a woman receives a preparation for life not inferior to a man's; she co-operates with men, and her work is often identical with theirs and as capably accomplished, while among the middle classes the women lead a life of marked inferiority, in which it is extremely difficult for them to

[1] Doña Pardo Bazan has written a long and interesting autobiographical introduction to her novel *Los Pazos de Ulloa*.

[2] Posada, *Feminismo*, p. 212.

reveal their real qualities. It is probably among the middle class that women appear to least advantage; lacking both the privileges of the better classes and the freedom of the lower classes, they are without opportunities for work in the world, and are often reduced to a life of cloistered vacuity. This is by no means a survival of Moorish Spain, for the Moors not only bestowed high honour on their women, but a very thorough education. It is true that education is open to women in Spain; the universities are not closed to them; they may practise medicine, although few have yet availed themselves of this privilege. But opportunities for work are few, and the ancient semi-oriental traditions in favour of the secluded life of women still prevail among the middle class. It requires great courage and resolution for a Spanish woman to strike out a path of her own. It is therefore all the more remarkable that women have played a prominent part in Spain, and have had the courage to face difficulties which are greater than elsewhere, like Concepcion Arenal, who adopted men's garments in order to gain a university education, at that time not yet open to women.[1]

[1] The adoption of male costume by women certainly occurs everywhere, but seems to be specially favoured in Spain by the difficulties placed in the way of feminine careers. Not long ago, it is stated (in 1906), the authorities of Seville were surprised to discover that their oldest and most respected police officer was really a woman. Nearly

It is noteworthy that, in spite of the efforts of the Church, women have taken an enthusiastic share in the progressive religious movements which were symbolised a few years ago in Perez Galdos's play *Electra*; while in politics they have always been ready to take the advanced side.[1] As the social atmosphere becomes more favourable, we can scarcely doubt that Spanish women will play their part in directing the civilising influences of the twentieth century. The very contrasts which they present in character to the women of Anglo-Saxon race, who have played so large a part in the world, can only render their activities the more valuable. The reckless self-abandonment sometimes shown by the advanced woman in pursuit of impersonal ends, her tendency to unsex herself by imitating masculine methods, are profoundly antagonistic to the temperament of the Spanish woman, whose energy and good sense are too solidly personal to be easily turned aside into artificially masculine lines.

three centuries before, Doña Feliciana Enriquez de Guzman, a remarkable lady of Seville, who wrote a dramatic poem and was an ardent advocate of the most rigid school of classic poetry, pursued a course of study, varied by love and adventure, in male costume at the University of Salamanca; her life furnished suggestions for some old Spanish plays, and was ultimately the origin of an episode in *Gil Blas*.

[1] Thus in 1821 Pecchio wrote that all the pretty girls were Liberals and in favour of the new Constitution, and he gives a delightful picture of one, "a Spanish Corinne," who is engaged to a young officer and loves Liberty as she loves her lover.

IV

THE ART OF SPAIN

SPAIN is not a land of great painters. That is a fact we sometimes fail to realise at first. If we come from Italy to the land of Velazquez we perhaps expect to enter another paradise of painting, strengthened in this by the knowledge that even to-day Spain is producing brilliant artists who rank high among European painters. But it is not so. Spain has never been a painter's paradise. Velazquez, one of the greatest initiators in art, belonged to a race that showed little artistic initiative, and the vigorous and characteristic Spanish painters of to-day all come from enterprising commercial communities whose energies have chanced to overflow into art. There has never been a time when Spanish painting was really comparable to what, at one time or another, Flemish, Tuscan, Venetian, Dutch, and French painting have been. The dominant note of the Spanish temperament, even when Spain was a great world-power,

was always *character*. Æsthetic sensibility—Velazquez always excepted—meets us nowhere in Spanish art. The inspirations of art usually came to Spain from outside. Keenly alive as he was to the subtlest mysteries of religion, the Spaniard disdained the refinements of artistic delicacy; he instinctively preferred a vigorous, masculine, realistic grasp of things, even of spiritual things. Spain is not the land of great art but of great personalities, and Velazquez towers as much above his fellow-painters as Cervantes above his fellow-novelists.[1]

Within the sphere of the plastic arts the real predilection of the Spaniard is less for painting than for architecture and sculpture. The Spanish character has impressed itself on Spanish architecture with more complete and overwhelming force than it has manifested in any other art, although the essential ideas of this architecture

[1] The great vogue which the Spanish school has always enjoyed both in England and France is due to a succession of circumstances. In the eighteenth century it was identified, not altogether unreasonably, with the late Italian schools and received the same high regard as was accorded to them. When the romantic movement burst forth, in literature with Victor Hugo and in painting with Delacroix, it was instinctively attracted, and to some extent indeed inspired, by Spain, the last home of romance, and Spanish painting was looked at with fresh interest from another point of view. And when, later on, new technical methods of painting appeared with Manet—who also instinctively turned to Spanish painters and Spanish subjects long before he paid his one brief visit to Spain—these new ways of approaching the problems of light and colour led to the triumph of Velazquez, who was found to have been the leader, three centuries ago, in the most modern movement of the conquest of painting over Nature.

have all been borrowed. In most countries architecture, however national it may seem, has expressed the ideals of a few choice spirits. We must go back to ancient Rome, almost to Egypt, to find a people who have affirmed themselves in building so emphatically as the Spaniards. For sculpture, also, the native taste is deep-rooted. The Visigoths were atttracted to sculpture. Even the prehistoric Iberians had a vigorous school of sculpture, based on Greek and Asiatic sources and attaining an individuality of its own, though sculpture starting from a similar combination is found in Etruria and in Cyprus.[1] The best of these Iberian sculptures are absolutely distinctive and original, though founded on combined elements. The men, says Professor Pierre Paris of Bordeaux, who has more especially studied this field of prehistoric art, are simple and virile, the women are distinguished by dignity of attitude and nobility of face, expressive of deep religious gravity. In the folds of their royally luxurious garments and in their hieratic head-dresses, in their priestess-like chastity, they betray Chaldæan ideas transmitted through Egyptian channels and with Greek influences in the general style. The Lady of Elche, the bust in the Louvre which Pierre Paris, in agreement with Reinach, dates

[1] Engel, *Nouvelles Archives des Missions Scientifiques*, 1892, tome iii. p. 180.

about 440 B.C., is the supreme type of primitive Iberian sculpture, a work that is very attractive in its curious originality and seems to have come from the hand of a sculptor who was the fellow-countryman of the captivating Spanish woman whom he has immortalised.[1] How genuinely Spanish the Lady of Elche is we may realise by the resemblance she bears to Velazquez's "Woman with the Fan," who, however, has grown older and more tired and is no longer beautiful.

In more modern times none of the world's famous sculptors have been Spaniards, but the amount of beautiful or imposing sculpture to be found throughout Spain in churches and cloisters is extraordinary. Like the painting, it is seldom exquisite—Spain has produced no Donatello—but it is various, vigorous, romantic, in the

[1] "In her enigmatic face," Pierre Paris writes, "ideal and yet real, in her living eyes, on her voluptuous lips, on her passive and severe forehead, are summed up all the nobility and austerity, the promises and the reticences, the charm and the mystery of woman. She is Oriental by her luxurious jewels and by a vague technical tradition which the sculptor has preserved in the modelling; she is Greek, even Attic, by an inexpressible flower of genius which gives to her the same perfume as to her sisters on the Acropolis; she is above all Spanish, not only by the mitre and the great wheels that frame her delicate head, but by the disturbing strangeness of her beauty. She is indeed more than Spanish: she is Spain itself, Iberia arising still radiant with youth from the tomb in which she has been buried for more than twenty centuries" (Pierre Paris, *Essai sur l'Art et l'Industrie de l'Espagne Primitive*, 1903-4, vol. ii. p. 308). By virtue of the symbolic character which Professor Paris thus eloquently ascribes to her, the Lady of Elche appears at the front of the present volume.

highest degree. The wonderfully preserved tombs in such cathedrals as those of Toledo, Zamora, and Leon can hardly be matched elsewhere for fine conception and interesting detail. Spanish wood-carving is not less fascinating and is even more distinctively Spanish, though its first inspirations are believed to have come from Flanders or Holland.[1] This medium lent itself happily to the finely expressive and realistic manner of the Spaniard,[2] and in this art he found not only scope for his fantastic extravagance and his naturalism, but he attained also a delicacy and loveliness which we usually miss in Spanish art. Nearly every great Spanish church has carved walnut-wood stalls which are treasuries of delight, each with its own special character. It seems to have been the freedom and facility of wood which enabled the Spaniard, whose aim was ever expressiveness, to attain such success in this medium. For a different reason he was equally successful in the use of iron; here extravagance as well as grotesque realism is

[1] Valladolid is specially rich in these sculptured wooden figures. "There is," as Emilia Pardo Bazan truly says in describing this aspect of that city, "a mingling of classicism in the modelling of the flesh and draperies, of romanticism in the expression, of realism in the colouring and details, which make of this sculpture in wood the seal and symbol of our national genius and our religious ideal."

[2] The naturalistic tendencies of Spanish sculpture and wood-carving have always been recognised. In an interesting pamphlet (summarised in *Nature*, Nov. 2, 1899, p. 15) Dr. E. S. Fatigati shows, as is indeed fairly obvious, that from the sixth century onwards a close study of plant life and animal life is clearly reflected in Spanish sculpture.

inevitably checked, and for the combination of restrained boldness with harmony the ironwork screens of Spanish churches, notably at Seville, Toledo, and Granada, cannot be surpassed.

Spanish people, with their predominantly serious character and their impulse for strong expression, are innately dramatic. They have produced a long succession of fine playwrights and good actors, continued up to the present day. They are instinctively dramatic even in their gestures and speech. Nowhere, it seems to me, is this more marked than in Aragon, and Aragon is probably the chief focus of Spanish sculpture. There can, I think, be little doubt that the Spanish predilection for sculpture—for the moulding of wood and stone and iron—and the high level of accomplishment here reached, are founded on impulses which are also expressed in Spanish life and literature. They are the natural artistic outcome of the predominance of character in the Spanish temperament.

The seriously realistic and dramatic tendencies of Spanish art may perhaps seem strange to those who couple Spain vaguely with Italy as "the South." Italy we are accustomed to regard—not quite accurately, for among its greatest poets Italy produced the sombre figures of Lucretius and Dante—as a land of sunny idleness and facile enjoyment, where lazy and picturesque peasants bask in the sun by the

blue sea, ready to be transferred to the drop-scenes of theatres. That is a vision we must not usually expect to see in Spain, either in the actual Spanish landscape or in Spanish pictures. It has indeed often seemed to me that the meteorological effects of the climate of Central Spain have had not merely an indirect but even a direct influence on the most typical Spanish painters. The hard and violent effects, the sharp contrasts, the strong colours, the stained and dusky clouds, looking as if soaked in pigment, may well have affected the imaginations of the artist, and a Castilian sunset often seems to have a real affinity with many a canvas of the most typical Spanish painters. However this may be, we find in Spain a more extreme south united to a more extreme north than Italy ever shows us. And just as Norway and Africa meet in the Spanish climate, and Visigoths and Moors in the Spanish people, so Flanders and Naples meet in Spanish painting.

The basis of Spanish painting is northern and Flemish; even Italian influences, it has been pointed out, first reached Spain through Flemish channels; the spirit of Flemish art, its realism, its dramatic veracity, its deep and serious feeling, were altogether congenial to the Spanish temperament. We hear of Jan van Eyck travelling in the peninsula; Roger van der Weyden's pictures were evidently greatly admired, for we find some

of the finest in Spain to-day, and his dramatic force and intense religious feeling could not fail to make a strong appeal to the Spanish temperament; Gherart David, who also has strong Spanish affinities, may likewise be seen in many parts of the country.

On this Flemish basis arose a long school of painters whose names are little if at all known; they have been treated with undeserved neglect by their fellow-countrymen, for while Flemish in inspiration, they represent a really Spanish development which, if it had not been largely overwhelmed by other influences, might have led to fine results in the line of the national genius. The two chief representatives of this movement are Luis de Dalmau of Barcelona and Alejo Fernandez of Cordova. Dalmau's chief work, the altar-piece now in the Museo Municipal of Barcelona, was painted soon after the great masterpiece of the van Eycks at Ghent, which in some respects it recalls, and it has a generally Flemish character, representing yellow-haired and yellow-eyed women, and black-haired men, as we often see them in Flemish paintings; but it remains a little stiff in its forcefulness, although quite a beautiful, harmonious, decorative picture. Fernandez, who painted somewhat later, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, is a much more charming and more individual artist. His Madonna with Angels at Triana is the most

delightful picture the early Spanish painters have given us; in its general aspect as well as in much of its detail it is Flemish, without the Flemish stiffness and indifference to beauty, for there is an almost Italian grace and ease about it, and the Angels recall Filippo Lippi.

But this orderly development on a Flemish basis towards a Spanish ideal was roughly destroyed by the eruption over Europe of that new kind of art which had grown up in Italy. Early Spanish art melted at the touch of this powerful solvent as swiftly as the early Flemish art from which it sprang. The Italians in their fine climate, where any wall would do to paint on, had had a long training, and their æsthetic sensibility, their instinct for design, enabled them to use with complete mastery the methods of self-expression they had evolved. But their slowly acquired freedom acted as a swift poison on the artists trained in the sober and realistic traditions of the Flemish school. Freed from their bonds to tradition, and at the same time losing their loving and reverent devotion to Nature, they could not, like the Tuscans, trust to their own happy inspiration; they became licentious in technique, shallow in feeling, insipid and extravagant in design. It is rare indeed to find any fine artistic personality behind the wildly flowing draperies of the facile, superficial canvases of these painters; their art

interests us scarcely more than that of Vasari. Great as was the fascination exerted by the new and free art of Italy, it seldom so far inspired the Spaniards as to enable them to work truly in its spirit. Here and there in sculpture we catch a glimpse of that spirit, and the great sixteenth century *retablo* of the church of San Jeronimo at Granada is a beautiful and harmonious work in the Italian manner, though without any obvious imitation. In painting, Roelas of Seville has a sweet and gracious charm which is also Italian rather than Spanish. As we see his work in some of the Seville churches, he combined something of the Venetian spirit of Titian with the Andalusian spirit which reached its climax in Murillo, while yet retaining an attractive personality of his own.

Another artist who was not only a Venetian in artistic origin but a foreigner by birth and race, Theotocopuli, commonly called El Greco, ranks among the chief pioneers of Spanish painting, and has even been regarded as the first in time of the characteristically Spanish masters. He came from Venice, and his early affinities were mainly with Tintoret. He was already an accomplished Venetian painter, but after he had settled in Toledo, to spend a long life there, he slowly acquired a new manner of his own, highly individual, even morbidly eccentric, yet at the same time in many respects

genuinely Spanish. From being almost completely neglected, of recent years a reaction has set in towards the opposite extreme, and by some Spaniards Greco is now placed on nearly as high a pinnacle as Velazquez.[1] His extreme individuality, the sincerity with which he followed his own mannerisms to the utmost, so that one is inclined to say that even the smallest fragment of a Greco canvas could be immediately recognised as the work of the master, scarcely suffices, however, to make a painter of the first order.

[1] In 1906, when it was reported that Greco's most famous picture, the "Burial of Count Orgaz," was to be sold and taken out of the country, there was a great outcry in Spain at this "sacrilege and profanation." The demand was made on this occasion that all the works of art in churches and monasteries should be declared national property, or a law passed, on the lines of the Italian law, though less extreme, to keep them in the country. Zorilla, when Minister of Public Works in the Revolutionary Government of 1868, issued a decree empowering the State to take possession of collections of art and science belonging to religious bodies, to prevent them from being diverted from public use or sold; but the clergy were greatly agitated, and threatened to assassinate the officials charged with the execution of the decree, which was never carried out. A serious and difficult problem is, indeed, presented by the immense amount of priceless and unique artistic treasures which are stored in the churches throughout Spain. Now that their value is becoming recognised, it is difficult for their present possessors to guard them adequately even against ordinary thieves, and many daring robberies have taken place (as lately from the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela), while the slowly growing antagonism between the Church and the people will introduce more risks of devastation, such as occurred in England in the seventeenth century and in France in the eighteenth. On the other hand, the Church will certainly maintain its rights jealously in this as in other respects, and it must be admitted that the artistic loss would be great if the treasures of Spanish churches were to be stacked in museums after the manner now followed in most other countries.

The reckless and frantic effort of his inspiration lacks the genius which could alone justify it. "His pictures might at times," as Mr. Ricketts says, "have been painted by torchlight in a cell of the Inquisition." He is lashed and tormented by his vision, but is seldom able to embody it. Even his generally acknowledged masterpiece, the "Burial of Conde Orgaz," at Toledo,—although comparatively restrained, full of fine passages and ideas, and at the time of its production as great a picture as had ever been painted in Spain,[1]—can scarcely be said to be among the great pictures of the world. The general design of it—the group of bending figures around the supine form, and the supernatural circle of figures in the clouds behind—had been a familiar composition among Byzantine artists centuries before,[2] as it remained afterwards, well illustrated by Zurbaran's "Funeral of a Bishop" in the Louvre. Powerful and impressive as the work undoubtedly is, the individual portraiture of the bystanders, and the realistic detail of their costumes, clash with the larger religious significance which the painter has sought to give to his work; the religious

[1] Justi, usually temperate in his judgments, declares that this picture is "in his worst style," surely a difficult opinion to maintain.

[2] See, *e.g.*, the "Dormition of the Mother of God," a fourteenth century Byzantine fresco in the church of Santa Maria di Cerrati near Lecce in Otranto, illustrated in Bertaux's great work, *L'Art dans l'Italie Méridionale*, vol. i., and compare a pen-drawing by an eleventh century Benedictine monk on p. 201 of the same volume.

significance is unachieved, and, on the other hand, the episode depicted and its supernatural accompaniments are not felt to aid the singularly fine row of portrait heads resting on their white ruffs which chiefly draw our attention. In his more purely religious and supernatural scenes, Greco was sometimes imaginative but more often bizarre in design and disconcerting in his colouring, with its insistence on chalky white, his violet shadows on pale faces, his love of green.[1] Yet his colouring was his greatest and best discovery. His distorted fever of movement—the lean twisted bodies, the frenzied, gesticulating arms, the mannerism of large calves that taper down to pointed toes—usually fails to convince us. But in the audacities of his colouring he revealed the possibility of new harmonies, of higher, brighter, and cooler keys of colour than had before been achieved, and along these lines he was destined to inspire a more consummate artist than himself. Greco was usually at his best in portraiture;[2] here he

[1] The predilection for green is interesting, and one of the numerous points in which Greco anticipated the characteristics of the Spanish school, for green has usually been prominent on the Spaniard's palette, and has remained so—sometimes, as in Fortuny's pictures, becoming very insistent.

[2] In an interesting study of Greco ("A Study of Toledo," *Monthly Review*, March 1901) Mr. Arthur Symons has finely characterised these portraits, in which "there is a certain subdued ecstasy, purely ascetic, and purely temperamental in its asceticism, as of a fine Toledo blade, wearing out its scabbard through the mere sharpness of inaction . . . . Their faces are all nerves, distinguished nerves, quieted by an effort, the

reached a high degree of distinction, refining on the methods of Tintoret, bringing out the charm of his women sitters and the aristocratic qualities of his men, imparting to them something of that consuming febrile and neurotic energy which is the special characteristic of his own art and doubtless his own personality — possibly the source of the legend of his madness—while it sorts so well with the city of his adoption. This haughty and aristocratic quality in Greco—a Spanish quality again, though most Spanish painters revealed in their art their often plebeian origin—led him to follow out his own aims in disdain of the art around him, and together with certain qualities in his colouring it may have been an inspiration to Velazquez, who seems to have learnt from Greco, although his sane and solid genius instinctively rejected the bizarre elements in his predecessor's work. Carrying his own individuality to the utmost limits, Greco was a real liberating force in Spanish art.

For the most part, as we have seen, the hard, deep-feeling, individualistic, sometimes rather violent temper of the Spaniard could not be conciliated with the spirit of Italy. But at last a really fertile seed from Italy was scattered on Spanish soil. It was altogether of novel

faces of dreamers in action; they have all the brooding Spanish soul with its proud self-repression." The general characters of Greco's art are discriminatingly set forth by Mr. Ricketts in his book on *The Prado* (pp. 23-31).

character, and it came from the south of the Italian peninsula, a region allied to Spain, for Naples and Sicily, unlike Northern Italy, are African in their affinities; they were, moreover, for a long time under Moorish influence, and they had subsequently become part of the great domain of Spain.[1]

The rough, stern, realistic art of Naples, veracious and dramatic, but revealing little delicacy of æsthetic sensibility—mainly embodied for us in the work of Caravaggio and Salvator Rosa—was a vigorous revolt against the shallow and feeble forms of later North Italian art, and the insipidities and inanities into which that had at length fallen.[2] But it is necessary to remember that the Neapolitan school was only in a very slight degree made up of South Italians; nearly all its leaders reached Naples from elsewhere. It must also be remarked that the Valencian school of Spain was developing out of the Bolognese school along the same lines as the Neapolitan school, and the Valencian Ribalta—with his strong lighting and vigorous modelling—was the master of Ribera.

[1] "And truly in my opinion," wrote Howell from Naples in 16 "the King of Spain's greatness appears here more eminently than in Spain itself."

[2] This tendency was not, however, of late appearance. The mosaics of Southern Italy (as illustrated in the first volume of Bertaux's *L'Art dans l'Italie Méridionale*), unlike those of Byzantine art generally, are often singularly vigorous and dramatic, with figures in high relief on a dark background.

The decisive factor, moreover, in concentrating the realistic revolt of late Italian art in Naples seems to have been the fact that Naples had then long been under Spanish rule, and that to the Spaniards this kind of art was as congenial as it was alien to Italians generally. The Neapolitan painters were thus in a double sense a branch of the Spanish school. In this way it came about that Ribera the Valencian—Lo Spagnoletto, as he was called in Italy—a leader of Neapolitan art, was not only born in Spain,[1] but is rightly counted as in every sense one of the glories of Spanish art.

Ribera's best works are scattered,—though a special room is now devoted to him in the Prado, —but any one who has been able to obtain a comprehensive vision of them as a whole can scarcely fail to come to the conclusion that after Velazquez there is no greater figure in Spanish art. It may be admitted that Ribera is very unequal, and that in facile and obvious charm he is not usually conspicuous. It is possible to turn away from many of his pictures with the

[1] As Salazar has finally proved ("La Patria e la Famiglia dello Spagnoletto," *Atti del Congresso Internazionale di Scienze Storiche*, 1903, vol. vii. sezione iv.), Ribera was born at Jativa in Valencia, of Spanish parents, although the family shortly afterwards migrated to Naples, where the painter married an Italian wife and eventually died, probably at Posilippo, in 1652. Jativa, a fortress amid a paradise of flowers and fruit, was also the home of the Borgias, and at one time a stronghold of Valencian revolt; it is still a centre of Anarchism.



feeling that they are sombre, harsh, violent, if not indeed sometimes brutal. We have to remember that he came first, and that Velazquez followed him, while Murillo began by being frankly his imitator. The profound originality of Ribera is shown by the complete manner in which, though seemingly inspired by foreign influences, he expresses and works out the genius of his own people. The qualities of Spain, as we know, are the qualities of character. The art of Ribera is the manifestation of this temper, earnest, profoundly emotional, almost exclusively religious, yet nearly always realistic, and invariably dramatic. So dramatic is he, and so anxious to expend all the resources of his art in bringing his figures into the strongest relief, that we might regard him as really, by instinct, a sculptor. He was born on the confines of Aragon, a centre of sculpture, the most national of the plastic arts of Spain, and no other Spanish painter has so persistently conceived the scene before him from the sculptor's point of view, that is to say, as sculpture has been understood by the dramatic and realistic Spaniard, like Montañes, who designed some of those noble and poignantly life-like images which are still borne in procession at Seville in Holy Week. The robust vigour of Ribera's art is compensated and completed by his essential tenderness. In the power of

rendering loving devotion, of tender abandonment, associated with religious emotion, Ribera not only surpasses all his countrymen, but is scarcely excelled outside Spain. His Magdalene in the Prado caressing a skull succeeds in imparting the simple sincerity of true feeling to a stereotyped scene which the painter has usually found it very difficult to realise convincingly. In the National Gallery "Entombment" the attitude of the stooping St. John at the Saviour's feet, with bowed head covered by a waving wealth of golden hair, is singularly characteristic of Ribera; and not less so, in a well-known picture in the Louvre, the dead Christ, whose mass of brown-black hair mingles with shadows of the same tint. In such pictures we see those sombre and deep tones of emotional colour, the rich dusky harmonies which have so often haunted Spanish artists down to Gandara and Zuloaga, but have never been so strongly and splendidly achieved as by Ribera. He remains the most superb and original colourist of Spain, a strayed Venetian whose emotional tone is yet entirely Spanish. The crowning proof of Ribera's artistic strength and his power of rendering ecstatic emotion is furnished by the great "Conception" which hangs over the high altar in the Church of the Augustinas Recoletas in Salamanca. The fine blending of modesty and pride in the Virgin's face and erect figure

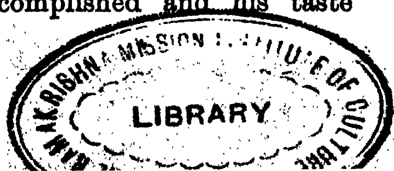
is here triumphantly attained; in one effort Ribera has not merely succeeded where Murillo after him so often lavished his labour in vain, but he challenges comparison with Titian.[1]

It was not merely in painting ecstatic Virgins in the clouds that Murillo sought to follow Ribera. In much of his early work he moulded himself on Ribera at every point. Before an "Adoration of the Shepherds" in the Murillo room at the Prado it is difficult to realise that we are not in the presence of a characteristic work of the earlier master; there is the same colouring, the same realism, the same type of Virgin's face; even the angel who seems so characteristic of Murillo we find fully developed in the white-winged angel, robed in golden brown and purple, of the "San Pedro *in vinculis*" of the Ribera room. Murillo, it is true, left out the occasional brutal crudity of Ribera, but he also left out his force and sincerity and dramatic veracity.

The supremacy of Velazquez—whose early work also exhibits, though in a less definite degree, the influence of Ribera—among the painters of Spain is to-day unquestioned, nor is there much question that among the artists of the world he stands in the first rank, in certain

[1] Ribera was often singularly happy, far beyond any other Spanish painter, in the difficult task of combining nobility with fresh human sweetness in his Virgins. This is, for instance, well illustrated in the delightful "Holy Family" which is the most interesting picture in the little visited Museo Provincial at Toledo.

respects, indeed, unsurpassed and unsurpassable. But Murillo, once counted as more than the peer of Velazquez, has fallen from his high estate in critical estimation, though his popularity among the masses, in and out of Spain, remains unaffected by the discussions of critics. His real position, we shall probably not err in concluding, is neither so high nor so low as opposing factions have placed it, and we may agree with those who would rank him not far from Andrea del Sarto. He has suffered from his popularity and from the critical reaction aroused by that popularity. But as in the case of his in many respects greater contemporary Vandyke, we must allow due weight to real charm and genuine accomplishment, however much we may be affected by the absence of those qualities which are essential to the making of the greatest art. Murillo was lacking in original force: the methods, the aims, even the favourite designs, of the first period of his art were, as we see, largely impressed on him by the puissant genius of Ribera; and the modifications which his style underwent later in life, while doubtless more peculiarly personal, were of no great artistic significance. He was an artist of feminine and receptive temperament, a realist indeed, but with no virile force, inapt to express the vigorous dramatic qualities which most natively find expression in Spanish art. But his hand was highly accomplished and his taste



showed a finer sensibility than is common in Spain; he was sensitive to beauty, especially to the idyllic beauty of homely landscape scenes (though he was here largely a follower of Bassano), and to the plebeian charm of the Spanish peasant. His quick eye and ready hand were forced to adapt themselves to the needs of a city in which beauty was dedicated almost altogether to the service of religion. That circumstance, though it led to the production of pictures which made Murillo's fame, has yet been unfortunate for his reputation in the highest sense. Of all Spanish painters, Murillo alone, the genuine child of Andalusia, may be said to represent the spirit of what we term the "South." For that very reason, perhaps, he was not so typically and essentially Spanish as Ribera was. He was without the Spanish dramatic aptitude, without the sincerity of intense religious feeling. Murillo's famous Virgins in the clouds, after the manner of Ribera's great Salamanca "Conception," however delicious the glowing haze in which they live, are nearly always pretty peasant girls, posing in beautiful robes that do not belong to them, and simulating ecstatic emotions they have never felt. His other religious pictures are similarly gracious and charming, similarly unconvincing. When we can forget that we are looking at a religious picture, or when the painter was free to devote himself to frankly secular subjects, we can better

enjoy the qualities of his art. It is true that his beggar-boys are just as deliberately and self-consciously picturesque as his saints are deliberately and self-consciously holy. Still, no other Spanish painter has so agreeably seized the peasant life of Spain, or rather of Andalusia, at the points where it fell in harmoniously with his own pretty mannerisms; in this field, indeed, he sometimes seems both sensitive and sincere, able to present life for what it is worth. Even the absence of dramatic instinct helped him here. His love of beauty and refinement, especially when manifested in a plebeian shape, his idyllic feeling for the beauty of pastoral repose in a patriarchal age,—illustrated by many of the pictures at the Hermitage in St. Petersburg,—his softly bright and luminous colouring, his facile skill in realistic detail—all these things must make Murillo a fascinating and peculiar figure in Spanish painting, though they cannot enable us to place him beside Velazquez and Ribera.

His proper rank is more nearly with Zurbaran, unlike as in many respects the two artists are—Murillo, who came somewhat later, the more skilled and versatile master of his art; Zurbaran, a more natively dramatic realist, and with a far more sincere and profound religious instinct, the finest type of the realist as religious visionary.[1]

[1] The significance and importance of Zurbaran have only been realised during recent years. The comprehensive exhibition of his

But they were alike in their refinement of nature, the delicacy of their realism, their genuine love of plebeian human nature, Zurbaran always remaining more direct in his vision, more unaffected in his execution, a man of very humble soul, perhaps too humble for a great artist, content to be on the earth, and by preference in a cloister, never eager to climb, as Murillo was, on to a cloud.

Zurbaran was a native of Estremadura, the province that lies between Castile on the north and Andalusia on the south, and this position seems accurately to account for his spiritual attitude. He had much of the Andalusian sweetness and cheerful contentment, but at the same time in his dramatic vigour, his intense fervour, his genuine preoccupation with religion, he was intimately related to Castile. Technically, his pictures are often uninteresting because he

works in Madrid during 1905 (which I was unfortunately unable to see, although in Spain at the time) has largely contributed to this recognition. Lord Leighton, however, a very well-informed and often judicious critic of Spanish painting, wrote with enthusiasm nearly twenty years ago of Zurbaran, as "a man of whom we have in this country but little knowledge, a painter of conspicuously powerful personality, in whom more than in any of his contemporaries the various essential characteristics of his race were gathered up—its defiant temper, its domestic bent, its indifference to beauty, its love of fact, its imaginative force, its gloomy fervour, its poetry, in fact, and its prose. Murillo was truly Spanish, no doubt, but had neither the imagination nor the sustained virility of style of the son of the peasant from Estremadura, the completest representative in art, I think, of the genius of his race." There is, however, much in this eloquent estimate which seems more accurately applicable to Ribera.

is nearly always dominated by the instinct to convey his religious feelings and ideas as simply and sincerely as he can. Murillo was a religious painter, because the age would not allow him to be anything else. But Zurbaran was entirely in harmony with the religious spirit of his age. He is a Spanish Fra Angelico, that is to say, a very realistic Angelico, whose knees rest always firmly on the earth.

The great period of Spanish painting was comprised within the first half of the seventeenth century. It died even more completely and suddenly than the contemporaneous efflorescence of Spanish drama, and almost at the same time. The life of Velazquez ended in 1660, and that of Calderon, who outlived most of his fellow-dramatists, in 1681. The ancient and vigorous school of Venice, with which the Spaniards had so often come in touch, continued within narrowed channels alive and alert, retaining its aptitude for new developments, and in Guardi at all events stretching forwards towards modern art, but Spanish art had lost all vitality. Not one notable figure emerges until we reach Goya towards the end of the eighteenth century. In this man of Aragon, the son of poor labourers, and showing in his portrait the very type of the shrewd and keen Aragonese peasant, we have a genuine and energetic renascence of the Spanish spirit in art.

He shows, indeed, some suggestions of French influence; for, with fundamental differences, it is not difficult to feel now and again in his work the hardness and pseudo-classicality of David, while we miss also the substantial solidity of the old masters and their aristocratic instinct. But, on the whole, with his versatile aptitudes and wide-reaching interests, Goya represents the Spanish temper and Spanish interests more comprehensively than any other Spanish painter. He has finally escaped from the control of the Inquisition, which fettered his predecessors, and is a little intoxicated with his freedom. Religion, the prime interest of Old Spain, is a negligible element in his art. It is, indeed, a fact of some significance in estimating the spiritual outlook of Spain, that since Zurbaran there has been no great Spanish religious painter. Goya touched Spanish life vividly and alertly on every other side; he has all the fantastic energy of Spain, some of his pictures are like pungent political pamphlets, he illustrated fully all the aspects of Spanish popular and festive life, technically in a versatile and experimental way which is always interesting, though, except in a few occasional sketches and etchings, it seldom reaches consummate achievement. Some of his drawings, in their superb dash and felicity, are almost comparable to Rubens's sketches, though again, in the *Caprichos* and other etchings, their

beauty and spirit, their vigour of line and expression, tend often to fall into caricature. And in his personal life he exhibited just the same versatile and audacious temper, ready with his sword, competent to play his part in the bull-ring, at one time abducting a nun from her convent, at another time carrying on a public *liaison* with a duchess of the Court, and painting her (according to an unproved tradition) in his "Maja Desnuda," as Manet afterwards painted the less distinguished "Olympia" of the Louvre. And while he was at heart and in life a typical Spaniard, Goya was also a nervous and restless modern, indeed with some claim to be accounted the earliest of modern painters.

Goya marked, however, a real revival in Spanish painting, which has continued to the present time, although, with the possible exception of Zuloaga, it has not produced any figure of the first rank. For the most part the Spanish painters have allied themselves with those of France and have sought training and fame in Paris. Such an approximation was natural and inevitable, even apart from the unique reputation which Paris has long enjoyed as an art centre. France has been the last of the great European countries to attain serious and deliberate self-consciousness in painting, and ever since that development has taken place the French painters of the south-west have frequently

shown characteristics of colouring and design which recall the Spaniards. The influence of France has not, however, destroyed the specifically national qualities of Spanish painters, not even when they chanced to be born on French soil. Thus Diaz, who played a prominent part in the French romantic movement, remained Spanish in the large and masculine effects of his best work, and in the peculiar suppressed richness of passionate colour which we may sometimes note in the painters of Spain.

At the present day nearly all the Spanish painters of repute, unlike their ancient predecessors, are either Basques or, more especially, Catalans; belonging, that is to say, to the Spanish populations which in other fields also are most energetic and successful. The chief representative of the Basques is Zuloaga, to-day the most distinguished of Spanish painters, the most brilliant exponent of the finest Spanish traditions; while first among the Catalans comes Anglada-Camarasa, a great master of luxuriant and yet refined colour, the Spanish violence tempered harmoniously by Spanish sobriety. Sorolla, another artist of European reputation, belonging to Valencia, is also truly Spanish, a master of broad and energetic effects. The Luxembourg possesses a choice collection of modern Spanish paintings, and in the Paris Salons there is always much Spanish work,

clearly characteristic, and mostly with that bold and ostentatious brush-work, once the method of Velazquez and after of Hals, which has since become a fashionable acquirement rather than the inevitable outcome of any psychological necessity. In its origin, however, it seems the expression in painting of a combative and war-like temperament, the transformation into art of valour, that fundamental quality of the Spaniard, so that before it one may feel as Brantôme felt when he saw the Spaniards riding to the wars in Flanders, like princes in their arrogant and insolent grace.

V

VELAZQUEZ

I

In a little room of the Prado Museum, specially constructed for this end, stands the large picture of Velazquez's last period which has long been known as "The Maids of Honour," *Las Meninas*. It is a simple scene in the artist's studio, viewed as the King and Queen, who stood at the same point as the spectator now stands—we see them reflected in the mirror in the background—once viewed it during a moment of rest in the course of a royal sitting. There in the centre is the little princess about to accept the refreshment offered by one of the charming maids of honour; there are the two court dwarfs with the big dog who is stolidly reposing; and there, on the left, is the painter himself, erect, with his large canvas, facing us and the royal couple. A typically Spanish picture, indeed the most instructive representation we possess of the life led by

Philip IV., it is a natural, unstudied scene, painted in a natural, unstudied way, with large, light, seemingly careless strokes, yet with no parade of assertive brush-work, so that at a little distance the picture presents a smooth surface. Gently, calmly, neither as master nor as slave, but courteously in the Spanish manner, as an equal, the painter seems to stand face to face with Nature. We feel that this is less a picture that has been painted by a brilliant and deliberate expenditure of pigments than a vision that has been mysteriously evoked and that floats before us in its own atmosphere. If by a "miracle" we mean an event in which the effect is beyond measure out of proportion with the seeming simplicity of the cause, then we may say that of all the great pictures of the world this may most precisely be called miraculous.

Whether the men of Velazquez's day realised that a miracle had here been performed there is no evidence to tell; more likely they considered that the excellent Court painter had properly done his duty, as every Court functionary, whether painter, barber, or buffoon—they were officially classed together — ought to. The earliest known utterance concerning the picture is indeed one that finely reveals a sense of its greatness, but it was made thirty years after Velazquez's death, and by a foreigner. When Luca Giordano came to Madrid—an accomplished

painter, but a man of a sensitive and receptive temperament which was a fatal endowment in an age of artistic decay—it is recorded that he said to Charles II.: "Sire, this is the theology of painting!" But it is an utterance that stands alone. At that time, and for long afterwards, Velazquez had no real and deep influence on art and artists. Frans Hals, indeed, in the land that politically had shaken itself free of Spain, while always possessing something of the Spaniard's fiercely independent spirit, had illustrated the technical tendency of the painter's craft along certain lines to follow spontaneously the evolution revealed in Velazquez's work while still almost his contemporary. There we see something of the same qualities of brush-work without the greater qualities of Velazquez, and in the wonderful pictures of the Stadthuis in Haarlem, painted at the age of ninety, the final development of his art, Hals at last reaches up towards Velazquez. The painter, we feel, is physically aged and frail, his colouring is often decomposed, here and there we are only conscious of strange masses of pigment, but his intellect is still sturdy and clear; the old man's hand trembles, but his vision has become, at last, as the vision of Velazquez. Hals stands alone as Velazquez stands alone.

To-day, when we see that every modern movement in painting has been to some extent

forestalled by Velazquez, when such great and diverse initiators as Corot and Manet, whose originality cannot be contested, may alike be said to have conscious or unconscious points of departure here, it is difficult to realise that in the eighteenth century, when Raphael Mengs revealed him to Europe, a hundred years after his death, as "the first of naturalists," Velazquez still seemed without significance. Reynolds, it is true, admired a picture of Velazquez's; it is said that he pronounced the portrait of Innocent X. "the finest picture in Rome"; he copied it; he also copied one other picture in Rome, Guido's "St. Michael." I do not think there is a single reference to Velazquez either in his *Discourses* or his *Notes of Travel*; he probably regarded the Spaniard as a brilliant outside member of the Venetian school, not worth any special separate characterisation. Wilkie, in 1828, rediscovered Velazquez (but only appreciated his earlier work), and twenty years later Sir William Stirling-Maxwell wrote the first notable biography of the artist.[1] Half a century later, in 1899, the third centenary of Velazquez's birth, henceforth become alike a national and an international festival, was celebrated by the construction of a new hall in the Prado for the

[1] In later years R. A. M. Stevenson's fresh, charming, and finely appreciative little study of Velazquez (1895) has probably done much to make the painter popular and intelligible in England.

reception of his chief pictures, and within it, this special shrine for "Las Meninas," now for the first time clearly to be seen.

Here, as of old to the shrine of Spain's patron saint at Compostela, a ceaseless stream of pilgrims nowadays arrives from all parts of the world. The artists in every field come here, with the mob which blindly follows their lead. Here, on the one hand, might once be seen the great actress, Eleanora Duse, spending hours, day after day, during the time she was playing in Madrid, before "Las Meninas," and on her last visit, the longest of all, suddenly walking up to a bewildered attendant to exclaim, before she almost ran out of the long gallery, "Eso es un teatro real!" And here also, on the other hand, may be seen the American tourists who are driven up to the door in flocks, and march rapidly through the Prado in the track of a guide who hastily names the masterpieces in broken English. The tramp of their weary globe-trotting feet echoes afar, and once as they pass two ladies for a moment sink down on the bench before one of the greatest and loveliest of these masterpieces, "Las Hilanderas." "How interesting it all is!" exclaims one lady with seeming effusion to the other, who hastens to agree. "But," rejoins the first lady—seriously, evidently coming to the point—"do you *like* it?" And then they rise to follow the loud

metallic voice of the guide already receding into the distance. That is what fame is. The artists and the mob alike, in their own different ways, bear witness to Velazquez's fame.

II

Like Cervantes and the other great figures of a land which has ever been noted for strength of character, for individuality, for the fine play of spontaneous energy, Velazquez stands alone, almost outside tradition, comparatively unrelated to his predecessors, teachers, and fellows. Still, no artist, however aboriginal his impulses may be, can stand altogether free from the influences of environment and tradition. Velazquez, resistant as he was to even the most seductive alien influence, was sensitively alive to everything that could aid his own proper development.

We must always remember that Velazquez belonged to Seville, the great commercial metropolis of Spain, practically a maritime city. The other two great centres of painting in those days, Venice and Antwerp—as Bruges earlier and Amsterdam later—were also great seaports, commercially linked with all that was rich and strange and beautiful in the farthest East and the farthest West. Such centres were naturally the homes of great schools of painting; their cosmopolitan atmosphere favoured an attitude of

æsthetic detachment, their mercantile activity brought in all the marvellous exotic products which stimulate and develop artistic activity, and the wealth of their merchants enabled the painters who thus arose to work out to the full the energy within them. The artists of each race put into their work the spirit of their race —the Fleming his excessive energy, his delight in gorgeous colour, the Venetian his calm and massive satisfaction in the sensuous beauty of man and woman, in the joy of dreamful repose —but only the splendour and wealth of great maritime centres could stimulate the racial spirit to embody a personal vision of the world in pigments.

Seville was then at the height of its glory. What it was once we may still judge by its vitality and delightfulness even to-day. It was not only the most living city in Spain, it was at one moment the most conspicuous city of Europe, the commercial metropolis of the New World, the haven of those galleons whose almost fabulously rich cargoes so mightily impressed at once both the piratic and the poetic sides of the English temper, that to our insular imaginations they have passed into the realm of fairyland. For a brief period Seville was the centre of the commercial world, and for a race so uncommercial as the Spanish, so swift to barter merchandise for those causes of devotion or of

pride that lay nearer to their hearts, this inevitably meant the profit of art, above all, of religious art. The quiet eye and laborious hands of the men of Bruges and Amsterdam were largely devoted to reproducing the precise lineaments of the strange and beautiful things that their ships brought to their quays. The indolent and haughty Spaniards showed no such preoccupation. The art of Seville was mainly religious art; the Madonna, then as now, was worshipped there with peculiar fervour. The Spanish pictures of that epoch scarcely show the faintest signs of Spain's vast colonial empire—in large measure, it may well be, because Spain traded little with the more refined countries of the East, but chiefly, we may be sure, because of the temper of the race. Yet in the inevitable cosmopolitan influences of such a centre of life on so keen an eye and so profound an intellect as Velazquez, lay certainly one of the factors in the great artist's detachment from the world he scrutinised so keenly.

To understand Velazquez, however, we must not forget his race. On the mother's side he was a Spaniard, an Andalusian hidalgo of Seville, a Velazquez.[1] This maternal ancestry

[1] I adopt, with some hesitation, the usual Spanish form of this name, instead of the traditional English form, Velasquez, but I am not prepared to dispute the use of the latter form. It was used by Velazquez himself, and it doubtless corresponds to his own Andalusian pronunciation. Even if we regard it as an Anglicised form, justifica-

was certainly a primary factor in making him a painter, for the Portuguese, though not without instincts of art, have, somewhat strangely, seldom shown any real aptitude for painting. But at the same time it scarcely seems altogether to account for the temper of his work. There are qualities in Velazquez's work which we find little if at all in the painters of Spain, while some of the most conspicuous features of pure Spanish art are lacking. Certainly, the Spanish artists were realists, but no purely Spanish artist was ever so radically and unfailingly naturalistic as Velazquez. In the others there is usually some other element which comes into conflict, often rather disastrous conflict, with their realism, especially excess of religious fervour and excess of plebeianism. By both these traits, Velazquez, though he lived in the atmosphere that was peculiarly favourable to their development in his friends and fellow-pupils, was wholly untouched from first to last. He maintained with absolute calm his own position of independence, and developed with solid tenacity and sobriety his own convinced and instinctive naturalism.

Velazquez's father was a Silva, of noble and ancient family, belonging to Oporto. The

tion may be found in many analogous cases. It is worth noting that the English way of spelling Don Quixote, though it is not the modern Spanish way, is yet the way that Cervantes wrote it.

Northern Portuguese are a solid, large-bodied, robust race, famed for the beauty of their women, and distinguished by their fierce and resolute spirit of freedom. Oporto first arose to shake off the Moorish yoke, and the men of Northern Portugal still to-day represent the ancient Portuguese, a race of sturdy and prosperous farmers, of fearless navigators who preceded the English in sailing to far seas and seizing strange lands. That Velazquez was the son of a Portuguese father, of race alien to the grave, indolent, sensuous Andalusians, was doubtless a significant factor in constituting the special temper of his work.

Young Velazquez early learnt Latin and philosophy, and showed a taste for the sciences. But he chose to be a painter, and as the family seems to have possessed some means, this resolve indicates a real vocation. The youth was placed with Herrera, a powerful painter, but too individualistic a personality to be a good teacher; and Velazquez left him in a few months to go to Pacheco, who, although he designed interesting portraits, was scarcely a painter at all, but an excellent teacher, a genuine lover of the art in which he showed so little power to excel. An adherent of the old-fashioned school of the "Mannerists," who adored Raphael, Pacheco was yet a man of wide culture and knowledge, a sympathetic critic, an esteemed and influential

person in Seville, where indeed his house seems to have been the chief intellectual centre, almost an academy. He quickly realised both the personal and the artistic worth of Velazquez; he gave him his daughter in marriage, and never ceased to speak highly of him, coupling him, indeed, with Caravaggio and with Ribera, whom he rightly regarded as the greatest colourist of the time. One is tempted, indeed, to think that Ribera's art had a direct influence on Velazquez's early work; the "Aguador" of Apsley House, for instance, the finest of his early works, distinctly recalls the methods of Ribera, though it has a calm dignity which is peculiarly personal to Velazquez. But it is asserted that at this period there were no pictures of Ribera's in Seville for Velazquez to see, and if this is so all we can say is that he began his artistic career in the traditions of a school in which Ribera was the supreme representative. He soon began to grow out of these traditions, but never abruptly, never do we find him making any sudden turns in the wrong direction. He always moved slowly and deliberately along the straight path which his own temperament and genius marked out. Not even the most powerful and seductive artistic personalities with whom he came in contact had any influence in drawing him out of this path. Nearly every picture of Velazquez has its own individuality and novelty, yet

always remaining the spontaneous outcome of his own genius. After the early days of his apprenticeship to art only one painter, El Greco, had any direct and definite influence in modifying his technical processes; and even this influence, which came late, after he had settled in Castile, may be said to be in the line of his own native growth. Greco had died before Velazquez was born; his master Pacheco had known the strange Toledan painter in old age, and referred to him as "a great philosopher," but it was not until Velazquez had reached the point at which Greco's example could be helpful that he allowed himself to be influenced by it. His earlier pictures are based on dull reddish pigments, as commonly used by the Bologna school; these tend to darken and to come to the surface, so that Velazquez's early pictures have lost in quality. He slowly began to reject this method, and after he had painted "Vulcan's Forge," and probably also "Christ at the Column," when approaching the age of forty, it is evident that he turned seriously to the study of Greco. He began to use a white or grey ground as a basis (as indeed the old Flemings had done also); he learnt the use of delicate greys in flesh colour; he adopted something of Greco's freedom in draperies; he enriched his palette with several new colours, especially carmine, which he found in Greco, and silvery

tones succeeded the dryer and harder burnt tones of his earlier work. And at length also (after his second Italian visit) his figures became bathed in atmosphere. Later, as he approached his fiftieth year, he acquired his breadth of touch, aided in this, no doubt, by the normal presbyopia of advancing age, which made it necessary to stand farther from the picture. At the same time he evidently worked more and more rapidly; the preparation, in uniform grey, became slighter and slighter, scarcely at last covering the canvas, the texture of which, though usually fine, may frequently be seen through it; latterly also he used very fluid colours, obtaining almost the effect of water-colours. It is to these technical methods that the freshness and permanence of the pictures of the third period are mainly due. But the three periods merge into each other very gradually; we may probably, with Beruete, regard the "Borachos" as the culmination of the first period, the "Lances" as summing up the second, and "Innocent X." (painted during the artist's second visit to Italy) as the inauguration of the third.

If any further condition was necessary to complete the good fortune of Velazquez, it was that he became the privileged servant and favourite painter of the King of Spain. Kings have often been admirable connoisseurs of art, and no other profession affords such an æsthetic

training as that of a king. It was always so to some extent, for pillage and tribute have ever brought the finest products of barbarism to royal palaces, but it was especially so in the later days of the Renaissance. A seventeenth-century royal palace was the haven of all lovely and exquisite things. The promotion of art and the patronage of artists, from Hampton Court to Moscow, had become one of the chief duties of a sovereign, and the final effervescence of the Renaissance, extending to every country in Europe, furnished ample opportunity for the exercise of such duties. Moreover, the life of a king is largely taken up in the contemplation of spectacular effects. During the whole of his active career he is the chief witness, often a passive witness for very prolonged periods, of the most varied and gorgeous spectacular effects which the skill of his age can devise. Thus he is under the very best conditions for heightening æsthetic perception, for breeding disgust of the merely gaudy and vulgar. It may be doubted whether any Englishman of his age had a finer judgment in pictures than Charles I. There is no reason to suppose that any Spaniard of his age had more highly trained æsthetic perceptions than Philip IV. Certainly we could have no better proof of his taste than his unfailing allegiance to the genius of Velazquez. It has taken the world nearly three hundred years to reach

a conclusion which Philip acted on from the first and throughout.

An apartment of the old royal palace, the Alcazar, was given to Velazquez as a studio, and here he spent the greatest part of his life, and painted all his most famous pictures. The Alcazar—which occupied the site of the present palace—was a vast and sombre building, dating from Moorish times, and it was the seat not only of the Court, but of the whole government of the Spanish Empire. The rooms of the palace, we are told, were large and very gloomy, doubly contrived to shut out both the blazing summer sun and the freezing winter blasts of that lofty plain, whose keen air Charles V. found so good, but which scarcely commends itself as a wholesome climate for the rest of the world. Even if we were without knowledge of the spot where Velazquez was chiefly accustomed to live and work, we should be tempted to find it in the gloomy heights of ancient apartments, and the long perspective of corridors and rooms beyond, that enlarge and contract the area of distant space. I have already insisted on the peculiar aloofness and independence of Velazquez, his strange impermeability to outside influence. He never imitated his early teachers; he lived in close intercourse with Rubens, the most fascinating and masterful painter of his time, and developed indeed, but he was never tempted

to try to paint as Rubens painted. He went to Venice, which he probably regarded as the supreme home of art, studying not only Titian but also Tintoret, who had already grappled with some of the problems that specially attracted himself, and developed always, but always along his own lines. He lived and painted in Rome, whose imperial voice has drowned the native inspirations of so many artists; and he painted some of his most original and most modern works, of the seductive influence of Rome showing no faintest traces. The gloomy Alcazar alone left at last its impress on the least impressionable of painters. Before he went to Madrid, the problem of painting a room full of space had never occupied him; in the Alcazar that problem occupied him more and more, and the most triumphant achievements of his so-called third period mark the final conquest of his genius over the problems so persistently presented to him by the vast and sombre palace in which most of his life was spent. Indeed, the greater part of Velazquez's work may be said to show this influence. The bare and lofty rooms, filled with luminous gloom, in which the human figures seem to play so small a part, and leading not, like those De Hoogh delighted to paint, into dazzling sunshine, but into a further region of space only less dim, with many other characteristics of Velazquez's work, must be

traced to the old Moorish Alcazar. The long, straight, vertical lines, which so often prevail in his pictures of interiors, are those which are inevitably conditioned by the vision of lofty apartments seen in gloom. Velazquez delighted in painting those narrow, high, many-pannelled doors, such as we see anywhere in Spain to-day, leading into the smallest rooms, and fashioned by the Spaniard of old to the height of his pride, rather than of his physical stature. Such doors have moulded the scheme of some of the painter's most characteristic works. The extreme reticence of Velazquez's exquisite colouring, though it was encouraged by such an environment as he found himself in, lay certainly deeper than any influence of environment. There are, in the ordinary sense, few great colourists in Spanish art, when we have put aside Greco, who was not a Spaniard, and Ribera, who worked outside Spain. There is, indeed, little real sense for colour in the Spanish genius, a fact that is the more surprising when we remember the unfailing instinct for colour shown to-day by the Moors, in their costumes and many of their industrial arts. In Spanish life the intoxication of colour is certainly present, but for the most part crude and heady, with the ring of tambourines and castanets in the blaze of it.

The genius of Velazquez may even be said to have been aided by the character of the royal

models whom it was his chief duty to paint. His brilliant and accomplished contemporary, Vandyck, lived in England and painted the fresh and handsome young cavaliers of the Renaissance world that was soon to be submerged, looking at them with eyes trained in an exotic civilisation, and painting them with that touch of idealism that was needed to make those barbarians altogether delightful in our eyes. Velazquez painted that mournful house of Hapsburg, and the strange creatures who allied themselves with it. The Hapsburgs have exhibited a more strongly marked facial type than any other in history—a facial type that dates, as Count Zichy, who has studied them, shows, at least as far back as two great-grandmothers of Charles V., both belonging to the royal house of Portugal, and is still perpetuated to-day. In Velazquez's day the Hapsburgs were falling to a very low level, both of mental and physical anomaly or decay. Philip himself preserved mental integrity, but at what effort and cost we may realise as we gaze at the familiar face Velazquez has immortalised, the unbalanced face with its unchanging aspect of profound and hopeless melancholy. There is, at least, distinction in such decadence; the decadence of his consort Mariana (who was also his niece) is merely vulgar, with her thick nose, infantine empty eyes, and haughty upraised

lips—an almost imbecile little hoyden, bound round by the iron hoops of court etiquette. The outcome of such a union we see in the portrait at Vienna—as painted by Velazquez's pupil, Carreño—of Charles II., a young man with loose feeble face, great fleshy nose, and, larger than ever, the protruding lower jaw and lip, a pathetic image of imperial idiocy. It was on these, and such as these, that Velazquez spent his keen intellect and unfailingly sincere eye, his special genius for concentrating the maximum of truth into an indubitable picture, an unquestionable vision of loveliness. These terrible faces, these sombre ugly garbs, seem to be specially contrived to wring from such a nature as that of Velazquez the most exquisite effects the art of painting can yield.

Velazquez idealised these types in the only way in which such types could be idealised, not by attenuating or disguising their repulsive or unamiable traits, but by realising them to their fullest extent, sensitively, sincerely, harmoniously, with penetrating intellectual comprehension. It is the dignity of complete realisation, never pushed to caricature, never made an excuse for the artist's cleverness at his model's expense, which ennobles even the degraded dwarfs and buffoons whom Velazquez so often painted. We see each of them here absolutely himself, in every feature and gesture;

it is the triumphant assertion of Spanish gravity. Beruete remarks that Velazquez spent a large part of his career in chanting a hymn to ugliness. But this reverent yet serene impartiality in the face of all the manifestations of life was far from involving any predilection for ugliness. I even doubt whether Velazquez knew what ugliness was. It was not ugliness or beauty that he saw, but life and character, the spirit vivifying every line and movement of the body. He paints the inspired sculptor Montañes with the same fine realisation as the vacuous buffoon or the narrow-minded Pope; he is equally incomparable when he has before him a gracious or noble woman. It is only when his task calls him outside of life and nature that we learn that there are limitations to an intellect that seems so endlessly subtle and a hand that answers to it so truly. He painted life divinely, but when he undertook to paint what men are pleased to consider as the divine—the allegorical, the mythic, the supernatural—the result is no longer divine. Nothing shows this more clearly than the "Coronation of the Virgin"; here is the boundary against which the art of Velazquez beats in vain. No painter, except Leonardo, gives so profound an impression of intellect, but it is intellect that works exclusively through the eyes. With closed eyes he could

see nothing, so that all that world which we call "ideal," and often think so important, was almost a blank to him; he became as helpless, as artificial as the artists of third-rate rank. His intellect came through his eyes, which turned a new and living mirror on to every new and living scene, and revealed it as it is, but at its best. Conventions and traditions, those tricks of the studio which even the great artists had been content to accept, for the most part fell away, nor were substituted by any fresh mannerisms of his own. Each new subject, each new scene, called for its own interpretation. That is why any attempt of later artists to build up a convention on the basis of Velazquez is bound to be a failure. Whistler, in one of his best-known pictures, takes a pretty little Anglo-Saxon child and places her chin stiffly in the air, like Queen Mariana's, and puts her in an environment that vaguely suggests the severity of a Spanish palace, and we exclaim, "How like Velazquez!" Yet nothing could be less in the spirit of Velazquez.

His royal model helped Velazquez further by the speed with which it was necessary to paint a monarch who was absorbed in affairs. The swift, simple methods, the thin coats of pigment, the daring contrasts, the impressionistic manner which Velazquez slowly evolved, might

possibly never have attained full development except under stress of the necessity of perpetually painting a busy monarch absorbed in affairs of state and pleasure. Here, however, there was probably another factor of more organic character. Velazquez clearly was a man of great personal charm. But he possessed a temperament of passive indolent melancholy,—phlegmatic apathy Philip IV. considered it,—a haughtier form of that serious indolence which everywhere marks the Andalusian, in painting as in life generally. Whereas, however, that indolence has often led to shallowness and crudity in painting, in this case it was checked by the veracity and profound artistic conscience, the energetic Portuguese element in the man. Velazquez expended tremendous energy in acquiring the art of putting a minimum of energy into his work. Progress in the practice of art, as in the theories of science, may well be by leaving out, by simplification, but nothing is so laborious as learning what labour we may omit. Scarcely one of the great painters of the world has left less work behind than Velazquez. Every picture that he painted may be said to be an experiment, and in every case the problem was to attain a more complete representation of the visible world with an economy of pigment and a more subtle appeal to the eye.

I have tried to indicate briefly what seem

to me the sources of the main elements that went to the making of this supreme manifestation of the art of painting. Race, ancestry, birthplace, and all the circumstances of training and environment and work, had their part in making Velazquez the artist who now after three centuries is only beginning to be realised in his true significance. All these various circumstances served to enhance that special quality of distinction — of aristocratic reserve and restraint of visible effort — which slowly dominates the whole work of Velazquez, and remains the last impression which the memory of his pictures leaves on the beholder.

III

It is in the Prado alone that it is possible fully to realise the genius of Velazquez. The works of no other great painter have been so little dispersed by the vicissitudes of time. Velazquez painted for the Kings of Spain, and in the Royal Gallery his pictures still remain. At Vienna, indeed, there are some of his pictures, and more that have been wrongly ascribed to him. But outside Madrid, England alone can be said to be rich in the possession of works by Velazquez, in part owing to the admiration which has here been felt for this great master ever since the eighteenth century, and in part

to the close connection of England with Spain in the Peninsular War. If, as Justi says, all the works of Velazquez scattered over England were brought together, London would possess a collection worthy to compare even with that in the Prado.[1] As it is, however, the National Gallery may be said to contain distinctly the most varied and interesting collection of Velazquez's works outside Madrid, even apart from the fact that it possesses in the "Venus and Cupid" the greatest picture of his which has left Spain.

After Madrid, London is, then, the only place in which it is possible to make any serious study of Velazquez. In the case of a painter who needs so much study before his charm can be experienced, this is a fact that is well worth emphasising. Any one can persuade himself that he likes the Italians, even the early Italians. The northern painters are more slow to yield their secret; it may be only by a process comparable to religious conversion that the greatness of Rubens can be grasped. But Velazquez is the last of all to reveal his fascination; it is with him especially that we need to remember the saying of Schopenhauer, that

[1] In the Exhibition of Spanish Art at the New Gallery in 1895 there were forty-three pictures by, or attributed to, Velazquez, and in the Exhibition of Spanish Pictures at the Guildhall in 1901 there were forty-one, many not included in the previous exhibition; while Williamson enumerates over one hundred pictures in Great Britain attributed to Velazquez, outside the National Gallery.

before a great artist, as before a king, we must remain silent until he speaks first. As not all can go to Madrid, and those who go can seldom stay long enough to understand what they see, the Spanish Room in the National Gallery well deserves our attention, and presents, moreover, some obscure but attractive problems which it may be worth while to discuss, however briefly.

Three, at least, of the pictures in this room rank among Velazquez's very fine work: the superb "Venus and Cupid," the "Boar Hunt,"—though it has clearly lost much of its freshness and charm through being burnt and darkened in the disastrous fire at the Alcazar, and subsequently repainted,[1]—and the bust portrait of Philip IV., an exquisite example of the technical qualities of Velazquez's late work in portraiture which it is interesting to compare with the commonplace full-length portrait of the King of early date which hangs opposite.

Among the others there are several to which no doubt or difficulty attaches. There is, for instance, the very curious "Christ in the House of Martha." This is one of the earliest of Velazquez's extant pictures. Beruete puts it at the head of his list of the authentic works, and

[1] The "Boar Hunt" was repainted in England by Lance and others, but in what portions, and to what extent, are questions that have been much debated.

Ricketts remarks that it shows the influence of Pacheco; the same model seems to have been used as in the picture of about the same date, also in England, of the "Old Woman making an Omelet." For a long period the large and in many respects rich and fine picture of the "Adoration of the Shepherds" was, especially in England, also considered to be an early Velazquez. Armstrong regarded it as a work of Velazquez in the manner of Ribera; Ford called it a copy of Ribera; Justi was of the same opinion, believing that only the Madonna revealed Velazquez's own manner. In Spain, however, even in the early part of the last century, the picture was considered to be an early work of Zurbaran; so also Viardot regarded it. Beruete states that the Virgin's figure, and that of the child Jesus and of the young women in the foreground, show that the picture is Zurbaran's, and that it must be classed among his best works. Poynter, a former Director of the National Gallery, after examining much of Zurbaran's work in Spain, also came to the conclusion that it must be assigned to that master, and is responsible for its present attribution, which now seems to be generally accepted. It must be admitted that the picture, fine and interesting as it is, by no means recalls the typical work of Zurbaran's more personal style, such as we see it in the Seville Museum

or even in the two quite characteristic pictures which stand beside the "Adoration" in this room. It would appear that at the outset of his career Zurbaran experienced the composite influence of Ribera, of Velazquez, and of Bolognese artists like Domenichino, who accepted the conventional classic type of figures, such as one sees here in the girl with the basket in the background on the right.

The "Dead Warrior," a finely and soberly painted work, which the National Gallery authorities "ascribe" to Velazquez, is accepted as his by Armstrong and many others who have recognised the dignified and impressive quality of the work, and could think of no one else but Velazquez to attribute it to. Yet it is very difficult indeed to accept this attribution, and equally difficult to attribute the picture plausibly to any one else. Some have mentioned the name of Valdes Leal in this connection, yet the muscular, energetic method of Valdes Leal in his early work at Cordova, and the meretricious restlessness of his better-known later pictures in the Caridad at Seville, are alike far from this solemn and harmonious picture, as is the loose and sketchy painting of the same master which hangs close by. Ricketts, remarking that the ground in this picture is painted in a manner totally unlike Velazquez, gives it to Zurbaran. Beruete, on the other hand, while equally con-

vinced that the "Dead Warrior" is not by Velazquez, thinks that it is probably not of the Spanish school at all. It is unsafe to say that a picture is not by Velazquez simply because it is unlike his other pictures, for it is very seldom that he closely repeated himself; every picture of his has its own individuality and intellectual vitality. Yet the "Dead Warrior" is not only in a mood unlike that of any other picture of Velazquez's, it is outside the sphere in which his genius moved. It is definitely in the romantic manner. Velazquez often painted mythological subjects and introduced into them emblematic features, but always in an awkward and forced way, and with instinctive insistence on their realism. But this picture of the "Dead Warrior," with the little burning lamp delicately suspended from the branch above, and the skull and thigh-bones beside the body, is harmoniously conceived and carried out in a non-natural and romantic spirit, which we can scarcely conceive Velazquez entering into, and still less realising successfully. It may have been a Neapolitan picture showing the influence of Ribera; but, in any case, the ascription to Velazquez must, it seems to me, be decisively rejected.

The "Admiral Pulido Pareja," formerly at Longford Castle and bought for the National Gallery some years ago at a high price, is commonly regarded as a genuine and very fine work



of Velazquez. Palomino, sixty years after Velazquez's death, indeed, stated that he painted an important portrait of the Admiral in 1639—about the period that he probably painted his "Crucifixion"—and on the canvas of this picture is an inscription stating that it is by Velazquez, although this inscription, being in a form never elsewhere used by Velazquez himself, is a dubious guarantee of authenticity. It is a picture that is without question very much in the manner of Velazquez, and on the whole so fine that it is difficult to assign it to any other Spanish painter of the time. Yet, after an acquaintance of years with this portrait, and a comparison of it with the other portraits of Velazquez, a certain doubt may arise as to whether we really have here a work that is completely, or perhaps at all, by Velazquez. The vigour and solidity of much of the work scarcely counterbalance the awkwardness of other parts. Velazquez was not accustomed to allow the head, firmly modelled as in this case it no doubt is, to fall into so posterior a plane of the picture; nor is this balanced by any compensating beauty in the limbs. We miss that penetrative intellectuality, that sensitive sympathy making realism exquisite, which is always present in the portrait work of Velazquez, especially at so advanced a period as 1637. It would be idle to say that the model is at fault, because Velazquez reveals these qualities even in

painting dwarfs and buffoons. If also we examine the quality of the painting more in detail, the hand of Velazquez is again not clearly evident. If the picture is by Velazquez, we cannot say that it is in the early manner of the full-length "Philip" which hangs near it; the brush-work, especially illustrated by the sleeves, is freer and looser, as Velazquez's became during his second period, but here is meaningless, unbeautiful, boggled, as Velazquez's never is.

It was not until after I had formed my own opinion about this picture that I read Beruete's Life of Velazquez, and was interested to find the same conclusion stated with much decision. Beruete, whose judgments are usually well-informed and judicious, discusses the authenticity of this picture at greater length than any other doubtful work of Velazquez's; while concluding that it cannot be by Velazquez, he hazards no suggestion as to its authorship, but in pointing out that it has hitherto always been regarded as an original, he seems to suggest that it may be a copy of a lost original.

The "Admiral" is the type of a simple and direct kind of portraiture which more than one Spanish painter of that age achieved a certain measure of success in. Thus in the Prado there is a fine portrait of Don Tiburcio Redin—standing erect, booted and spurred, and grasping his hat like the Admiral, only much less

gracefully—which was once attributed to Mazo, and is now given to Juan Rizi. Again we have in the National Gallery, opposite the "Admiral," a smaller portrait, undoubtedly by Mazo, of exactly the same type as the "Admiral," but very far from so finely painted. Although one may well hesitate to suggest that Mazo executed the "Admiral," it must be remembered that there is very often excellent reason for hesitating between Velazquez and Mazo, and that the recent tendency to attribute to the latter various works once given to the former, far from being a mere fashion, as some imagine, is based on a sounder knowledge of Mazo's work and a better realisation of the relations between the two artists. Mazo was Velazquez's pupil, and learnt all of his methods that a sound though not highly distinguished artist could learn; he married his daughter, he worked beside him in his studio, he succeeded him as Court painter. The intimate association of so good a pupil with so friendly and helpful a painter as we can easily discern Velazquez to have been, cannot fail to lead to much doubt, especially when the two worked on the same canvas. The respective parts of Velazquez and Mazo in the fine view of Saragossa in the Prado have caused much difference of opinion among good critics, and the same difficulty occurs in relation to the "Boar Hunt" here —Armstrong, for instance, attributing the nobly

painted landscape background to Mazo, and Beruete to Velazquez. Whether this portrait of Admiral Pulido Pareja is a good copy of a lost original, or whether it is a work in which Velazquez co-operated, or whether it represents an unusually fine effort by an artist who had acquired the external qualities of Velazquez's style, there are no means of determining.

"Christ at the Column" is another fine but somewhat enigmatic work. It was quite unknown until a few years ago, and it is occasionally denied that Velazquez had anything to do with it. But here, it seems to me, the hand of Velazquez is so convincingly shown that no external guarantee of genuineness is required. The colouring, the light brush-work, the insistent naturalism with which Velazquez always approached sacred and mythological subjects, taken altogether, seem decisive. The figure of Christ is conceived with a poignant originality which is rare in Velazquez when he enters the sphere of imagination, but, on the other hand, all his literal veracity is embodied in the angel, whose artificial wings, as Beruete points out, are fastened to the body by crossed bands of drapery. If, as Beruete also states, apparently with truth, this angel is from the same model as the portrait in the Prado supposed to be Velazquez's wife, and painted about 1630, we have a proof of authenticity which may carry weight with those

who are not impressed by the peculiarly personal qualities of this picture as a whole.

One other large and interesting picture, attributed to Velazquez, remains in this room, and presents, perhaps, the most curious puzzle of all. The "Betrothal" has been for some years in the Gallery, and I was formerly disposed to accept it as an interesting and characteristic work of Velazquez's third style, though indeed presenting one or two features in which his manner seemed to be tending to an uncharacteristic excess. But I was not then acquainted with a passage in Beruete's Life of Velazquez which, if reliable, entirely negatives any connection of Velazquez with the picture. Beruete gives reasons for believing that the picture is by the Italian artist Luca Giordano. It will be remembered that Giordano arrived in Spain thirty years after Velazquez's death, and that he was apparently the first person who realised the immense significance of his work, and especially of its final development in the supreme "Meninas." This alone suffices to prove his fine taste, and although his own work, in the exuberant and artificial Italian manner of that day, fails any longer to interest us, it appears that he possessed not only a fine taste but a receptive intelligence and a very sensitive and accomplished hand. He was a skilful imitator of the style of Ribera, and in the Pinakothek at Munich a clever picture

of his of the "Death of Seneca" was long attributed to Ribera. Beruete believes that he painted this "Betrothal," and he points out in proof of this,—and in proof also, it might be added, of the sincerity of this tribute from Giordano to the greater painter,—that the spectacled figure in the right foreground who seems to be showing the scene to the spectator is Giordano's own portrait, also to be seen in the same painter's fresco on the ceiling of the sacristy of Toledo Cathedral. I cannot confirm this, not having felt sufficient interest in Giordano to examine the ceiling of the sacristy when at Toledo, but if correct it settles the question. I would add that the general way of conceiving the scene, so characteristically that of Velazquez, was probably based by Giordano on a study of "Las Hilanderas"; that picture, and that only, is remotely suggested by the "Betrothal."

On the whole, nothing could be more in the style of Velazquez than this "Betrothal," and the beautiful subdued colour harmonies of several passages are entirely his, though it must be admitted that Giordano has pushed the way of Velazquez to an extreme. Velazquez painted moments of life, but scarcely fractions of a second, as here, where we see a dog in the air. The aristocratic distinction of Velazquez, again, is embodied in one or two of the figures, but becomes at times almost a languorous affectation,

as it never is in any of his undoubted works, and the general composition of the picture, though in the main that of Velazquez, is more heterogeneous and more artificial than we are accustomed to in his work.[1] Yet it remains a beautiful picture; the child especially, who is the central figure, is very finely painted, altogether in Velazquez's latest way, and if Giordano painted it we may accept it thankfully as a lesson in the art of Velazquez by a highly sympathetic and accomplished artist who, since he has brought himself into the scene as the visible teacher of the lesson, seeming to say to us, "I also can paint like Velazquez," can have had no intention of fraud.

Only one slight picture remains, the sketch entitled "A Duel in the Prado." It is unimportant and seems to have attracted little attention, but its very slightness is not without interest, and it shows the method of painting which, during his second period, Velazquez tended more and more to prefer. Even this sketch, however, is a little puzzling. It hangs beside the "Boar Hunt," and not only does it present a general resemblance in pattern to the greater picture, but the group of three persons in the foreground is exactly

[1] The picture is not altogether intelligible. It has been suggested to me by an artist that though it composes well as a whole, it has the air of being cut down from a still larger picture, for it would be difficult to paint the elaborate sleeve on the right in its present bisected condition. This might be verified by examination of the canvas.

repeated in the "Boar Hunt." It is possibly a sketch which Velazquez utilised in painting the "Boar Hunt."

To make the Velazquez collection of the National Gallery fully representative one of his beautiful portraits of women is needed. Here the Louvre is more fortunate, but London also supplies this defect of the National Gallery in the most adequate manner, for in the "Lady with a Fan" the Wallace Gallery possesses one of the best of his women portraits, of which the Duke of Devonshire also owns a fine version with interesting variations.

It has seemed worth while to supplement a general study of Velazquez's place in Spanish art, and among the manifestations of the Spanish spirit, by a more detailed discussion of an important group of pictures, by him and attributed to him, which is less inaccessible to most than the Prado. Velazquez must be known intimately to be known at all, and no painter is better worth knowing intimately; none is more educative, æsthetically, intellectually, one may almost add, morally. The patient study of a small group of his genuine works, the impartial questioning of more dubious works, is not only an avenue of approach to the most reserved of the great masters, but will help us to estimate aright what is significant, and what is insignificant, in much of modern painting.

VI

SPANISH DANCING

IT is not always agreeable to the Spaniard to find that dancing is regarded by the foreigner as a peculiar and important Spanish institution. Even Valera, with all his wide culture, could not escape this feeling; in a review of a book about Spain by an American author, entitled *The Land of the Castañet*—a book which he recognised as full of appreciation for Spain—Valera resented the title.[1] It is, he says, as though a book about the United States should be called *The Land of Bacon.* There is, it need scarcely be said, no analogy. Spanish

[1] Spanish dancers, although the best among them receive admiration and homage throughout the world, are a little looked down upon in their own country, almost as a set of vagabonds, mere *azotacalles*. They always remain, however, passionately patriotic. Guerrero, who happened to be performing in Vienna at the time of King Alfonso's visit, spent, it is said, five hundred florins on violets to scatter in the King's path, and made herself so hoarse with shouting "Viva el Rey! Viva España!" that she was unable to sing that night; a somewhat similar story is told of Otero during the King's visit to Berlin; and Tortajada sings:

> Patria mia! lo te adoro,
> Y no te olvido un instante!

dancing is not only an ever-delightful memory, it is well worth study for the light it throws on the Spanish people, their ways, and their spirit. It is not surprising to find Valera himself, in another mood—in the very latest volume of his essays—expressing regret that the old custom of introducing a national dance on the stage, after the play, has died out, and calling for a revival of "the highly important and serious art of dancing."

Yet even at the present day Spanish dancing is distinctive; nothing like it is found elsewhere. Nor can it be transplanted; the Spanish dancers who go abroad usually modify their methods by infusing them with French or other traditions that are altogether alien. A Spanish dance seems unable, indeed, to survive even in the atmosphere of another province.

While, however, the dancing of Spain, and more especially of Andalusia, has long been clearly distinct from that of any other country, it was certainly not so always. Thus castanets were used in Greek dancing, as vases and figurines show, as well as ancient authors.[1] In

[1] Athenæus (Bk. xiv. ch. xl.) discusses castanets, saying that they are mentioned by Dicæarchus in his essay on the *Manners and Customs of Greece*, where such instruments were formerly in very frequent use to accompany women while dancing and singing, as is shown by a hymn to Diana which speaks of singing in her honour until

> My comrade strikes with nimble hand,
> The well-gilt, brazen-sounding castanets.

Rome, also, castanets were employed, though they now began to be associated with Spain rather than with Greece, and Martial refers to "Betica crusmata." In the fourth century Macrobius[1] says that formerly even noble ladies danced with castanets, but that now there were no dancing-girls even at banquets; and he looks upon this—as we are always apt to when we throw off the customs of our fathers, however decadent our own age may be—as a mark of progress.

The play of the arms and hands, the sideward turn, the extreme backward extension of the head and body, movements that are all so peculiarly Spanish, are yet all movements of the Greek dance.[2] Even the active participation of the spectators in keeping time by clap-

Hermippus also, Athenæus continues, in his play, *The Gods*, refers to the rattling of castanets :

> And beating down the limpets from the rocks,
> They made a noise like castanets ;

while Didymus says that some people used actual oyster-shells or cockle-shells to strike against each other in tune when accompanying dances, as Aristophanes also intimates in his *Frogs*.

[1] Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, iii. 13, 9.

[2] See, *e.g.*, Becker, *Der Tanz*, pp. 49-53, and Emmanuel's valuable and detailed study, *La Danse Grecque Antique*. In an excellent summary of the characteristics of Greek dancing Marcelle Hincks states ("The Dance in Ancient Greece," *Nineteenth Century*, March 1906) that it was "*pantomimic*. It is the imitation of words by gestures, the bodily expression of a feeling ; it comprises every variety of action, quick and slow ; it deals with every subject, grave and gay, religious and profane, decorous and indecorous ; nothing in nature is too high or too low to be outside its scope ; it embraces the whole scale of human passions."

ping their hands, so significant a feature of Spanish dancing, seems also to be a survival of Greek dancing. Indeed, in this marvellously conservative and tenacious land of Spain, a kinship with ancient Greece is preserved even in the costume. One of the commonest types among the Greek figurines, certainly representing the average Greek lady, might be supposed to represent a Spanish lady, so closely do the fan, the dress, the mantilla-like covering of the head, the erect and dignified carriage, recall modern Spain.

This affinity of Spanish dancing is not, however, merely Greek, it is still wider. It is part of that affinity of Spain with North Africa which is in other respects so important. As we may see in Egyptian monuments, the movements of Spanish dances resemble those of ancient Egypt, and Martial coupled Gaditanian song-dances with those of the Nile. The stringed instruments of North Africa resemble those of Spain, and the cymbals attached by a cord—as used by peasants in the country for serenading at weddings—which I have picked up among the old metal objects on a stall of the market in the dry river-bed at Malaga, exactly resemble the cymbals used two thousand year ago by Ānkh-Hapi, musician in one of the temples of Thebes, and placed on his body after death, where they still lie in the glass case at

the British Museum which is the final resting-place of his mummy.[1]

While there is good reason to believe that dancing resembling that which still persists in Spain was in remote ages widely spread around the shores of the Mediterranean, it is evident that even two thousand years ago Spain was already the pre-eminent centre of dancing on the Mediterranean. The Romans went above all to Spain, and especially Gades—the modern Cadiz—for the dancing-girls whom they esteemed so highly. The famous statue of the so-called Venus Callipyge, representing a woman who turns her head round as she bends backward, is not, as the name and pose might suggest, a representation of self-admiration, but undoubtedly the image of a Cadiz dancer in a characteristic movement of a Spanish dance.[2]

It is natural to inquire why it is that the ancient dances of the Mediterranean should show such persistence in Spain, and especially in

[1] Still farther south, in Negro Africa, we find some of the same affinities. The dancing of Swahili women recalls in some respects flamenco-dancing, and the Fang of the Congo in their dances use mollusc shells tied round their ankles as a sort of castanets.

[2] The women of Cadiz maintained their reputation in this respect down to modern times. At the end of the eighteenth century Peyron found that they were celebrated for their seductive and voluptuous dances, and at the beginning of the same century Marti stated that the most virtuous and high-born ladies of Cadiz would dance the fandango amid general applause. Baretti in 1770 described the enthusiasm with which all classes of Spaniards danced, and mentions that dancing was encouraged by the clergy in the interests of morality.

Andalusia. In part the answer has already been suggested; it is due largely to natural gift and to the peculiarly tenacious and conservative character of the Spanish temperament. There is, however, at least one other cause, and that is the presence of gipsies in Spain. Dancing, and especially what is called flamenco-dancing,[1] is so often the occupation of gipsies in Spain, that a belief widely prevails that to some extent Spanish dances are really gipsy dances. This is a mistake. The gipsies brought with them from India neither dances nor music. The so-called "gipsy" dances of Spain are Spanish dances which the Spaniards are tending to relinquish but which the gipsies have taken up with energy and skill. At this point we touch upon a very interesting phenomenon, the prominent place occupied by the gipsies in Spain.

The gipsies are an exotic race in Europe, and for the most part they are entirely outside the national life of the countries in which they live and through which they move as strangers and

[1] It is not quite obvious why the gipsy should be called a *flamenco*, or Spanish soldier returned from the wars in Flanders. Salillas (*Hampa*, p. 54) believes that in the later and less glorious period of the war in the Low Countries, the soldier came to be looked upon as a rowdy, boastful, dissipated type, and the *flamenco*, as he was called, degenerated into a worthless braggart, only to be coupled and at last confounded with the *picaro* and the gipsy. If, I may add, the Spanish soldier who had been to the wars made this impression even on his own countrymen, it is not surprising that he should play a somewhat similar part in French and English literature.

nomads. It is so in England and in France. But there are certain peoples in Europe with whom, on one side of their temperament, the gipsies, by virtue of a common nervous temperament, are able to come into sympathetic contact. It is so in Russia, and Liszt wrote an oft-quoted description of the intoxication of the gipsy music in a Russian festival; it is so in Hungary, where the music of the gipsies has become famous. And so also it is in Spain, where the *gitano* has seized on the ancient Spanish dances with such zeal, and danced them with such fire and success, though sometimes with a touch of caricature, that many people have come to think that the dances are not Spanish at all but gipsy. In all these countries the gipsy has been attracted by certain congenial manifestations in the life of a nation, mastered them and specialised them, and so become on that side an appreciated element in the life of the people.

In Spain, as Salillas shows, there is a special affinity between the gipsy and the Andalusian in the latter's nomadic tendency, in his social parasitism, in his delight in music and motion.[1] Thus it is that the gipsy falls into line with the Andalusian at the extreme end of the social scale,

[1] The problem presented by the Spanish gipsies has been studied with much knowledge and insight by the sociologist Salillas (*Hampa*, pp. 90-111, 307).

and as the old social customs sink more and more into disrepute and to an ever lower class, they are seized on by the gipsies with much energy and with no false shame, the gipsies not being amenable to those ideals of respectability which affect a genuinely European population even at the lower end of the scale. Dancing, at all events in its more ancient and characteristic modes, is one of the customs that are falling into disrepute; it is no longer fashionable; it is chiefly enjoyed by the poorest classes; the best *cafes cantantes* are hidden away in back streets. The most exquisite dancing may sometimes be found only after many months, because no one thinks of mentioning it. Such, for instance, was my experience as regards the Chinitas at Malaga some years ago. Here, effectually concealed in a malodorous alley near the Plaza, one went upstairs to a charming old-world haunt, a scene as from a seventeenth century Dutch picture, in which, on the tiniest of stages and in the presence of an intensely serious and entire[illegible] ational audience—while guardian mother[illegible] aunts of the performers sat solemnly a[illegible] some of the most accomplished dancer[illegible] danced in their beautiful Manila [illegible] the [illegible]ever-ending cycles of characteristically S[illegible]nces. Since then, I hear, the Chinitas, under some pretext, has been shut up and swept away by the zealous Spaniards, eager to join in the march of civilisa-

tion, for it is so much easier to pull down than to build up. The Chinitas may possibly have been the last of its class in Spain. Nowadays the Spaniard prefers places of amusement which vacillate between the French *café chantant* and the English music-hall; they abound in Madrid and flourish exuberantly in Barcelona, though in Bilbao they seem to have no existence. At all of them, among miscellaneous cosmopolitan items, one may find Spanish dancers, good, bad, or indifferent, more or less characteristic; the best, naturally, are to be found in Seville, chiefly at the Novedades, now one of the oldest of these places of amusement in Spain.

The special characteristics of Spanish dancing may best be explained by describing its more general features.

If we consider dancing as it takes place throughout the world generally, it may be said that there are three different kinds, according as the performance is mainly entrusted to three different regions of the body. There is the dancing in which the legs are the chief performers; this prevails in Europe generally, as well as in many other parts of the world, and may be said to be the only kind of dancing recognised in England and in France; its most pronounced form is seen in the orthodox ballet. Then there is the dancing which is performed solely by the arms and hands; this kind of dancing is carried to a

high degree of perfection by the Javanese, and also prevails in Japan. Finally, there is the dancing in which the muscles of the body itself play the chief part; this is found mainly in Africa and western Asia. Spanish dancing cannot be said to belong to any one of these three groups, because it really includes them all. When one watches an accomplished Spanish dancer, it is seen that every part of the body at some moment takes its share in the performance—the head, the hands, the arms, even the muscles of the body. The legs in some dances play an energetic part, but more often a subdued part. The feet occupy perhaps the smallest conscious place, and in this the Italian ballet-dancer may be said to be the complement to the Spanish dancer, for there we sometimes seem to see nothing but marvellously accomplished feet supporting a wooden marionette. In an art which thus has so wide a range of expression, bringing within its sphere the whole body, it might be thought that strict dancing could too easily degenerate into licence. Occasionally this is so, but not often, although when the dancer is a gipsy the dance may take on a character of almost ferocious intensity. Spanish dancing is saved by the special temperament of the Spaniard, especially when combined, as that temperament is in the Sevillian, with æsthetic sensitiveness. The instinctive dignity and self-respect, the profound love of

decorum and beautiful ritual, which the Spaniard displays in his religious functions, and even in the bull-fight, become visible in dancing also. Much of this dancing may be said to be a symbolised and idealised representation of the drama of love, but the sustained solemnity and decorum of it carry the performers through even those brief moments of the dance which in any other European country would threaten to fall to the level of vulgarity.

Another characteristic of Spanish dancing, and especially of the most typical kind, called flamenco, lies in its accompaniments, and particularly in the fact that under proper conditions all the spectators are themselves performers. In flamenco dancing, among an audience of the people, every one takes a part, by rhythmic clapping and stamping, and by the occasional, prolonged "oles" and other cries by which the dancer is encouraged or applauded. Thus the dance is not a spectacle for the amusement of a languid and passive public, as with us. It is rather the visible embodiment of an emotion in which every spectator himself takes an active and helpful part; it is, as it were, a vision evoked by the spectators themselves and upborne on the continuous waves of rhythmical sound which they generate. Thus it is that at the end of a dance an absolute silence often falls, with no sound of applause: the relation of

performer and public has ceased to exist. So personal is this dancing that it may be said that an intimate association with the spectators is required for its full manifestation. The finest Spanish dancing is at once killed or degraded by the presence of an indifferent or unsympathetic public, and that is probably why it cannot be transplanted, but remains local.

The varieties of dancing in Spain are numerous, and the array of names of dances long and puzzling. It is difficult to make out many of these varieties. Dancing in Spain is now a matter which few know anything about, because every one takes for granted that he knows all about it; and any question on the subject generally receives a very ready answer which is usually of questionable correctness. Nor can it be said that there is any literature to supply the defect of popular knowledge.[1] In any case, however, it is perhaps unnecessary to discuss here the technical characteristics of the various dances. Some certainly have a local existence dating very far back into antiquity;

[1] I have not been able to see the *Reglas Utiles* published by Ferriol y Boxeraus in 1745. There are interesting notes on dancing in Soriano Fuertes's *Historia de la Musica Española*, vol. i. ch. vi. Ford's *Handbook* to Spain (1845, vol. i. pp. 186-193) contains some useful notes which in the more popular *Gatherings* are abbreviated. In the *Escenas Andaluzas* (1847) of Estebanez Calderon—a writer of pungently national style and enthusiastic national interests—will be found several sketches describing and discussing Spanish dancing. As regards the deeper significance of Spanish dancing, nothing is equal to the psychological analysis given by Salillas in *Hampa* (1898).

some owe much of their character to Arab influences; many were invented in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, although these were nearly always modifications of existing dances, like the sixteenth century saraband, which had an ancient Gaditanian character, and in later days was transformed into the ole; others, again, came in more recent times from the Spanish West Indian colonies and betray negro influence, but these never became acclimatised in Spain until they had received the characteristic mark of the sober and gracious Sevillian manner, tempering their exuberance and rendering them truly national.

While, however, there seem to be much uncertainty, fluctuation, and decay among many of the individual Spanish dances, certain varieties stand out as clearly and permanently defined. This is above all the case with the Aragonese jota, the most important and typical dance outside Andalusia. It is danced by a man and a woman, and is a kind of combat between them; most of the time they are facing each other, both using the castanets and advancing and retreating in an apparently aggressive manner, the arms alternately slightly raised and lowered, and the legs, with a seeming attempt to trip the partner, kicking out alternately somewhat sidewise, as the body is rapidly supported first on one foot and then on the

other. It is a monotonous dance, with immense rapidity and vivacity in its monotony, but it has not the deliberate grace and fascination, the happy audacities, of Andalusian dancing. There is, indeed, no faintest suggestion of voluptuousness in it, but it may rather be said, in the words of a modern poet, Salvador Rueda, to have in it "the sound of helmets and plumes and lances and banners, the roaring of cannon, the neighing of horses, the shock of swords."[1]

Very different from the Aragonese jota, with the dazzling, monotonous glitter of its sustained movement of arms and legs and garments, is an Andalusian dance which is sometimes also called a jota. It is a long dance, with many variations in its course, danced by one woman alone, to a marchlike, quiet, simple tune, which is yet a very impressive accompaniment, because it suggests a kind of overawed subordination to the passionate intensity of the dance. The body is at times bent back and, as it were, semi-revolved on the axis of the hips; sometimes the dancer sinks backward, bending her head to the floor;

[1] Salillas (*Hampa*, p. 96) finds that the Aragonese *jota* is the intimate translation of Aragonese personal activity. The Aragonese walk, he says, is characterised by its exaggerated verticality, its resolute and rather rigid straightforwardness, with head maintained in a correct line with the trunk, and a comparative absence of all those lateral movements of shoulders and spine and hips which give grace to the figure. "And this is translated into the dance. They dance as they walk, they walk as they sing, they sing as they think."

at one point the dance becomes swift and desperate, and the dancer flings her legs high in the air, madly and rapidly. But there is yet a gravity and intensity throughout, a kind of dramatic progression, a possibility of personal, individual character, which makes this the most fascinating of castanet dances.

Not the least attractive dances, when performed by a charming and accomplished dancer —though to the stranger they sometimes seem mere wriggling and contortion—are the flamenco or so-called gipsy dances, which are really the most primitive and African of all. Here the castanets are replaced by the rhythmic clapping or stamping of the assistants, the music of the guitar, and by one singer—a man or a woman whose part in the performance is limited to this accompanying song. The music begins first, and the rhythmic clapping; then after a few moments, as the sound rises in intensity, one of the semicircle of performers, as though suddenly seized by the bacchante-like fury of dancing, leaps up, comes to the centre of the semicircle, and begins to dance. In this dance, which on the whole is slow, there is room for infinite personal modification and expression, and no two dancers move quite alike. The dresses are long, there is no high kicking, yet every normal movement of the body is harmoniously displayed in the course of the dance. Sometimes

the dancer is facing the spectators, sometimes she is sidewise, sometimes her back is to the spectators, always in order to display more fully this perpetual dance of the whole body, of legs and arms and hands and head, even the varying movements of the face, the whole often aided by the swaying of the beautiful Manila shawl which is usually worn. The dance thus even includes, in the more expert performers, the rhythmic movement of various parts of the body, but these episodes are of very brief duration—each occurring only once and for a few seconds—and they are invariably introduced with a charming deprecatory smile, as though the dancer said, "I am sure you will forgive me if I show you that I know this intimate little secret of good dancing," and immediately the dancer passes on to the next phase of the dance, so that it is impossible to say that these episodes are anything but perfectly correct and harmonious elements in a dance which would be incomplete if it were not to display the aptitude for beautiful rhythmic movement which every part of the body possesses. All the while the dancer is surrounded by the waves of loud sound produced by the hands, feet, voices, and instruments of the assistants, whose sudden cries seem intended to stimulate and support her, and she herself claps rhythmically but softly from time to time. Each dance is made

up of two parts, separated by a lull, without actual cessation, but the two parts are not greatly distinct, and the conclusion of the dance is generally quiet, with no marked climax.

Spaniards, I may remark, are peculiarly fascinated by sound, especially by the loud, stridulous, rhythmic classes of sound which may be said to come midway between mere noise and music. It is an intoxicant which they indulge in more intemperately than they do in wine. On people of an essentially grave and silent race, loud sound seems sometimes apt to exert this stimulating influence, and to carry them out of themselves. In this they resemble savages. Castanets are nothing but a very primitive device for producing loud, rhythmic sound, and all sound of this type appeals to the Spaniard. The revolving rattle, again—such as in the days of our forefathers was supplied to night-watchmen—is a favourite Spanish implement of sound, if one may judge by the frequency with which it is sold in the streets of Madrid and elsewhere. The Spanish are, perhaps, the only audiences in Europe who still talk loudly and persistently during a concert; the music seems to be to them an irresistible stimulant to activity, and perhaps chiefly delightful on that account. This impressionability of the Spaniards to loud rhythmic sound explains how it is that such

sound is an essential element in their characteristic dances.

I have spoken of Spanish dancing mainly, not as it may still be seen, usually in a rather amateurish form, among country people, but as it is executed, in its finest varieties, by those accomplished professional dancers, now few in number, whom one may sometimes have the good fortune to see in some of the larger cities, especially Seville, Malaga, Granada, and Madrid. I have myself been most fortunate at Malaga, though the dancers there were chiefly Sevillians; Cadiz still produces a few dancers, but they have not the fame of the Gaditanian dancers of two thousand years ago, nor is there now any public dancing to be seen at Cadiz.

While, however, the professional dancers most clearly maintain the ancient traditions, dancing still remains a universal instinct with Spanish women.[1] In Madrid, once, I even saw in the street a girl of some twelve years who, although she was carrying her baby brother, yet contrived at the same time not only to execute crude dance-movements, but even to use the castanets with both hands. The great annual Feria at Seville is largely an orgy of dancing. As evening approaches on these days,

[1] Anna de Camargo—an epoch-making figure in the history of the European ballet, and to whom is said to be due the introduction both of the short skirt and the *entrechat*—was a Spaniard.

everywhere one begins to hear the sound of castanets and to see the gracious movements of the seguidilla, the universal Andalusian dance which all children are taught, and which they often dance up to old age. "Take away the charm of this Andalusian dance from the Feria," a Spanish writer remarks, "and you have deprived the Sevillian festival of that essential and typical something which makes it live." I have heard of a young girl who through too much dancing at this great festival was said to have acquired St. Vitus's dance, and could never cease dancing. Nor is it by any means only at a "fiesta" that Spaniards dance. As we get away from the cities, we are constantly able to observe the hold which dancing still has on the people, and not only in Andalusia.

But the fundamental instincts of the Spaniard for dancing, and the serious and profound way in which it expresses the temperament of the people, are perhaps shown by nothing else so much as by the existence of religious dancing in Spain. In 1321 the Bishop of Lerida complained of the dancing that took place in churches and cemeteries. Even at the shrine of the Virgin of Monserrat it appears that the pilgrims sometimes sang and danced during their vigils. At the time of St. Thomas of Villanueva, Bishop of Valencia, it was still customary to dance before the sacred elements in the churches of Seville, Toledo,

Jerez, and Valencia, and that prelate encouraged such dancing in spite of the prohibition of the Pope of the day. Religious dancing continued to be common, especially in Catalonia and in Roussillon (the most Spanish of the French provinces), up to the seventeenth century. When Cervantes's little gipsy entered Madrid on St. Anne's Day she went into St. Mary's church with her tambourine to dance before the saint's image and to sing a hymn. The Villanicos de Natividad, a sort of Christmas carols, are still sung to the tune of seguidillas. But a real and unique survival of religious dancing (doubtless continued in virtue of a special bull of Eugenius IV., which authorised it in 1439) is the dance of the seises in Seville Cathedral, where, on certain special festivals, the choristers, wearing the same costume as they wore three hundred years ago, perform a dance to the accompaniment of castanets in the space between the high altar and the choir.[1]

Dancing is something more than an amusement in Spain. It is part of that solemn ritual which enters into the whole life of the people. It expresses their very spirit. Thus it is that

[1] A full account of the seises (of whom there are really ten) is given in *Los Españoles Pintados por si mismos* (1851, pp. 287-291), a book that contains many curious details regarding Spanish institutions. The dance takes place at the octave of the Conception, at Corpus Christi, and during the carnival, and consists of various simple movements, danced in undulating line, in a waltzing step.

when we have left Spain and recall our memories of the land, the dancing that we have seen there sometimes seems among the most persistent of those memories and the most permanently delightful.

VII

RAMON LULL AT PALMA

I

For most people, probably, Ramon Lull is little more than a romantic name. We vaguely recall a remote mediæval figure, at once troubadour and alchemist and saint, or perhaps we remember one of the legends which grow up so easily and flourish so persistently around every great personality of the far past.

During recent years, however, after an interval of six centuries, the figure of Ramon Lull has for the first time begun to assume reality and definition. His authentic as distinguished from his spurious works are appearing in a critical modern edition, while the extraordinary significance of the man and his work are being made clear through the investigations of scholars.[1] Lull now stands forth as so

[1] It is not, indeed, only as students that Spaniards approach Ramon Lull to-day. Among the Catalan regionalists, eager to

splendid a pioneer and initiator in so many fields that we can well understand the enthusiastic verdict of those who declare that he is the most remarkable figure of the Middle Ages. For the philologist he is the first of Catalan poets. In philosophy he is the great Spanish schoolman, a daring and original thinker. In religion he is on the spiritual side the founder of Spanish mysticism, the father of all the Spanish and many of the later European mystics, and on the practical side the finest type of the modern missionary, admiring and learning from those he seeks to convert, even though he dies for his own faith. Lut beyond and through all these various aspects he was a Spaniard of Spaniards. It is from that side that I wish to approach him, for if we succeed in grasping the character of Ramon Lull we touch the very essence of the Spanish genius, and we realise the nature of the part which that genius has played in human civilisation.

II

For many years I had been haunted by the vision of the Balearic Islands, an earthly para-

emphasise all the ancient signs of their national life, there is a movement of return to Lull's teaching. An account of this modern revival of Lullian philosophy is given by Palacios ("El Lulismo Exagerado," *Cultura Española*, 1906, ii. p. 533), and it finds enthusiastic expression in a volume in Catalan entitled *Homenatge al Beat Ramon Llull* (1901), to which the chief Catalan writers of the day contributed.

dise, I was told, which even for the Spanish visitor has something strange and exotic about it. Not the least charm of Majorca in my eyes was that it had been the home of Ramon Lull, and when at last I embarked at Barcelona for Palma, it was by a curious coincidence on the steamship *Lulio*, which bears witness to the fame the romantic figure of the mediæval schoolman still possesses among his fellow-countrymen. As we left Barcelona the palms along the Paseo de Colon began to sway and rustle as I had never known them to before; a great gale raged during the night, and when in the morning we reached the wharf at Palma, a soft misty rain veiled the landscape.

The first and perhaps the most abiding impression made by Palma is its Moorish aspect. This characteristic is not due to the presence of any important Moorish antiquities such as we find at Granada and Seville. Perhaps, indeed, it might altogether escape a visitor who is not familiar with Morocco. But it is none the less real because it is subtle, and it seems to extend to innumerable details of life. I know no city in Christendom which so subtly suggests the persistence of Moorish influence. At Granada, which owns the most perfect relic of Moorish art, one is conscious of a sudden break in the history of the city; we feel everywhere the presence of the fierce contest which resulted in the triumph of

the Christian, the expulsion of the Moor, and the contemptuous trampling down of all that he had counted sacred. In Palma we are conscious of no such break; the old Moorish traditions seem to have blended gently and imperceptibly with the new Christian traditions. We see the persistence of Moorish influence very significantly, for instance, in the flat roofs on which the women congregate when their work is done, in the latticed galleries in the churches, in the universal use of *azulejo* tiles for the staircases of the houses and wherever else they can be introduced.

More significantly still we can see the Moor in the people themselves. Balearic types, as seen in Palma, are extremely marked and considerably varied. Racial types may always be best studied in the women of a people, and it is well worth while to watch the women of Palma. It is not hard to find women of all degrees of ugliness in Palma, but the proportion of those who are beautiful or charming or sweet seems to me unusually large—though this was not the opinion of George Sand, always, and not unnaturally, a little prejudiced against the place. It is a general law, verifiable in northern and southern hemispheres alike, that islands breed pretty women, and this rule is well maintained by Majorca. The definite predominance of a single type of beauty, such as is found at Arles, cannot be asserted in Palma. There is, however,

one peculiarity so common that it may fairly be called characteristic: I mean a curious expression of the eyes often seen here, but (so far as I have observed) nowhere on the mainland of Spain; such eyes are rather dark, usually a little sunken, apparently unseeing, somewhat as if they had been crying, yet sweet and tender—it is an appearance which seems to be chiefly due to the veil of dark thick lashes. While there are women with very dark, long North African faces here, I have nowhere in Southern Spain, on the other hand, seen such fair women, with light, even flaxen hair—worn in long plaits down the back—and such fair complexions. One even sees, as seldom in Spain, rosy complexions which remind one of England, though blue eyes are not common, the eyes of fair women here being merely mixed, or, as we commonly term it, grey. Sometimes the faces are very beautifully formed, quite classic in outline, and at the same time sensitively mobile; these generally belong neither to the very fair nor the very dark type, but are intermediate in character. The most beautiful, distinguished, and sensitive faces often belong, as I have also observed in Poland, to mere market-girls; and this presence of an aristocratic type low down in the social scale is the sure index to a very ancient civilisation. Unlike Catalonian women, Mallorcan women are often very slender, more like Provençal people. They

are active and quick in their movements, the rapid, jerky, business-like walk of the young women up and down the fashionable evening promenade, the Plaza de la Constitucion, is quite English; on the other hand many—and notably those who wear mantillas and preserve Spanish habits—often stand and move with exquisite grace and beauty.

All the Balearic qualities, it seems to me, the whole history of this highly composite yet extremely individual people, are imprinted in these characteristics of the women of Palma. One of the most splendid jewels of the Mediterranean, Majorca has been near enough to the mainland for invasion from many quarters, it has been far enough for independent development along its own wayward lines. Phœnicians and Carthaginians, Greeks and Romans, Vandals (though never the Goths) and the Eastern empire, all in turn conquered and ruled, before, at the end of the eighth century, the Moors came to raise the island to the height of its power, and to leave an ineffaceable mark on its population and its customs. They developed here, as elsewhere in Spain, their enlightened civilisation, their humanity, their love of the arts, their sanitary scrupulousness, their agricultural skill. They cultivated, indeed, many fruits and plants which their successors even to-day have neglected. Thus the date-palm, which in the seventeenth century

was still important enough to give the capital of Majorca its name (previously it had the same name as the island), no longer receives attention. It was, moreover, under the Moors alone that for four hundred years Majorca had a real and more or less independent history as a powerful state. At first governed by a Wali from Cordova, and eventually constituting a Moorish kingdom, the position of Majorca and the energetic temper of its people made it a power in the Mediterranean. With its fleet it took part in the Moslem expeditions of Mediterranean conquest, and excited the terror of its Christian neighbours by its aggressive and piratical exploits. It is even said that the Mallorcan fleet once devastated Barcelona. The Christian maritime powers of the western Mediterranean were at last aroused to a great effort. Early in the twelfth century the Catalans under the Count of Barcelona, together with the Pisans and the Florentines, with a great armada, succeeded for a time in taking the Balearic capital, and gave a blow to the prestige of Moslem Majorca. The final conquest of the islands was achieved a century later, when Don Jaime I., King of Aragon and Count of Barcelona, with a great fleet of one hundred and fifty galleys, conveying a large army, finally surmounted Moslem resistance, and added the Balearic crown to Aragon. Don Jaime's second son, indeed, ruled the islands as a separate vassal kingdom,

but under Pedro II. the islands were united with Aragon, Valencia, and Barcelona, to become in due course part of the great kingdom of Spain.

It may be worth while to pause a moment on the ancient connection of Majorca with Valencia. If the first vision of Palma seizes chiefly its Moorish aspect, the second glimpse—so at least it seemed to me—reveals its curiously Valencian characteristics. For this one is scarcely prepared. Proximity to Barcelona and constant intercourse with that great centre of life and activity, one supposes, would have made Majorca, on the Spanish side, Catalonian rather than Valencian, although Valencia is scarcely more distant than Majorca. The civilisation of Majorca is, however, distinctly Valencian; and not Catalonian, possibly it may be because the Valencians, unlike the Catalonians, are strongly Moorish in their affinities. The Mallorcans have the personal energy and animation of the Valencians, among whom we meet somewhat the same contrasts of dark types and fair types, light-haired and grey-eyed. They both have an Oriental love of bright and violent colour; in both lands the men among the peasantry have retained, though it is now dying out, the fashion of loose and baggy trousers drawn in below, such as women wear in the East. The water-pot of Majorca—the vast unglazed double-handled Greek amphora, often borne on the

right shoulder and held by the left hand—is the water-pot of Valencia also, and of no other district of Spain, quite unlike the far less beautiful but much more convenient water-pot of Catalonia. And though the ecclesiastical architecture of Majorca is related to that of Catalonia, the old *Lonja* or Exchange, the architectural gem of Palma, is only rivalled by the similar though less perfect *Lonja de Seda* of Valencia.[1]

No doubt, also, the Aragonese conquerors of Majorca have left their permanent impress on these islands, though in external civilisation the impress may be less obvious because the habits and customs of Aragonese and Valencians at so many points overlap. But without the special moral characteristics of the Aragonese — the intense energy, the proud independence, the aptitude for absorbed devotion—we can scarcely account for much in the history and in the genius of Christian Majorca. I can never forget the impression made, when I first visited Saragossa, by these people of Aragon, a people, it seemed, set apart from the rest of the world, of curiously firm and hard temper, tenacious of their own personal independence, and indifferent

[1] Guillermo Sagrera, by a contract reproduced in Street's *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, undertook in 1426 to build the Lonja at Palma in twelve years at his own cost. Sagrera was the great architect of Perpignan, who succeeded in persuading the chapter of Gerona Cathedral to adopt the bold design of a vast aisleless nave.

to the judgment of others. An Aragonese woman at prayer, with her dramatic and self-forgetful gestures, and an Aragonese couple dancing their national *jota*, with its ecstatic fury of concentrated muscular energy so utterly unlike any Andalusian dance, alike manifest a temperament of very special force and originality. When we realise what they mean it no longer seems surprising that these Aragonese people, inspired by a few priests and peasants and women, should have been able to hold the unfortified city of Saragossa against the seasoned troops of France led by the marshals of Napoleon. Aragon certainly counted for much in the constitution of the more aristocratic qualities of the Mallorcan spirit.

As one mixes with the people, as one studies the impress they have left of themselves during many centuries on their capital city, a clear conception of the Mallorcan character slowly emerges. An independent, an original, almost an eccentric race, one is tempted to call them, self-centred, energetic, but not pushing, leaving to others a liberty which they also claim for themselves. They are distinctly an active, even a commercial people. An indolent old-world Eden, Majorca seems to be in the pages of many who have written of it. When George Sand and Chopin came to Palma they found no hotel in the whole city, and even in private houses none

were found willing to board an invalid. There is ample accommodation now; the city is singularly clean, well-kept, and free from evil odours,—a state of things not always to be found even in Catalonia; newspaper boys hurry along the streets; the poorest inhabitant may listen to the drone of the gramophone as he sips his coffee or his vermouth. The prosperous energy of Majorca is manifesting itself in a furious mania for architectural restoration. The sixteenth century Casa Consistorial, with its great projecting eaves, so characteristic of Palma, is in the hands of workmen, and the famous cathedral has been in course of restoration for many years past. The ecclesiastical activity of Palma is indeed very marked, and many religious congregations, both of monks and nuns, have made their home in the island. Nowhere in Spain have I seen so many and, moreover, such intelligent and distinguished priests; every moment a priest seems to pass; it is so even as I write the words.

The Mallorcans are, on one side of their nature, genuine artists. They share in full measure the love of music which distinguishes the neighbouring Catalonian and Valencian coasts from the rest of Spain. They have always been poets in their own Catalan tongue, here spoken more purely than elsewhere, and it not infrequently happens that a Mallorcan poet

receives the first prize, the "flor natural," at the fiesta of the Juegos Florales, in which the Catalan poets compete with one another in the science of "gay saber." Above all, the Mallorcans are architects and sculptors. Yet the curious latent violence of their temperament—a persistent kernel of Africanism—involves a singular lack of æsthetic sensibility. I have never heard such loud and shrill organs as the churches of Palma possess, nor seen such loud and shrill church windows of orange and scarlet in ugly tracery, the hideous suggestions, it would seem, of a kaleidoscope, and the more notable since the rich stained windows which fill the great dark churches of Catalonia are among the most beautiful and impressive in the world. The bold, almost eccentric originality of the Mallorcans is manifested more happily in the carving in which their artists, it is clear, have always delighted. A singularly original example may be seen in the north door of Santa Eulalia, where the carving of the capitals is run along in a continuous line of winged monsters in very high relief. They are bold and original, these people, though not always happily inspired in their art, except in building, for their cathedral is one of the most imposing examples of Catalonian architecture.

III

Ramon Lull was born a few years after the Christian conquest of Majorca. It was a conquest that had been effected humanely. The fanatical ferocity of a later age had not yet developed. When the Moslems held the island they tolerated Christians, and allowed the Bishop of Barcelona to exercise jurisdiction over them, and the Christians on their side had not yet invented the instrument of the Inquisition which was one day to be applied so remorselessly in stamping out the exquisite civilisation of Islam. This fact is memorable, for when we realise that Ramon Lull was born in the most nearly Moslem of Christian cities we understand how it was that his life and actions were so instinctively penetrated by Moorish and Arabic influences.

His father was one of the knights who had accompanied Jaime I. on his great enterprise in Majorca. Thus Ramon Lull was bred in the atmosphere of the chivalrous and romantic Aragonese court, in the days when the knight and the troubadour rivalled each other in brilliant feats of war and love and song. Into this current of life young Ramon threw himself with all the impetuosity and fearless energy of his Aragonese ancestry, all the intellectual

brilliance of his own temperament.[1] He became the first Catalan poet; he was an accomplished player on the cithern, and equally skilled in the arts of navigation, of horsemanship, and of warfare. Appointed seneschal to the court at Palma, he married and became the father of children. Throughout life he was tenderly devoted to his son, and one of the most remarkable of his books, the *Liber de Miraculis Coeli et Mundi*, a sort of romance, in which a man takes his dearly loved son through woods and mountains and plains, through towns and castles and villages, to show him the wonders of

[1] While this temperament is that of the finest and most typical Spaniards everywhere, it seems to appear in a specially concentrated and typical form in the bold and independent Balearic islanders. Five centuries later these islands produced another man who, though in very different fields, reveals exactly the same versatile and yet vigorous temperament. Orfila, the distinguished professor of Medical Jurisprudence in Paris, was born in Minorca in 1787; he learnt Latin and much scholastic philosophy from his teacher, a Cordelier, and at the age of fourteen was able to conduct a public disputation on the highly metaphysical problem: "Can a thing be and not be at the same time?" He also acquired the chief modern languages as well as mathematics, and then became a sailor; but the ship he sailed in was captured by Barbary pirates, who contemplated impaling and beheading him. He left the sea to study medicine at Valencia, afterwards at Barcelona, and later at Paris, became accomplished in chemistry, and finally devoted himself to legal medicine, in which he was the leading authority of his day, and the pioneer of scientific toxicology. At the same time he was highly musical and possessed a very fine voice, at the beginning of his medical career refusing an offer of £1000 a year from the director of the Paris Opera. After the Revolution of 1848 he was summarily dismissed from his post of Dean of the Faculty, and became the object of unremitting persecution until his death, a few years later, from decay of the brain.

God in the world, is surmised to have been written for his own son. But at this early period Lull had not awakened to the perception of a spiritual world. "Lascivus et mundanus," he describes himself in the few lines which are almost the only reliable biography of him extant. Indeed, the usual story of his conversion, the anecdote by which to most people, perhaps, the name of Ramon Lull alone survives, though by no means impossible, is yet doubtful, for it was not put on record during his life. According to this well-known story, the young poet long pursued with his passion and his poems an exceedingly beautiful lady of Palma who persistently rejected his addresses. On one occasion, it was said, he followed her on horseback into the church of Santa Eulalia, to the horror of the worshippers. One day, at last, seeing no other way to repel the ardour of her lover, she took him aside and uncovered her breast, eaten by a cancer. From that moment, according to the story, so great was the revulsion of feeling in the young troubadour's heart that he lost all desire for earthly joy. Whether there is any trace of truth in this legend, or whether it happened that, in the midst of poetry and love-making, an inner voice more spontaneously called him to his true vocation, as happened in the case of Francis of Assisi, whom in many respects he so closely resembled,—though with

less of childlike idyllic charm, and a far greater intellectual force and originality,—it is certain that he soon abandoned his worldly career and most of his moderate fortune, and after seeking spiritual guidance in a pilgrimage to the two great shrines of Roque d'Amadour and Compostela, and intellectual proficiency at the great universities of Montpellier and Paris, became a Franciscan friar, and all his energies were turned into new channels.

Ramon Lull is called the Doctor Illuminatus. The epithet rightly classes him among the great schoolmen. Abelard, Albert the Great, Aquinas, Duns Scotus, were the great typical philosophers of France, Germany, Italy, and England. Lull, led into the paths of scholastic philosophy by his inner illumination at a comparatively late period of life, and never losing his strong and original personal character, very typically represents the Spaniard as schoolman. Lacking the discipline of a monkish training, so that even his Latin style constantly betrays the Catalan idioms of his native tongue, he was largely self-taught, partly in that cell over the sapphire sea, near Valldemosa, on one of the loveliest spots of his native island, partly by his perpetual wanderings in the great cities of France and Italy, and not least in Northern Africa. But it was a training that gave a personal and unprejudiced character to his vision that he might have missed had he

been bred in a cloister, and he attained to a varied culture of brain and heart, directed to practical ends, which has caused him to be compared to Anselm, though he was a less subtle thinker than Anselm, and a far more brilliant and extraordinary personality.

Most people who know Ramon Lull by the vague rumour of tradition probably recall his name as that of an alchemist. It is the inevitable legend that crystallises around every seeker after knowledge in an age of ignorant superstition. Many alchemistic writings were in later days attributed to Lull, but though, with that passionate and devouring energy which has sometimes consumed the Spaniard, he wrote some three hundred treatises on an immense variety of topics, there is no reason to suppose that any of them were devoted to the advocacy of alchemy. Luanco, who has especially studied the question of Lull's supposed connection with alchemy, shows that from 1272 up almost to his death, forty years later, nearly all the philosopher's references to alchemy show a disbelief in it. He repeatedly declares in his various writings that it is no science at all, that the transmutation of elements is impossible, that art cannot better the operations of nature. In his *Arbor Vitæ*, a voluminous compendium of all human knowledge, alchemy is treated as vain, and even chemistry is ignored.

The brilliant young Mallorcan knight, the accomplished troubadour, had now become a master of universal knowledge. It was an age in which such knowledge was still just possible to a man of flaming intellect and irresistible energy. Yet the multiplicity of Lull's acquirements remains astonishing. He wrote, as a matter of course, of metaphysics, logic, rhetoric, grammar, dogmatics, ethics; these were within the province of every schoolman. But, beyond these, he dealt with geometry, astronomy, physics, chemistry, anthropology, as well as law and statecraft, navigation and warfare and horsemanship. He foresaw the problem of thermo-dynamics, the question of the expenditure of heat in the initiation of movement; he discussed the essential properties of the elements; he was acquainted with the property of iron when touched by the magnet to turn to the north; he endeavoured to explain the causes of wind, and rain, and ice; he concerned himself with the problems of generation. He foresaw the Tartar invasion before the coming of the Ottomans, and he firmly believed in the existence of a great continent on the other side of the world centuries before Columbus sailed out into the west. He was not a great scientific discoverer or investigator; he had not the exclusively scientific temperament of another great Franciscan of that day, Roger Bacon; but his

keen and penetrating intelligence placed him at the head and even in front of the best available knowledge of his time, and we can but wonder that a man who began life as the gay singer of a remote centre of chivalry, and ended it as a martyr to faith, should have possessed so much cold, intellectual acumen, so much quiet energy, to devote to the interpretation of the visible world.

Beyond and below his philosophical studies Lull was a creature of emotion and passion, and it was not so much in science as in religion—replacing his earlier devotion to love and song—that he stands out as a great initiator. It is a small matter that he is regarded as a forerunner of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, though it counts to his credit in the eyes of a Church which has always been rather uncertain whether to regard him as a heretic or a saint. Ramon Lull is the acknowledged father of Spanish mysticism, that is to say, of the most potent and influential school of religious passion which the European world can show.

It is at this point that we realise the singular extent to which Ramon Lull, with all his flaming personal individuality, had been influenced by the Moslem environment in which he had grown up. He had become a Franciscan friar, but his personal taste led him to the life of a hermit, and with all his frequent journeys through

Europe and into Africa he evidently found long spaces of time to spend in solitude, especially, no doubt, in the beloved and exquisite solitude of his cell among the hills of his native island. He was never, however, the typical Christian hermit of his day, anxious to macerate the lusts of the flesh, or else content to vegetate, with sensibilities deadened to all the appeals of the world. Lull was far less the Christian hermit than the Mohammedan *Sufi*. For the best of the Arab *Sufis* a hermit's life meant a fine cultivation alike of the intellect and the religious emotions. If Lull had ever read, as probably he had, the charming philosophic romance, *The Self-taught Philosopher*, in which the Spanish Moslem, Ibn Tufail, set forth the history of a spiritual Robinson Crusoe, cast as an infant on a desert island in the Indian Ocean, suckled by a compassionate roe, gradually developing through observation and contemplation into a wise and devout sage, he would have found an ideal that singularly appealed to him. Divine illumination was a reality to the Mohammedan mystics, and they were accustomed, moreover, to symbolise the relations of the Creator and the creature in a bold and Oriental imagery of human love relationships.[1] Lull, whose motto was, "He who

[1] A brief account of Sufism by Probst-Biraben, who has studied its manifestations in North Africa, will be found in the *Revue Philosophique*, May 1906.

loves not lives not," the enamoured troubadour, who had left earthly love behind, seized on this ecstatic aspect of religious adoration with eager and inevitable instinct. He first wrested it from the Moslem for Christian uses.[1] It is worth while to note that the *Sufi* had himself learnt the secret of this mysticism from Christian Neo-Platonists of an earlier age, so that the Moslem handed on to the Christian the torch he had himself received from Christian hands. Menendez y Pelayo, in his *Historia de las Ideas Esteticas en España*, and Ribera, the Spanish scholar who has recently set in a clear light the intimate connection between Lull and Moslem mysticism, have shown that his most beautiful and characteristic work, the *Book of the Friend and the Beloved* (*El Libre d Amic e d Amat*), which is the foundation of Spanish mysticism, was written in direct imitation of Mussulman hermits. Lull himself had said so repeatedly; he was a *Sufi* whose Beloved was Christ. It was in the spirit of a Christian *Sufi* that he poured contempt on religious orders, and chose the life of a solitary hermit, sometimes wandering in poverty from land to land, preaching in streets and public places wherever he

[1] It may be noted that the typical Christian utterance of disinterested personal devotion to God, the sonnet "A Cristo Crucifiado" (which appears in all the Protestant hymn-books, translated from a Latin version wrongly ascribed to Xavier), was written by an unknown Spaniard. (The authorship is discussed by Foulché-Delbosc, *Revue Hispanique*, 1895 and 1899.)

went, sometimes retiring to a cave for ecstatic contemplation or the company of his Beloved. It was a life which multitudes of Moors were leading on the opposite coast of Africa. Even Lull's special doctrine that all science is divine illumination had been taught by Mohammedans long before he was born. His tendency to pantheism, his quietism, the belief that the Friend, the spiritual lover, is one in essence with the Beloved, this also was a Moslem doctrine. The philosopher Abensabin, the ascetic Abenhard, and especially the mystic poet and universal master, Mohidin Abenarabi,—all Spanish Moslems from Murcia who had gone over to North Africa, and all belonging to the period immediately anterior to Lull,—present anticipations of his own life and opinions and system which, Ribera has shown, cannot be accidental.[1] The *Sufis* wrote parables of divine love with the symbolism of human love, and it would appear that it was under the influence of an analogous book of Mohidin's that Lull was inspired to write the *Book of the Friend and the Beloved*, the starting-point of that Christian Spanish mysticism which four centuries later found its greatest representative and supreme culmination in Saint Theresa.[2]

[1] Ribera, "Origen de la Filosofia de Raimundo Lulio" (*Homenaje á Menendez y Pelayo*, vol. ii.).

[2] It may be noted that the conception of a passionate and mystical devotion to abstract causes, as excluding earthly affection, is one that

It is on the practical religious side as a great missionary pioneer that Lull appeals chiefly to the Protestant mind. He is the first among a class of missionaries, still rarely found, who go out into the world not with any notions of their own immense superiority to the benighted heathen among whom their lot is cast, but with the conviction that they are themselves learning as much as they teach. Lull owed so great a debt to the Moslem world, on the fringe of which he had been born, that there seemed to him but one pearl of great price, his Christian faith, that he could impart in return. There was no air of superiority about this attitude. On the contrary, he had a special admiration alike for the science and the virtues of the Moors. In his *Felix* he remarks that they are more sensible and sagacious in their manner of life than Christians. He admired also their orderly methods of devotion and their attention to preaching. Ribera has not found a single passage in which Lull speaks otherwise than affectionately of Moslems, Mahomet alone excepted, and even of Mahomet he says we must not speak ill if we wish to convert Moors. The

easily suggests itself to the Spanish mind, even outside the sphere of religion. Pecchio tells in his Letters of a charming and enthusiastic young Spanish woman, who said of the great Spanish popular hero, Riego, in 1821: "I hear he is to marry; I am sorry, for does he not live only for his country and only love liberty? He ought not to marry; his marriage would be an infidelity to the Nation. Is he not her lover?"

one thing lacking to the Moors, it seemed to Lull, was the Christian faith, and by reasoning with them, in their own tongue and on their own ground, this ardent missionary hoped to achieve the feat of converting them. It was the great object of his life to establish teaching institutions for living languages, especially Arabic, in which competent missionaries might be trained. For this end, he himself says, he worked during forty-five years. Three times he went to Rome to lay his plans before the Pope, who received him kindly, but did nothing. In this matter Lull was ahead of all the European universities, while not till more than three centuries after his death was the Seminarium de Propaganda Fide established. Lull's personal efforts were, however, far from insignificant. Whether even his skill and energy met with any success in converting Mohammedans we have no means of knowing, and may be permitted to doubt. The religion of Mahomet, we have to recognise, is a more youthful religion than that of Christ, and it is seldom indeed that a young religion yields before an old one. To the present day Mohammedans have seldom been converted to Christianity, even at the point of the sword. The followers of a newer faith refuse to take what seems a step backwards. Lull had certainly prepared himself for this mission with characteristic thoroughness. His Arabic studies were far from superficial. He had

learnt the language from an educated Saracen slave, and he must have known more than merely colloquial Arabic. At his college of Miramar in Majorca he instructed the friars not only in the Arabic language, but also in the Arabic philosophic systems. He is said to have written more than one work, including his mystical masterpiece, in Arabic. On one of his numerous visits to Africa he disputed at Bona with fifty Arabic doctors. At Bugia he discussed religious questions with the profoundest Moslem thinkers. But it is clear that he always carried his life in his hands. On earlier visits he mentions that he had been imprisoned and beaten. Against the fanaticism of the mob no devotion can avail, and it was at Bugia, in 1315, at the age of eighty, that Lull was slain, and thence that his body was carried to Palma, where, ever since, his name has been held in reverence as the noblest of Mallorcans.

Ramon Lull was the first of great Spaniards —if we leave out of consideration those who in an earlier age were merged in the history of the Roman world—but no Spaniard since has ever summed up in his own person so completely and so brilliantly all the qualities that go to the making of Spain. A lover, a soldier, something of a heretic, much of a saint, such has ever been the typical Spaniard. A flaming energy for which obstacles do not



exist, an aptitude for mystical passion alike in love and religion, withal a certain hardness which fears not to face pain and even death, these are qualities that constantly reappear in the men who made Spain great. Lull passed successively through all the stages of the Spanish soul, yet throughout his long life—and herein he was most of all Spanish—he retained the same fibre and temper unchanged. The chivalrous young knight and poet who loved music and women and horses, when by a sudden emotional shock the course of his life had been violently turned into a new channel, retained the same chivalrous spirit, the same eager devotion addressed to another love, and even used the same language in its service. In his hermit's cell and his ascetic separation from the world, his knightly training and his courtly career were still with him, and the most memorable of his books, his *Blanquerna* (which embodies the "Book of the Friend and the Beloved"), as well as his *Felix*, is a kind of Christian romance of chivalry. Throughout all, the moving force of his life was passion; for the troubadour and for the saint in Lull, we may say, there was alike the same motto: "He who loves not lives not."

IV

In a gloomy side chapel of the church of the Franciscans in Palma a dim lamp still burns before the tomb of Ramon Lull. It is an elaborate monument in alabaster, that a skilful Mallorcan sculptor made more than a century after Lull's death, and it covers all the eastern wall of this little chapel. Above is a sarcophagus, on which lies supine the figure of Lull, but in the bizarre Balearic manner the couch on which the figure rests is turned at an impossible right angle to the sarcophagus, so that the figure may be completely visible to the spectator.[1] It is a grave, sedate, and masculine face, with a long and venerable beard: a skull-cap covers the head, which rests on a cushion, while the figure is robed in a long plain gown with a great rosary at the girdle. So, we may well believe, the hermit looked in life.

I am never weary of wandering over the variegated uneven pavement of this long dark church of the Franciscans. It is not one of the noblest churches of Spain, but I know few that are more interesting, nor can I conceive

[1] Although this peculiar method is most common and pronounced in Palma, I have also found a similar disposition of sepulchral effigies at right angles in Zamora Cathedral; more often it is attenuated (as also at Salamanca) to half a right angle, which is less displeasing.

any that would make for Ramon Lull so meet a shrine. It lies in a quiet square in the heart of his native city, and from the city itself it looks an inconspicuous object. But when we go beyond the walls on the road to Valldemosa the tower of the Franciscans seems to dominate the city, and we see from afar at its summit the quaint little green-tiled turret with its balcony that opens to the four quarters of the sky like a muezzin minaret, a delightful reminiscence of that Moslem world which Lull loved so greatly and died for at last.[1]

Nowadays, it would seem, the tide of popular favour has receded from the church of San Francisco. The present Mallorcan mania for restoration has not touched it; a few much needed repairs have been quietly effected, but on the whole the church is rather dilapidated and very much unspoilt. The worshippers are few and poor, the cloisters with their delicate and charming double row of arcades are almost inaccessible and overgrown with weeds, there is seldom any sacristan to guard or to exhibit the treasures of the place.[2] For the most part the

[1] A somewhat similar turret, with roof of glazed tiles, may be seen at St. Paul's at Saragossa.

[2] Part of this ancient monastery, including the beautiful cloisters, is the property of the State. Some Franciscan friars have been allowed to occupy the adjoining parts of the convent, and not long since (in 1906), the year after my visit, they were violently accused in a leading Mallorcan newspaper of effecting changes in the part of the building belonging to the State; the charge seems to have been

large dark church is one's own, an antique museum to enjoy, a home of romance to dream in.

Once, however, it is clear, the church of St. Francis must have been the most fashionable and popular in Palma. On every side there are the ruined proofs of ancient wealth and luxury. It is a rich collection of antiquities, not artificially brought together, but as they have grown up during many centuries, and as they have remained untouched, it would almost seem, for ages. Not notably beautiful or novel in construction, the church is adorned with plateresque sculpture without, and within with various marbles here and there broken by the ravages of time. The wealthy citizens of Palma evidently desired to be buried here, for the church is crowded with memorials of the dead; there are large monuments all around, and gravestones are profusely scattered over the worn pavement. The chapels, often irregularly paved or dadoed with ancient *azulejo* tiles, are occupied by elaborate altars and sumptuous old tombs. Vast and quaint benches of various pattern are placed about the church, a concession to comfort we are surprised to find in so ancient a sanctuary. No Mallorcan church is richer in pictures, not only sacred pictures,

unfounded, and is chiefly interesting as an indication of the growing resentment aroused by the religious orders in Spain.

but secular,—notably a large ancient view of Palma in the ambulatory behind the altar,—of no great artistic value usually, but often of considerable interest. And there is much sculpture also of the bold and imposing type common in Palma.

A deserted and delicious place to dream in now, in the days of its prosperity the church of San Francisco was not always an inviolate sanctuary of peace. The waves of human passion sometimes broke tumultuously through even these doors. One tragic episode especially in the history of Palma came to a climax in this church. Late in the fifteenth century a certain noble citizen of Palma was passing the house of another citizen, when a servant-girl, throwing the slops out of an upper window—as is still the custom in the side streets of some Spanish cities—emptied the jar on to the passer's head. The irritated citizen entered, and in spite of the remonstrances of the lady of the house, insisted on personally chastising the careless damsel. The master of the house, insulted by this violation of his domicile, took counsel with his friends, and with their aid avenged the injury by slaying both the aggressor and his wife. The criminals were arrested, but finally pardoned. Meanwhile, however, adherents had flocked to each side; two parties were formed, and the feud at last

broke out in this church of San Francisco, where both factions, numbering three hundred persons, one day attacked each other furiously. Blood flowed, many fell dead; in vain the friars sought to restore peace, and held the sacrament up before the combatants. That is the note of violence in the Balearic character, the note that we still see in their art.[1] Now friars and combatants, even worshippers, have alike left the convent of the Franciscans to peace. The memory of Lull alone remains living in the church where the dim lamp swings unextinguished before his tomb, and from the delicious little green and red minaret a silent muezzin still seems to proclaim his message to the world.

V

It was a calm and lovely evening when, once more on the *Lulio*, we sheered off from the wharf at Palma. The sun was setting magnificently over one horn of the crescent bay, and over the other the full moon was softly sending its silver shafts along the rippling waters. Naples is but a vast miscellaneous water-washed boulevard beside this smaller but most exquisite bay, and now it seemed a mirage of

[1] It is no longer marked in criminal activity; according to the latest statistics, the Balearic Isles stand better in respect to crimes of violence than any other Spanish region.

enchantment. On the left is the famous castle of Bellver, the sentinel of Palma, firmly seated on its hill; almost on the beach stands the gracious and delicate Lonja, with the bold indentations of its battlements against the sky. To the right, rising from the massive mediæval walls, which with their gates still surround the city, stands out superbly the spiritual fortress of Palma, the vast pile of the cathedral, and beneath it the long low Moorish outline of the Almudaina, which has in all ages been the palace of the temporal rulers of Majorca. The undulating hills form a background to this vision, which dissolves into a shimmering moonlit fairyland as the *Lulio* turns northward under the walls of Bellver.

But for many hours longer we still hug the coast. The grass-clad rocks reach to the silent, tideless sea, little inlets now and again offer their glimpses of idyllic peace; we pass the heights that just conceal Valldemosa and its ruined Carthusian monastery, in which Chopin, haunted and oppressed, composed his Preludes. On the left the huge mass of Iviça looms in the growing darkness, a mountain island. The sense of enchantment is slowly passing away. My fellow-passengers, mostly priests, quietly disappear below before the hour grows too indiscreetly late. In the morning we find ourselves once more in the gay and busy world of Barcelona.

VIII

'DON QUIXOTE'

I

THREE centuries ago there appeared in Madrid a novel entitled *Don Quixote de la Mancha.* The book was carelessly printed in poor type on bad paper. It aroused little admiration; most of the great literary men of the age looked down on it contemptuously; it seemed, indeed, to satirise some of the most sacred ideals of serious Spaniards. But, however it might be regarded by orthodox literary critics or narrow-minded patriots, the book was at once read throughout Spain. Outside Spain, also, it was very soon not only known and translated, but highly praised, especially in England, where leading men of letters, great philosophers, and eminent physicians proclaimed their admiration.[1]

[1] "No foreign nation has equalled England in appreciating the merit of Cervantes," writes Navarrete, one of the best of his biographers. Just as the first biography of Velazquez was written by an Englishman, so it was at the request of an Englishman, Lord John

More happy than its hero or its author, the novel had set forth on a career of adventure in which it finally conquered the world.

There can be no doubt about it, *Don Quixote* is the world's greatest and most typical novel. There are other novels which are finer works of art, more exquisite in style, of more perfect architectonic plan. But such books appeal less to the world at large than to the literary critic; they are not equally amusing, equally profound, to the men of all nations, and all ages, and all degrees of mental capacity. Even if we put aside monuments of literary perfection, like some of the novels of Flaubert, and consider only the great European novels of widest appeal and deepest influence, they still fall short of the standard which this book, their predecessor and often their model, had set. *Tristram Shandy*, perhaps the most cosmopolitan of English novels, a book that in humour and wisdom often approaches *Don Quixote*, has not the same universality of appeal. *Robinson Crusoe*, the most typical of English novels, the Odyssey of the Anglo-Saxon on his mission of colonising the earth—God-fearing, practical, inventive—is equally fascinating to the simplest intellect and the deepest. Yet, wide as its reputation is, it

Carteret, that the first biography of Cervantes was written in 1738, while the first edition of *Don Quixote* prepared with the reverence due to a classic was the work, in 1781, of another Englishman, the Rev. John Bowle.

has not the splendid affluence, the universal humanity, of *Don Quixote*. *Tom Jones*, always a great English novel, can never become a great European novel; while the genius of Scott, which was truly cosmopolitan in its significance and its influence, was not only too literary in its inspirations, but too widely diffused over a wilderness of romances ever to achieve immortality. *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, which once swept across Europe and renewed the novel, was too narrow in its spirit, too temporary in its fashion, to be enduring. *Wilhelm Meister*, perhaps the wisest and profoundest of books in novel form, challenges a certain comparison, as the romance of the man who, like Saul the son of Kish, went forth to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom; it narrates an adventure which is in some sense the reverse of Don Quixote's, but in its fictional form it presents, like the books of Rabelais, far too much that is outside the scope of fiction ever to appeal to all tastes. *The Arabian Nights*, which alone surpasses *Don Quixote* in variety and universality of interest, is not a novel by one hand, but a whole literature. *Don Quixote* remains the one great typical novel. It is a genuine invention; for it combined for the first time the old chivalrous stories of heroic achievement with the new picaresque stories of vulgar adventure, creating in the combination something that was altogether original, an instrument that

was capable of touching life at every point. It leads us into an atmosphere in which the ideal and the real are equally at home. It blends together the gravest and the gayest things in the world. It penetrates to the harmony that underlies the violent contrasts of life, the only harmony which in our moments of finest insight we feel to be possible, in the same manner and, indeed, at the same moment—for *Lear* appeared in the same year as *Don Quixote*—that Shakespeare brought together the madman and the fool on the heath in a concord of divine humour. It is a story-book that a child may enjoy, a tragicomedy that only the wisest can fully understand. It has inspired many of the masterpieces of literature; it has entered into the lives of the people of every civilised land; it has become a part of our human civilisation.

II

It was not to be expected that the author of such a book as this, the supreme European novel, an adventure book of universal human interest, should be a typical man of letters, shut up in a study, like Scott or Balzac or Zola. Cervantes was a man of letters by accident. First of all, he was a soldier and an adventurer; it was as such that he impressed his fellow-countrymen, and to this fact we owe much of our knowledge

of his life. The records of his life—apart from his incidental notices of himself, and equally apart from his later fame as an author—are detailed, though broken and imperfect. We are even able to frame a definite picture of the man as he lived,—here, indeed, aided by his own description in the Prologue to the *Exemplary Novels*,—a more definite picture than we possess of his great contemporary and spiritual kinsman, Shakespeare, though, in this more unfortunate, we have no authentic portrait of Cervantes. We see him, a man of average height, with heavy shoulders, light complexion, bright eyes, chestnut hair, great moustache, and golden beard, a little marred by short sight and an impediment of speech, yet the type of the man of sanguine temperament and audacious action.

Born in 1547, probably on Michaelmas Day, in the ancient Castilian university town of Alcalá de Henares, near Madrid, Cervantes was the youngest child of parents of hidalgo blood, whose position in the world had fallen, but who both belonged to Alcalá and its neighbourhood. Cervantes was fortunate, not only in his birth, but in his breeding; his schoolmaster was a man of firm character, as well as of learning and literary ability; he conceived an affection for his pupil, and was probably the means of implanting or arousing those tastes which were afterwards to develop so mightily. As a youth

Cervantes wrote bad verse, which perhaps helped him to secure at the age of twenty-two the friendship and patronage of Cardinal Acquaviva, a man scarcely older than himself, with whom he travelled to Rome. For some of his biographers there is a mystery about this sudden departure from Madrid; there was a quarrel, it has been more than surmised, an intrigue with a lady of high birth, swords drawn in the precincts of the Court—a serious offence, for which the penalty was loss of the right hand. But, whatever the episode, it served to bring Cervantes into the main current of European life. It was, indeed, a fine moment in the history of Europe. The days of chivalry seemed to have come back again. A great Crusade had been preached against the infidel Turk, and under the inspiration of the Pope and the leadership of Don John of Austria the united forces of Rome, Spain, and Venice were preparing to put to sea with an armament of unparalleled magnitude. Cervantes, with the hereditary instincts of a soldier and the personal impulse of a poet enamoured of high adventure, shared the enthusiasm. He left the Cardinal's household and enlisted as a common soldier. But the regiment he entered, which admitted only young men of good family, was one of great distinction; it represented the flower of Spanish infantry, held to be invincible, until, a century later, it went

down for ever at the battle of Rocroi. This wave of Christian chivalry that thus swept Cervantes with it culminated in the famous battle of Lepanto, one of the world's great sea-fights. That day—the 7th of October 1571—was the finest moment in the life of Cervantes. He was weak and ill of a fever when the battle began, he received three gunshot wounds in the course of it, and his left hand was permanently maimed, yet his share in the glory of that day was ever afterwards a source of pride and joy. Singularly enough, as contemporary evidence amply shows, the part played by this private soldier on board the *Marquesa*, one among thirty thousand men, really won him high honour. Nothing could better demonstrate the extraordinary personal qualities of the man. When, after some further service in an expedition against Tunis, he obtained leave of absence to revisit Spain, he bore with him on board the galley *El Sol* letters of recommendation to the King from the first generals of the day, containing the highest eulogies of his valour and merit, as well as of his amiable personal qualities. But that irony of life which was always to pursue Cervantes in the real world—aided, as he himself admitted, by peculiarities of personal temperament[1]—and which in old age

[1] There is much in Cervantes's life to indicate defects of personal character, not necessarily of an unlovable character, but exactly what

he was to translate so incomparably into the terms of the ideal world, had already begun to follow him. The *Sol* was captured almost in sight of Spain by Algerine corsairs, and these letters led the captors to form so high an opinion of the importance of their captive that they demanded a ransom out of proportion to his position or his family's means. He became the slave of a corsair captain of exceptional brutality, and was carried to Algiers in chains, there to be detained for five years.

In Algiers, as again we learn from much independent evidence, Cervantes displayed, under new and more difficult circumstances, the same extraordinary personal qualities. He was a slave, in chains, the property of a brutal master. Yet he speedily became the leader and inspirer of the Christian captives in Algiers. In devising methods of escape and in boldly seeking to execute them, his courage and fertility of resource were alike inexhaustible. Owing to the treachery of others, rather than to any failure on his own part, his plans always miscarried; but he accepted the responsibility, and he would implicate no one else. It is astonishing that his captors, so far from inflicting punishment upon him, seem to have treated him with an increased degree of consideration, but in Islam human worth

they were remains obscure. The problem has lately been interestingly discussed in Hans Parlow's essay, *Zu dem Leben des Cervantes.*

is recognised and esteemed wherever it may appear; that is one of the secrets of its vitality. At last, by the exertions of a benevolent monk, the amount of the ransom was gathered together from various sources, and Cervantes returned to Spain. But his services were now forgotten; Lepanto had proved a barren victory, and Don John was dead. If Cervantes had chosen to become a renegade Mohammedan, he could, doubtless, have risen to any position he cared to aspire to; in Spain, the spirit of freedom and all personal initiative were being crushed beneath the arrogant hands of the Philips. Spain had no uses for the best and bravest of her sons, and Cervantes saw nothing before him but to do as he had done ten years before, though not, we may be sure, with the same enthusiasm: he once more entered the ranks as a common soldier. This time, again, he chose a highly distinguished regiment, in which, it so chanced, his rival, Lope de Vega,—then a boy of sixteen, but soon to become the acknowledged prince of Spanish letters,—was also at this time serving. Cervantes was now, however, growing tired of the hard, ill-paid, and brutal life of camps; a chivalrous enthusiasm, not the love of warfare, had led him to become a soldier; and, after fighting under Alva a victorious campaign against Portugal, he threw aside the pike for the pen.

It was a memorable epoch in his life. It seems to have been in Portugal, about this time, that he fell in love with a Portuguese woman, said to have been of high birth, by whom he had a natural daughter, his only child, who was with him to the end of his life; and perhaps it was on this account that he retained a constant affection for Portugal and the Portuguese. About this time, in 1584, at the age of thirty-eight, he wrote his first acknowledged work, the pastoral poem of *Galatea*, and shortly afterwards married the lady for whose sake it is supposed to have been written, a woman much younger than himself, belonging to his own province, and of fairly good fortune; with her he appears to have lived happily till his death, and she desired to be buried by his side.[1] Henceforth his life was divided between literature, especially the writing of plays, and various petty avocations,—sometimes as a collector of dues for religious orders, sometimes as an agent for buying grain and oil for the fleet,—whereby he was enabled to become very familiar with every aspect of country life in Spain. Once (in 1597) he was imprisoned at Seville, by the default of

[1] But it has been pointed out that her actions show an attitude of reserve towards her husband and little inclination to assist him with money. Perhaps this was the result of his defects of character; perhaps she never forgot that she was a childless wife who had received into the house the child born to her husband by another woman at the very time he was courting her.

a man to whom he had entrusted a large sum of money belonging to the Government. In literature he was always a pioneer, though as yet he had written nothing that could gain for him an immortal name. At last, if we may follow the legend, for some unknown reason he was incarcerated for a time in the cellar of a house in the little town of Argamasilla in La Mancha. Here, it is suggested, the germ of *Don Quixote* arose in his mind, and Argamasilla became the home of Don Quixote.[1] In 1605 the first part was published. Yet later, in 1613, appeared the *Novelas Exemplares*, a delightful collection of stories, which, as literature, may be said in some respects to rank even above the greater work. Finally, in 1615, at the age of sixty-eight, he published the second part of *Don Quixote*. During all these years Cervantes lived with his wife, his daughter, his widowed sister and his niece, whom he supported, sometimes in Seville or Toledo, sometimes in Valladolid or Madrid,[2] the chief cities of a country which was

[1] Undemonstrable traditions may sometimes have a basis of truth, but there was no prison at Argamasilla at this time, and research has yielded no shred of evidence to indicate that Cervantes was ever detained there in any kind of way. It is true that his own statement at the beginning of the Prologue, that his story is one that "might well be engendered in a prison," may be held to support the tradition; it may also be held to be the source of it. Some writers, like Navarro y Ledesma, in his life of Cervantes, anxious to preserve the prison legend, maintain that it was during his unquestioned incarceration at Seville that Cervantes conceived *Don Quixote*.

[2] In some of these cities the houses in which Cervantes dwelt still

at that moment the first in the world, the largest, the richest, the most brilliant. He died in Madrid, a popular author, but a poor and unhonoured man, on April 23, 1616, departing from the world but a little before his great fellow-spirit, Shakespeare.

III

It was necessary to recapitulate the main facts of the life of Cervantes—however familiar they may be—because it is impossible to understand *Don Quixote* unless we realise clearly the figure of the man who stands behind it. We are accustomed to say that the book is a satire of the old romances of chivalry. In a limited sense that is quite true. Cervantes ridiculed the extravagances of chivalrous romance in its decadence. But for *Amadis* and the other great

remain. Perhaps the most interesting spot associated with him is the Posada de la Sangre at Toledo. It lies just outside the Zocodover, beyond the horse-shoe archway that leads down to the Tagus. In Cervantes's day it was one of the best inns in Toledo, and with its old courtyard, its balcony around, with the rooms of the upper floor opening on to it (as in the old English inns), and its columns of older than Moorish age supporting the balcony, it may well have remained unchanged since the time when, as we may well believe, Cervantes stayed here and wrote. It was here that he placed the scene of his delightful story of the illustrious kitchen-maid, perhaps weaving his tale round some maid of the inn, seeming too beautiful and refined for her tasks, such as Doña Emilia Pardo Bazan has found of late in the same kitchen of the same inn, now only patronised by carters and peasants, though occasionally, for love of Cervantes more distinguished visitors stay here.

old romances he had nothing but admiration and affection. They were, indeed, a characteristic product of Spain; we may even say the same of chivalry itself, for it lived on in Spain long after it had died everywhere else, fostered by the struggle against the infidel Moslem, himself a chivalrous figure, and the more or less legendary Cid is the supreme representative of chivalry. Cervantes lived his whole life in the spirit of the knight errant, and *Don Quixote* swept away the romances of chivalry, not because it was a satire of them, but because it was itself a romance of chivalry and the greatest of them all, since its action was placed in the real world.

Cervantes was only a man of letters by accident. He was a soldier, a man of action, who would never have taken up the pen, except in moments of recreation, if a long chain of misfortunes had not closed the other avenues of life. It is a singular fact that nearly every great Spanish author has been a soldier or an adventurer, at least as familiar with the pike as with the pen. "The lance has never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance," said Don Quixote, therein expressing the conviction of all Spanish writers. Italian men of letters have often been keen politicians, French men of letters brilliant men of the world, English and Americans good business men, or capable men of affairs, but nowhere save in Spain do we find

the soldier supreme in literature. To say nothing of the writers of the golden age of Spain in which Cervantes himself lived, we find the soldier prominent in Spanish literature from the first. Merobaudes, the Christian poet of the fifth century, was also a distinguished soldier; Jaime the Conqueror, the great King of Aragon, is almost as famous for his picturesque chronicle as for his fighting qualities; Bishop Roderic of Toledo, the chief chronicler of the thirteenth century, wielded his sword in the fight with the same vigour as he wielded the pen afterwards in describing the fight; Santillana, the glory of Spanish literature in the fifteenth century, was equally great in camp, council, and court; Garcilaso de la Vega, one of the most typical of Spanish figures, described himself as dividing his time between his sword and his pen, "Tomando ora la espada, ora la pluma."

Spain has ever been the land of the sword: the ancient rapier, perhaps even the name itself, is Spanish; Shakespeare's soldiers cherished their Bilbo; the blades of Toledo, valued by the Romans, are still made in that ancient city. It is perhaps not surprising that, with this famili-arity with the sword and the rapier, Spanish men of letters, and very notably Cervantes himself, though he was a slow and careful writer, were apt to neglect the more minute graces of style, and to wield the pen with

something of the same freedom and force which they had acquired with the more brilliant, virile, and flexible weapon. It is, perhaps, also not surprising that they learned in the world of action to feel and to express a humanity, an insight, a depth, which are not learned in the study. The swift, daring, poignant qualities of Spanish literature seem to bear witness to the fact that these men were trained for the pen by the sword.

In this, as in all else, Cervantes was a typical Spaniard. He was a great personality, a brilliant soldier, long before he conceived *Don Quixote*. It is interesting in this respect to compare him with the greatest of his contemporaries in literature, a man as typically English as he was Spanish, and as immortal as himself. In temper of intellect Shakespeare resembled Cervantes, though he was incomparably the greater artist; they had passed through the same kind of mental evolution, they had the same abounding humanity, and both ultimately attained the same sweet-natured, though profoundly ironic vision of life. Yet, if neither of them had ever written, how different, when the antiquaries had disinterred their histories, would be our conception of the two men. They were alike in being of somewhat poor parentage and yet of good family, and both had to make their own way in the world. But all we could say of Shake-

speare would be that, after some rather dubious episodes in early life, he became a third-rate actor and a successful manager; that, personally, he was an amiable man, though punctilious in business matters; and that his chief ambition in life was to retire early on a competency, and to write "Gentleman" after his name. There are millions of his fellow-countrymen of whom one could say as much. But, if Cervantes had never written a line, he would still have seemed a remarkable man and a notable personality. Before he wrote of life he had spent his best years in learning the lessons of life.

Seldom has any great novel been written by a young man: *Tristram Shandy, Robinson Crusoe, Tom Jones, La Nouvelle Héloïse, Wilhelm Meister*, were all written by mature men who had for the most part passed middle age. *Don Quixote*—more especially the second and finer part—was written by an old man, who had outlived his ideals and his ambitions, and settled down peacefully in a little home in Madrid, poor of purse but rich in the wisdom garnered during a variegated and adventurous life. *Don Quixote* is a spiritual autobiography. That is why it is so quintessentially a Spanish book.

Cervantes was a Spaniard of Spaniards. The great writers of a nation are not always its most typical representatives. Dante could only have

been an Italian, and Goethe only a German, but we do not feel that either of them is the representative man of his people. We may seek to account for Shakespeare by appealing to various racial elements in Great Britain, but Shakespeare —with his volubility and extravagance, his emotional expansiveness, his lightness of touch, his reckless gaiety and wit—was far indeed from the slow, practical, serious Englishman. Cervantes, from first to last, is always Spanish. His ideals and his disillusions, his morality and his humour, his artistic methods as well as his style—save that he took a few ideas from Italy —are entirely Spanish.[1] Don Quixote himself and Sancho Panza, his central personages, are not only all Spanish, they are all Spain. Often have I seen them between Madrid and Seville, when travelling along the road skirting La Mancha, that Cervantes knew so well: the long solemn face, the grave courteous mien, the luminous eyes that seemed fixed on some inner vision and blind to the facts of life around; and there also, indeed everywhere, is the round, wrinkled, good-humoured face of the peasant

[1] Menendez y Pelayo, in an interesting lecture on Cervantes's literary culture (published in the *Revista de Archivos*, 1905), says that no prose writer influenced Cervantes's prose so much as Boccaccio, but it was a purely formal influence. In the main Cervantes follows the *Celestina* and Lope de Rueda's comedies; he never directly imitated the picaresque novelists. Sancho had one prototype, and one only, in late chivalrous literature, the *Ribaldo* in a fourteenth century *Historia del Caballero de Dios*.

farmer, imperturbably patient, meeting all the mischances and discomforts of life with a smile and a jest and a proverb. "Don Quixote!" I have always exclaimed to myself, "Sancho Panza!" They two make Spain in our day, perhaps, even more than in Cervantes's day; for, sound as Spain still is at the core, the man of heroic action and fearless spirit, the *conquistador* type of man, is nowadays seldom seen in the land, and the great personalities of Spain tend to become the mere rhetorical ornaments of a rotten political system. Don Quixote, with his idealism, his pride of race and ancestry, his more or less dim consciousness of some hereditary mission which is out of relation to the world of to-day, is as inapt for the leadership of the modern world as Sancho Panza, by his very virtues, his brave acceptance of the immediate duty before him, his cheerful and uncomplaining submission to all the ills of life, is inapt for the ordinary tasks of progress and reform. The genius of Cervantes has written the history of his own country.

Even in the minute details of his great book we may detect the peculiarly national character of the mind of Cervantes, and his thoroughly Spanish tastes. To mention only one trifling point, we may observe his preference for the colour green, which appears in his work in so many different shapes. Perhaps the Moors, for

whom green is the most sacred of colours, bequeathed this preference to the Spaniards, though in any case it is the favourite colour in a dry and barren land, such as is Spain in much of its extent. Cervantes admires green eyes, like many other Spanish poets, though unlike the related Sicilians, for whom dark eyes alone are beautiful; Dulcinea's eyes are "*verdes esmeraldas.*" Every careful reader of *Don Quixote*, familiar with Spain, cannot fail to find similar instances of Cervantes's *Españolismo.*[1]

And yet, on this intensely national basis, *Don Quixote* is the most cosmopolitan, the most universal of books. Not Chaucer or Tolstoy shows a wider humanity. Even Shakespeare could not dispense with a villain, but there is no Iago among the six hundred and sixty-nine personages who, it is calculated, are introduced into *Don Quixote.* There is no better test of a genuinely human spirit than an ability to overcome the all-pervading influences of religious and national bias. Cervantes had shed his blood in battle against the infidel corsairs of Algiers, and he had been their chained captive. Yet—although it is true that he shared all the national prejudices against the Moriscoes in Spain—he not only learned and absorbed much from the

[1] The writer who adopts the pseudonym of "Dr. Thebussem" has discussed Cervantes's love of green, "Lo Verde," *España Moderna,* March 1894.

Eastern life in which he had been soaked for five years, but he acquired a comprehension and appreciation of the Moor which it was rare indeed for a Spaniard to feel for the hereditary foes of his country. Between Portugal and Spain, again, there was then, to an even greater extent than to-day, a spirit of jealousy and antagonism; yet Cervantes can never say too much in praise of Portugal and the Portuguese. If there was any nation whom Spaniards might be excused for hating at that time it was the English. Those pirates and heretics of the north were perpetually swooping down on their coasts, destroying their galleons, devastating their colonial possessions; Cervantes lived through the days of the Spanish Armada, yet his attitude towards the English is courteous and considerate.

It was, perhaps, in some measure, this tolerant and even sympathetic attitude towards the enemies of Spain, as well as what seemed to many the ridicule he had cast upon Spanish ideas and Spanish foibles, which so long stood in the way of any enthusiastic recognition by Spain of Cervantes's supreme place in literature. He was for some centuries read in Spain, as Shakespeare was at first read in England, as an amusing author before he was recognised as one of the world's great spirits. In the meanwhile, outside Spain, *Don Quixote* was not only finding affectionate readers among people of all ages and

all classes; it was beginning to be recognised as a wonderful and many-sided work of art,—a treasure-house in which each might find what he sought, an allegory, even, which would lend itself to all interpretations. Heine has recorded how, as a boy by the Rhine, he had read *Don Quixote* with laughter and tears, and how with his own growth the meaning of the book grew with him, a perpetual inspiration. It is not alone the pioneer in life, the adventurous reformer, the knight of the Holy Ghost, who turns to *Don Quixote*; the prudent and sagacious man of the world turns thither also with a smile full of meaning, as the wise and sceptical Sydenham turned when an ambitious young practitioner of medicine asked him what he should read: "Read *Don Quixote*. It is a good book. I read it still." And when we turn to the noble ode—"Letania de Nuestro Señor Don Quijote"—which Ruben Dario, the most inspired poet of the Spanish-speaking world of to-day, has addressed to Don Quixote, we realise that beyond this Cervantes has created a figure with even a religious significance for the consolation of men. *Don Quixote* is not only the type and pattern of our greatest novels; it is a vision of the human soul, woven into the texture of the world's spiritual traditions. The Knight of La Mancha has indeed succeeded in his quest, and won a more immortal Dulcinea than he ever sought.

IX

JUAN VALERA

THE death of Juan Valera a few years ago attracted little attention in Spain, and was scarcely noted in the world generally. In most countries the passing away of a great writer is the signal to a crowd of minor writers to bring forward their tributes of appreciation. Except one or two small pamphlets, and a magazine article here and there—notably some slight personal reminiscences by his old friend and fellow-novelist, Emilia Pardo Bazan, in *La Lectura*—I have been able to discover nothing about Valera, no book, no biography, and on the whole the critics have meted out their praise with a keener eye for minor defects than for the great qualities of style and personality. Yet Valera should be an attractive subject to the biographer, for he was not only a great writer, but a brilliant and gracious personage who led a varied and interesting cosmopolitan life, and played a conspicuous part in the national affairs

of his time. It must, however, be admitted that the same scanty appreciation was accorded to Valera by his fellow-countrymen during life. "I have, and shall always have, few readers," he wrote in 1877. He was accustomed to say, I have heard, that the profits of *Pepita Jimenez*, his most popular novel, which has been translated into all the leading languages of the world, had not enabled him to buy a new dress for his wife. The story is no doubt apocryphal, but his literary income was never large. Fortunately, he was independent of it, and died, in old age, cheerful, though blind, among his books. There seems to be but one sign of any perception among the Spaniards that in Valera they possess one of the glories of their land: with that local patriotism that is always so strong in Spain, in the little Andalusian town of Cabra, where he was born, it is proposed to establish in the house that was his birthplace a museum devoted to memorials of his life.

If we ask why it is that Valera yet meets with so little recognition, I do not think the answer is far to find. He always stood outside the literary currents of his time. He was never a disciple in any school; he was never a master in any school. There were many literary fashions during his long life: romanticism, naturalism, decadentism, symbolism. All these currents successively carried away a large part

of literary Spain. Zola and the naturalistic current, more especially, disturbed the literary equilibrium of Spain; even Emilia Pardo Bazan, though moving in the Catholic tradition, was greatly influenced by the Goncourts and Zola, while the most remarkable of recent novelists, Blasco Ibañez, has been described as a Spanish Zola. But from the first Valera remained serenely unaffected by this as by every other fashionable stream of tendency. "Human documents," he said, "were out of place in novels; their proper place was the hospital report or the asylum bulletin." Baudelaire, again, seemed to Valera perverse and incompletely human, while for Carducci, on the other hand, even when chanting the praise of Satan, he felt strong admiration, because Carducci represents a vehement faith in human life and human destiny. In an article on "La Moral en el Arte," written in old age, Valera attempted, not for the first time, to set forth his attitude in this matter. Perfect poetry, he argues,—using poetry in its widest sense, to cover all forms of creative literary art,—must exist for its own sake; it has no duty save to be sincere and to avoid affectation; it must never pretend to teach science; it must never attempt to inculcate morality. Yet at the same time he asserted with equal emphasis—careless whether or not there lay here any contradiction—that great art

is always true and always moral. There is no discrepancy between morals and æsthetics, between the good and the beautiful. "Wisdom, beauty, and truth, when they attain perfection, coincide and mingle." It is the soul of a good man that is reflected in the beautiful mirror of *Don Quixote.* Beauty and goodness melt into one another, yet art must never seek morality.

It is easy to see how a writer who, in the practice of his art, as well as in theory, consistently maintained this attitude was little likely to win either the applause of the multitude or the admiration of the literary coteries. His popular contemporary, Perez Galdos, who occupies much the same position in contemporary Spanish literature as Björnson in Norwegian, owes his great position largely, not to purely artistic qualities, but to his enlightened and helpful sympathy in all the national progressive movements of his fellow-countrymen; nearly everything he has written may be said to have a direct tendency—religious, moral, social, patriotic—which appeals to thousands who care nothing for art. The small band of the devotees of art, on the other hand, could scarcely claim Valera as an apostle, for he disdained modernity; there is no phrase-chiselling or love of neologisms in the gracious flow of his large and simple style, and he cannot be fitted into any literary formula. There was thus always a certain

distance between Valera and his contemporaries; they sometimes tried to account for this by calling him "academical," and they bore witness to its reality by instinctively acquiring the habit —continued even after his death—of speaking of him with formal respect as Don Juan Valera.

He was not "academical," but there was another epithet sometimes applied to him which, rightly understood, may be accepted as fitting, and was by himself accepted. He was not "classical" in the narrow sense, though undoubtedly he experienced a vivid and sympathetic delight in Greek literature, nor was his serene optimism in the face of life that superficial cheerfulness which, by some curious misunderstanding, is commonly supposed to mark the paganism of antiquity. Valera's Hellenism, it is true, was less that of Pindar and Thucydides than the later Alexandrian and cosmopolitan type of Hellenism, that of Theocritus and the *Daphnis and Chloe* which he translated into Spanish. But he was none the less genuinely classical, and even in a double sense. He possessed by nature the simple strength and breadth, the love of fine surface and clear depth, the delicate taste and sense of measure, the tendency to combine the real and ideal harmoniously in presentation—instead of setting them in violently picturesque contrast—which

marked ancient literature, and which therefore always seems to us classic, in opposition to romantic. He was, further, classic in a more narrow and national sense. He represented, more finely and more truly than any of his contemporaries, the best ancient traditions of Spanish literature. He was a genuine descendant of Cervantes.

Don Juan Valera y Alcala Galiano was born in 1824 at Cabra, a provincial town, known to the Romans and famous for its wines, situated amid picturesque scenery thirty miles from Cordova, the oldest seat of civilisation in Spain. The finest-tempered brains of Andalusia have always come from the keen air of this its northernmost and in most respects its predominant city. There is a solemn quiet and dignity about Cordova very impressive as compared to the plebeian rush and noise of modern Granada. Even the scurrying streams and fountains of Granada seem a little vulgar beside the broad, slow, deliberate flow of the Guadalquivir, with its smooth, almost mirror-like surface. There is no haste about this city which has lived for so many years; for it is not a dead city, only its life seems to have withdrawn proudly within its innumerable palace-like patios, rather than join in the competition of the modern world. It is one of the most venerable, one of the most aristocratic of cities,

a Spanish Rome. Valera was always proud of being an Andalusian; most of his novels have their scene in his native land; nearly all his heroes and heroines belong to Andalusia, and especially to Cordova, even though, like Rafaela, they live in South America. It is, perhaps, not difficult to see how this Andalusian origin has tempered Valera's literary personality. His serene and sunny optimism, the amenity, the quiet humour, the absence of violence throughout his work, the instinctively artistic standpoint—these are the characteristics which distinguish the finest type of Andalusian from the man of either the east or the north of Spain.

Valera was the son of a naval officer, and aristocratically connected through his mother, Doña Dolores Alcala Galiano, Marquesa de Paniega. Concerning his early life the available information is scanty. He was educated partly at Malaga, partly at the College of the Sacro Monte at Granada; he studied jurisprudence and became a licentiate in law in 1846. The Conde de las Navas describes him in early life as having black and abundant hair, and being short-sighted,—gazing so fixedly through his glasses that those who talked with him were obliged to lower their own eyes,—while, the Conde adds, he always dressed with immaculate correctness.

Through family influence Valera was appointed second secretary to the Spanish Legation

at Naples in 1847, under the Duke of Rivas, a Spaniard of much intellectual distinction. The two years he spent in Naples were not only, as he wrote long after, the happiest of his life, they were also its most critical period. It was here that he found himself, and here that the spirit which animated all his future work first became clearly conscious. On the one hand the inspirations of the land of Magna Græcia induced him to make a thorough study of Greek, and his ideals in art and poetry were definitely moulded; on the other hand, the great year of 1848—when, as he wrote, "princesses and even the Pope were revolutionary leaders"—determined the Liberalism in politics to which he always adhered, though he was never an ardent politician. It was in Naples that his vocation became clear to him. At the outset his literary tendencies were cosmopolitan, but at this period the influence of the quintessentially Spanish style and Spanish spirit of Estebanez Calderon—who in 1847 published his *Escenas Andaluzas*—made Valera a genuinely Castilian writer.

The most notable point in the evolution of this young man of sensitive genius, who thus awoke to spiritual life at the most vital moment in the whole nineteenth century, was the manner in which he escaped the most fascinating and characteristic literary movement of that time. The romantic wave was sweeping over Europe,

but although it had received part of its inspiration from Spain, and was now affecting nearly all the Spanish men of letters, Valera, then and always, remained absolutely untouched by it. Beneath his suavity Valera possessed in full measure the firm independence of the Spaniard, and followed the inspiration of his own native genius. In 1864, in the very interesting Dedication of his *Estudios Criticos* to the Duke of Rivas, he wrote: "Even in the epoch of the chief fervour and supremacy of romanticism I have never been a romantic, but in my manner classical—a manner, certainly, very different from the pseudo-classicism of France. I worshipped form, but it was the internal and spiritual form, not over-adorned, puerile, and affected. I was a fervid believer in the mysteries of style, in that simplicity and purity by which style realises ideas and feelings, and embodies in language of indestructible charm an author's whole mind and heart."

Valera was, however, in no haste to be an author, and although it would appear that he began to write in verse at this time it was not until 1858 that his first volume, *Poesias*, appeared. Valera's verse is of a deliberate and somewhat learned order, revealing the influence of the Greeks and also of the Italians. Leopardi is the poet whom he more especially recalls, and it has been said that he wrote like Leopardi

even before he knew his work and became a passionate admirer of it. In this volume was fully revealed that Platonism which subtly penetrated the whole of his work. "Erotic Platonism," said Menendez y Pelayo, "is the soul of Valera's amatory verses": love is to him a continuous progress from beautiful bodies to beautiful souls, and thence to the idea of beauty itself, while he also hovers over the Platonic doctrine of reminiscence and Plotinus's notion of nature as the mirror of the formula of beauty. Such Platonic suggestions occur again and again throughout his novels even in the unlikeliest places. In the Dedication of *Doña Luz* he seeks a moral for his story—notwithstanding his dislike of stories with morals—in a Platonic passage from Bembo, and in *Genio y Figura* he represents Rafaela la Generosa, after her bath, kissing her image in the mirror, and explaining the act in the spirit of a Platonism which would scarcely have presented itself to the courtesan of Cadiz.[1]

It could not be expected that the public would

[1] This spirit is, however, quite Spanish. Neo-Platonism, especially in its relation to beauty and love, may be said to occupy the chief place in the philosophy of the Spanish Renaissance; it is studied at length by Menendez y Pelayo in the second volume of his *Historia de las Ideas Esteticas en España.* The fifteenth century Leon Hebreo (or Judah Abarbanel), a Neo-Platonic Spanish Jew soaked in Hellenism, is regarded as one of the philosophic glories of Spain, and his influence extends through the golden age of Spanish literature to Cervantes whose *Galatea* in its Neo-Platonism closely follows Leon Hebreo.

be interested in the restrained and aristocratic art of the *Poesias*. Valera now turned to criticism for self-expression, but he always cherished a love for poetry, and regarded himself as a poet even in his novels, while to the last, also, he was very susceptible to any praise of his verse. In the Preface which he wrote at Washington in 1885 for the collected edition of his *Romances, Canciones y Poesias*, he affirmed: "The principal reason for writing is poetry. Writings become famous and immortal by their beauty and not by the truth they teach. The pretension of those who believe that it is possible to teach by writing is nearly always vain. The great masters of humanity write nothing, neither Christ, nor Sakyamuni, nor Pythagoras, nor Socrates."

In the meanwhile, in the course of his diplomatic career, Valera was promoted to more and more important posts, first to Lisbon (1850), then to Brazil (1851), where he first knew a charming child, the daughter of his chief, who was, sixteen years later, to become his wife. In 1854 he was at Dresden, in 1856 secretary to a special mission to Russia, in 1865 plenipotentiary at Frankfort.

It was at this period of life, when he had reached full maturity, that Valera became, almost, it would seem, by accident, though his ambition had long pointed in this direction, a

novelist. His earlier literary occupations, the whole course of his life, were admirably fitted to prepare him for the literary work which more than all others demands a wide and mature experience of the world. It seems to have been out of the sympathetic interest which the poet and artist in Valera felt towards mysticism, and in the inspiration which his style received from reading the old mystics, Luis de Granada and Saint Theresa, that *Pepita Jimenez* was slowly developed, although the sceptic and the cosmopolitan in Valera saved him from any undue insistence on this mystic interest. He at first thought, we are told, of writing a kind of dissertation or philosophic dialogue on the eternal conflict between body and spirit, between nature and mysticism, but the happy idea came of making the dissertation a novel. The story is that of a simple, sincere, and serious young Spaniard, who is preparing himself wholeheartedly for the career of a priest, but gradually realises that he has no true avocation after he meets a young widow of twenty-eight, Pepita Jimenez, who falls in love with him. With an almost unconscious art, which is more than half nature, and never for a moment robs her of her feminine charm, Pepita cannot rest until, slowly conquering the reserves of his temperament and the scruples of his spurious vocation, she has finally won him. The fine quality of the novel

lies very largely in the delicate skill with which Valera has avoided the pitfalls which beset such a story, harmonising all the conflicting interests and impulses involved, and infusing the whole with the temper of his own mingled gaiety and dignity. The book was in every respect a triumphant achievement, and it placed its author at once, for the first and perhaps it may be said the last time, on a pinnacle of popular success. In Spain Valera is still commonly spoken of as the author of *Pepita Jimenez.*

In Pepita herself, who may almost be called the hero of the story, we meet at the outset one of the most typical of Valera's women. They are not generally in their first youth, but they retain the qualities of virginal youthfulness combined with the energy and experience of maturity. They belong to the country, or to small country towns, sometimes to the country aristocracy, sometimes to the poorest elements of the population, not seldom they are illegitimate children, combining an aristocratic distinction with plebeian vigour; in any case they are represented as the finest flower of country life. Their skill and discretion is always emphasised as well as their physical energy. Doña Luz could dance like a sylph, ride like an Amazon, and in her walk resembled the divine huntress of Delos, and Rosita is similarly compared to Diana. Emilia Pardo Bazan has well

described the general character of Valera's women. "Observe," she says, "that Valera's heroines greatly resemble one another; we notice a family air, notwithstanding their difference in position, behaviour, and birth, between Doña Luz, Pepita, Calitea, Juanita, and Rafaela. Many believe that all these women possess the soul and mind of their author incarnated in a feminine body. They personify women according to the classic ideal, the women of the sixteenth century and the Spanish Renaissance, discreet and even learned with all their womanliness, delicate and resolute, philosophical, *précieuse*, not sentimental and nervous, more theological than devout, free and bold in their language, impetuous in love, but ardent in defending their honour, very subtle, yet not perverted, or if, like Rafaela, they become so, knowing how to preserve a certain dignity analogous to the feeling of honour in men. It would be a mistake to suppose that Spanish women in general to-day resemble Valera's heroines, who are more virile, more intellectual, more martial and decided, than most of their fellow-countrywomen. We must seek their ancestry in Tirso's plays and the novels of Maria de Zayas." Certainly the average middle-class woman of to-day has little resemblance to Valera's women, but Valera himself would probably have been the first to admit this. He has

chosen carefully selected types, occurring under special yet peculiarly Spanish conditions out of the beaten track. According to his method, he mingled the real and the ideal, certainly utilising —in *Juanita la Larga*, his most detailed portrait of a woman, very fully and precisely—his own observation and early reminiscence. The essential qualities of Valera's women correspond to the qualities we may see or divine in the ordinary working-class women of Spain to-day, and the fundamental veracity of the types he presents is sufficiently evidenced by the likeness they reveal to the heroines of Cervantes and Tirso de Molina, of all Spanish writers those who have most faithfully presented the genuine Spaniard.[1]

Having at length found himself in literature, and gathered together an audience, Valera began to write with an energy and a slowly growing freedom and personality of touch that he had not before shown. *Pepita Jimenez* was quickly followed by *Doña Luz.* Here, indeed, though he writes in a less impersonal manner than in the earlier novel, he clings a little timidly to the same subject—the conflict between religion and love. A pious friar in broken health returns from a life devoted to good works in the

[1] Doña Pardo Bazan herself, in a later criticism of Valera, recognises the reality of Valera's women as portraits,—though not admitting the Valerian style of their conversation,—and adds that she has herself known various women like Pepita Jimenez even in a city so far from Andalusia as Santiago de Compostela.

Philippines to his native town in Andalusia, and here gradually falls in love with a nobleman's illegitimate daughter who has long lived in seclusion in the same place. He never declares his passion except in a manuscript which chances to fall into the lady's hand after his death; she, on her side, felt for the gentle monk a tender friendship which moved towards the verge of love, but, as she was able to persuade herself, never entered that verge. It is not a story which lends itself to the dramatic and effective situations of *Pepita Jimenez*, but it is developed with the same delicacy and skill, —indeed, perhaps in an even greater degree,— and takes high rank among Valera's books.

Las Ilusiones del Doctor Faustino marks a further progress along the path of freedom in narrative, and in Valera's tendency to give a more and more personal character to his books. This was not entirely a sound tendency, for it sometimes led to the introduction of a waywardly fantastic element as well as to many scarcely relevant digressions. *Doctor Faustino* is lengthier than usual; it is a series of loosely connected episodes, some of which for the first time show a love of incidents lying on the border of the mysterious, which in some later books, especially *Morsomor*, becomes pronounced and is associated with the weakest elements in his work. There is, however, a seriously symbolic

idea running through *Las Ilusiones del Doctor Faustino.* The hero, a miniature Faust without supernatural accompaniments, represents the Spaniard of the contemporary generation, "a man of noble and generous nature, though vitiated by a perverse education and by the environment in which he has lived." He combines the three defects most apt to afflict the educated middle-class Spaniard: pedantic philosophy, uncombined with energy for the tasks of life, political ambition with failure to distinguish true liberty from tumult and disorder, the mania of noble descent united with complete lack of aptitude for practical affairs. Apart from the charm of certain figures and episodes in it, the book thus has a serious interest as Valera's chief contribution to the criticism of contemporary Spanish conditions.

Valera's personality as an artist, as a master of the novel, was now firmly established, and in a number of shorter stories, at times *contes* somewhat in the manner of Voltaire, as well as in a constant succession of delightful essays, in which usually some new book or topic of the moment is made the excuse for discussing the most various subjects, his philosophy and moral personality now began to be clearly visible. As a literary critic of modern writers it can scarcely be said that Valera is at his best. A very courteous and considerate gentleman, who

occupies a high social and intellectual position and knows everybody, is not likely to be an epoch-making critic. We see the impossibility of real criticism under such conditions in the futility of Sainte-Beuve's later work with its excessive politeness towards everybody all round. As Valera was incapable of saying a bitter or cruel thing either in public or in private, and happened to be out of sympathy with the chief literary fashions of his day, he avoided concerning himself with their representatives, carefully neglecting to read some of the most popular contemporary novelists; he usually confined himself to the sometimes rather extravagant eulogy of minor writers, or else to classic books where he was at his best as a critic. Once, indeed, he had a famous controversy on poetry and metaphysics with the distinguished poet Campoamor, but, as Valera was careful to point out, their polemics were of a purely playful kind and revealed no violent difference of opinion. Campoamor defends the utility of poetry and metaphysics; Valera, in accordance with the principles he always maintained, affirms their inutility, and denies even to the drama the right of presenting moral lessons. As to metaphysics, Valera declares that he has read many metaphysical systems: they enchant him; he marvels at them; but they do not convince him that metaphysics is anything more than a science of

pure luxury. Valera carried something of the same spirit of genial scepticism into all spheres of thought. We may perhaps say of him as he says of his heroine Calitea in *La Buena Fama*, "sometimes she doubted about everything, sometimes she believed a little, sometimes she believed nothing." He might have added that sometimes she believed everything, for Valera's attitude was inconsistent with contempt or indifference for any genuine human belief. He objected to call anything "fabulous," because, he said, "so bold and offensive a qualification can to-day be applied to hardly anything. There are no limits to the possible." So it was that when, in 1899, the hour of Spain's dejection in the war with the United States, Valera turned back to the days when Spain was great and wrote his *Morsomor*, the story of a Franciscan monk in Seville in the early sixteenth century, he introduced Mahatmas and the paraphernalia of occultism, which latterly acquired a peculiar fascination for him.

Valera, it has been said, was of the school of Montaigne and of Goethe; it might be added that both in thought and in morals his attitude was even closer to that of Renan. His scepticism was always tolerant, even when it could not be sympathetic, and always allied to the optimistic temper. "The Muse that has inspired me," he remarks in the prologue to his tales *De Varios*

Colores, "is neither melancholy nor tragic, but joyous and cheerful, as is fitting to console me for my real griefs, and not to increase their weight by imaginary troubles." Valera remained a child of Spain, where, if the sinners have sometimes been grave, even the saints have often been gay, as they felt that it befitted them to be.

Valera's practical moral attitude towards his fellow-men, what he himself called his Panphilism, is well illustrated by the *conte*, somewhat in the manner of Voltaire, called "Parsondes," published in the volume of *Cuentos, Dialogos y Fantasias*. Once upon a time, more than two thousand six hundred years ago, there was a satrap at Susa much loved by the great king of the Medes, Arteo, for he was the gravest and most moral of all the satraps. This holy and austere man, whose name was Parsondes, knew and taught all the wisdom of Zoroaster; at last he disappeared, and all good believers held that he had been taken up into the highest circle of light; his memory, therefore, was almost worshipped. When on earth he had often reproved Nanar, king of Babylon, a tributary of the great king of the Medes, for his dissolute manner of living, and report was at length brought to Arteo that Parsondes was killed or perhaps imprisoned by Nanar. Thereupon Arteo sent one of Parsondes's most faithful disciples to investigate the matter, for he suspected that Parsondes might still be

alive, even though perhaps undergoing insufferable torments. At last, in self-defence, and to the stupefaction of the faithful disciple, Nanar produced the holy man, perfumed and dressed like a king, in the midst of a band of lovely women who accompanied him dancing and singing. "I am other than I was," Parsondes said. "Return if you will to Susa, but say not that I still live, lest the Magi be scandalised and lose so recent an example of sanctity. Nanar avenged himself on my rough and reckless virtue by making me a prisoner, commanding that I should be soaped and rubbed with towels. Since then I have continued to bathe and perfume myself twice a day, feasting as I might desire, and forcing myself to accept the company of these joyous ladies, at last forgetting Zoroaster and my austere preaching, being convinced that we should seek to spend this life in the best way possible, and not concern ourselves with the faults of others. Needless troubles kill the fool, and no one is more a fool than he who worries himself to censure the vices of others merely because he has had no opportunity of falling into them himself, or else has failed to fall into them from ignorance, bad taste, or rusticity." On hearing these words the faithful disciple put his hands to his ears and rushed away from the palace, determined to advise the College of the Magi to continue to maintain that Parsondes had

ascended into the empyrean, and never to reveal that he was still alive among the dancing-girls of Babylon. This delightful *conte moral*, in which Valera playfully set forth the moral temper which all his work reveals, may perhaps recall *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*, in which Renan, also in old age, pointed a not dissimilar moral, while we may remember how Goethe, even in youth, had been impressed by the saying of the humane and yet austere Thraseas: *Qui vitia odit homines odit*, He who hates vices hates mankind. For, as the younger Pliny said, indulgence is a part of justice.

While Valera was thus at the height of his literary activity, and harmoniously developing those conceptions of life and the world which underwent no substantial change from first to last, his diplomatic and political career pursued its regular course of promotion. After the Revolution of 1868, when Isabella lost the throne, he became an Under-Secretary of State, and he was one of the chief members of the deputation which invited Amadeo to the throne of Spain. In 1881 he was plenipotentiary at Lisbon, in 1883 at Washington, in 1886 at Brussels, and in 1893 he was appointed ambassador in Vienna. Though never a strenuous politician, he was at one time a deputy in the Cortes and a member of several Liberal Cabinets. At a later period he became a senator for life. He had three children: the

death of one son was a great grief; the other has, to some extent, followed in his father's footsteps; the daughter is married to a diplomatist.

Two novels—*Juanita la Larga* and *Genio y Figura*—which belong to the most mature period of Valera's art deserve special mention, because they stand in the first rank of his work. *Juanita la Larga*, the history of a young country girl who by her own sterling personal qualities surmounts all the difficulties in her path, is a minute and delightful picture of rural Andalusian life, avowedly founded on reminiscences of a childhood and youth spent in the province of Cordova. In the preface Valera remarks, indeed, that he scarcely knows whether the book is or is not a novel, for he is here a historian rather than an inventive novelist. *Juanita la Larga* differs from nearly all Valera's books by presenting almost exclusively the lives of simple and uncultivated persons, presenting them indeed graciously, harmoniously, humorously, without any of the crudity which was constitutionally alien to Valera's temperament, but yet with a realism which proves that, whatever his dislike of the French naturalistic novel, he was still true to the traditions of the Spanish novel. For in the fundamental sense the Spanish novelists, with Cervantes at their head, have always been realists, in the same way in which in England Fielding and Defoe were realists.

The same realism, combined with the same wholesome and joyous vision of human life in a more difficult situation, meet us in *Genio y Figura*, the last in date of Valera's great novels, the most mature, the most daring, perhaps the finest. It is the story of a woman who, like Juanita, and with similar high qualities of intelligence and character, though not the same ideals of conventional morality, springs from nothing, and slowly living down social disapprobation wins general esteem and respect. Rafaela la Generosa is a beautiful and spirited young courtesan from Cadiz, who has a charming voice and an accomplished way of dancing the fandango and the jaleo. She is much admired by the dandies of Lisbon, one of whom, impressed by her abilities, helps her to go out to Brazil as a dancer, and recommends her to the notice of a rich old usurer at Rio de Janeiro. Under his protection she appears in public at Rio as a dancer, but is at first driven off the stage, for the old man's sordid and ridiculous ways have made him unpopular and discredited Rafaela. But with her good sense and good humour Rafaela, who has all the Spanish stoicism, accepts as a joke the vegetables that are flung at her, slowly wins her way, and gains the love of the old man, whom she marries. Her task is still, however, but beginning; she has to acquire social consideration not only for herself but for her

husband; she teaches him good manners, instructs him in the mysteries of the toilet, and puts him in the hands of the best tailors. At the same time the influence of her sagacity and economy are shown in his affairs generally, and she helps him to employ his money wisely and beneficently. The couple begin to overcome indifference and hostility, and to win social consideration and position; the highest aristocracy are eventually to be found in Rafaela's *salon.* While, however, she is devoted to the interests of her husband, it is esteem and friendship that she gives him, not love. Her love goes in other directions, but even in following the impulses of her heart Rafaela shows her usual skill and discretion, and is careful to spare her husband's feelings. There is only one man whom she truly loves, an Englishman, and by him she has a child, a daughter named Lucia, whose birth she keeps secret, for she considers it dishonourable to foist her child on her husband. Rafaela has her daughter very carefully educated in a convent, and when she becomes a widow she settles in Paris and fixes all her hopes on this girl, cherishing the notion that in her she may realise the ideals that in her own struggling and irregular life she has missed, though at times, indeed, with her sagacious intelligence, she doubts the value of an innocence never fortified by trial. But her doubts are settled by Lucia, who, in a

moment of grief, due to the refusal of her father to recognise her, takes the veil and shuts herself in the convent for ever, whereupon Rafaela, deprived of her one hope in life, takes poison and dies. Such is the story of a novel in which Valera has put the most personal and mature spirit of his wisdom and humanity, a novel in which realism and poetry are wrought together with an art and a charm that may well entitle it to rank as a masterpiece.

The novelist's last years were spent in Madrid, surrounded by affectionate and distinguished friends, cheerful, amiable, dignified to the end, though for several years before his death he was blind from cataract of both eyes. He was one of the few great men, says his friend, the Conde de las Navas, who are such even to their valets. He continued to live in his study and to write essays, though now he dictated them to a secretary, and his last volume of essays, *Terapeutica Social*, was published only a month before his death. His habits were simple; he liked the plain Cordovan dishes of his own province, and he drank light white wine; like all Spaniards, he smoked much. Notwithstanding his blindness, he would still accompany his lady visitors to the door, and he always made it a rule to be present at the sittings of the Spanish Academy. The last task entrusted to him was a discourse on Cervantes to

be read before the Academy on the occasion of the commemoration of the tercentenary of *Don Quixote.* He was able to write most of his discourse, but not all. He died, just before the festivities of the tercentenary, of apoplexy, on the 18th of April 1905.

It has already been necessary to point out that Valera stood a little aloof and alien from the most popular men and movements of his time. He was not a partizan, he was too wise and clear-sighted to be a fanatic even on behalf of the causes he believed in. Galdos, his contemporary as a novelist, though much younger in years, has again and again aroused the enthusiasm of the more progressive Spanish public who, except when *Pepita Jimenez* was published, have always been unresponsive to the wisdom of Valera.[1] Blasco Ibañez, the Valencian, the latest of the really significant novelists of Spain, is still farther away from the spirit of Valera. Rough, vigorous, not always even grammatical, sometimes crudely naturalistic, sometimes breaking out into impassioned lyricism, always an uncompromising revolutionist,

[1] Galdos was born in 1855 at Las Palmas in the Canaries, where he lived till the age of eighteen, amid a population that was half English. He knows English, and was much influenced by Dickens, afterwards a little by Zola. He is said to be not quite sympathetic in personal intercourse, silent, observant, and ironical, so that his friends are in doubt whether to admire his Castilian gravity or to wonder at his British phlegm. (See an article on Galdos by Martinenche in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15th April 1906.)

aggressive and combative, ardently concerned with social problems, and a faithful painter of the common people whose life he knows so well, Blasco Ibañez is a great force in literature, but he is far indeed from the sunny and serene Greek temper of Valera.[1]

"I have always been inspired," Valera once wrote, "by the pure love of beauty." In a certain sense his novels have the quality of poetry, and it is not surprising that many authoritative Spanish critics of to-day are inclined to deny to him any high place as a novelist. He is too cold and correct, they say; his characters speak as he would himself speak; he is more concerned with expressing himself than with creating original types, or objectively describing the real people of the real world around him. Even Emilia Pardo Bazan, whose own mastery of the craft entitles her opinion to respect, considers that Valera was not a born novelist like Dickens or Galdos, and somewhat too bookish, *libresco*. There is a certain amount of truth in these criticisms. Yet Valera is in little need of apology; his books are their own sufficient justification; they constitute an achievement in Spanish literature. The Spanish genius, though never gross and sensual, is sometimes sombre and violent. But if it burns

[1] An interesting sketch of Blasco Ibañez's turbulent and adventurous career will be found in *Le Censeur*, 6th April 1907.

smokily in its lower ranges, in its higher reaches it bursts into gay and lucent flame. It is so in Velazquez; it is so in Cervantes. Valera is not indeed with these men; his fine superficies and breadth are not accompanied by the passion and intensity needed for self-realisation in the highest original achievement. But he has the temperament of these supreme men, their vision, their clarity, their serenity, their humanity. His best works are a fine and permanent manifestation of the Spanish spirit, and the personality that produced them is even finer than the works.

X

SANTA MARIA DEL MAR

I

"A GREAT, famous, rich, and well-established city"—so Barcelona seemed to Cervantes three centuries ago. He made it the scene of Don Quixote's final and most lamentable adventures, and vividly described its exuberant life. Cervantes clearly placed this city, though he had little personal connection with it, above all the cities of Spain, for again in *Las Dos Doncellas*, when the travellers approached Barcelona towards sunset, "the lovely situation of the city filled them with admiration, and they reckoned it the flower of the beautiful cities of the world."

Barcelona has developed since then; it is not only the greatest city in Spain, almost the largest city of the Mediterranean, it is one of the commercial centres of Europe, the Spanish Manchester, of about the same size and

population, but indeed unlike the English Manchester. Its modern eulogist can no longer describe it altogether in the terms Cervantes used. Yet still to-day the stranger may feel something of the same enthusiasm about Barcelona; one returns to this city again and again, and always with new delight. I have seen it under all aspects, and even under martial law it has not been other than agreeable to live in.[1] One may say, indeed, that of all the great commercial cities of Europe Barcelona is that in which amenity of climate and the claims of humane living have been least hidden and crushed by the hurry and ugliness of business. One most readily compares it with Marseilles, but with all its human life and colour, Marseilles is always restless and feverish, as Barcelona never is, while in Naples, the other great city of the Mediterranean, this restless feverishness is still more pronounced, and more disconcerting because more squalid.

The special characters of Barcelona may, however, best be realised by comparing it with

[1] On this occasion, directly after a series of sanguinary collisions in the streets, a "state of war" was officially declared, the military authorities took over the control of affairs, troops were poured in and posted at every "strategic position," the newspapers were placed under military censure, and forbidden to publish any news concerning the events in progress. At last the trams began to run again down the long Rambla, under the guard of mounted soldiers with drawn sabres, while crowds gazed in silence, the cry of the Catalan extremists, "Down with Spain!" for the time subdued.

the other great industrial seaports of Spain, such as Bilbao and Malaga. Bilbao, which for industrial energy and importance is naturally coupled with Barcelona, presents a complete contrast to it although only situated a few hundred miles away. It is a city of the Basques, a people of very different temperament from the Catalans, and it is on the damp and stormy shores of the Bay of Biscay; those, doubtless, are main factors in its special complexion. The Basques are honest, serious, industrious, humane, home-loving people, perhaps to even a greater extent than the Catalans, but they lack the sense for the external side of life, and tenacious as they are of their ancient rights and privileges, they seem to possess no strong impulse to assert themselves in the visible splendour of urban life. The Basque is the man of the mountain village, and Bilbao is nothing more than an overgrown mountain village. The broken and hilly site is naturally picturesque, and the town seems to have reverently adapted itself to the sinuosities of its site, and to that extent only is it adequate and satisfying. But more than that is needed to make a great city. We demand the plastic force of the collective community, creating for itself a visibly beautiful and imposing home. The Walloons of Liège—an industrial city of somewhat similar character, though indeed

much larger—are also beautifully situated amid fine scenery, but they have not on that account neglected the active creation of their city. That we miss at Bilbao; there are neither splendid signs of antiquity nor attractive signs of modernity. At Barcelona a magnificent site has been wisely and spaciously planned to the best advantage, while the precious remains of antiquity have been, so far as possible, harmoniously preserved without detriment to the insistent demands of a modern community's life. But in Bilbao all the signs of a vigorous urban community's collective social life,—great parks and splendid churches, markets, town-halls, museums, theatres, music-halls, cafés,—all the things in which Barcelona reveals her abounding splendour and vitality, are either so insignificant that they scarcely catch our attention, or they are not there at all. Let us turn to Malaga, a Mediterranean city and therefore perhaps more comparable to Barcelona. Malaga is still, as it has been from the time of the Phœnicians, a very important commercial and industrial centre; it has an almost supremely fine climatic position, with the hottest and perhaps the most perfect winter weather of Continental Europe. Its people possess, too, a not uninteresting city, and they reveal a certain aspiration for urban development; but that executive ability, so marked in the Catalans, is here lacking. The

languor of their climate seems always to affect the accomplishment of the Malaga people's great designs. Alike under Moorish rule and under Christian rule few great personalities have come out of Malaga, for at Malaga it is so easy to recline under the blue sky, amid the almost tropical vegetation, and therewith to be content. We must not expect to find people of the same fibre as those who made Barcelona.

The Catalans are a sturdy and vigorous people who from of old have been planted firmly astride the eastern portion of the Pyrenees, for it is still easy to trace the Catalan characteristics of Roussillon. They are not French, they are not completely Spanish, though both French and Spanish characteristics may be found here blended, for an indomitable strength of fibre has enabled them to preserve a high degree of independence. They were of old an adventurous, seafaring people who compiled, indeed, the first code of maritime law in the western world; they established free municipal institutions and an enlightened political order, which could accept no external restraint.[1] They have always succeeded

[1] To-day it is the political and administrative control of Madrid against which the Catalans protest. The Catalan question is, especially, an economic question. The Catalans rebel against paying the bureaucratic Castilian heavily for services which are very badly performed, services which, they are well aware, they could perform very much better for themselves. They have suffered seriously from the necessities of a State centralised in remote Madrid, and they consider, moreover, that they are entitled to fiscal autonomy. Their

in the end in throwing back the French from the Pyrenees, and they have never bowed willingly—to-day less than ever—to the dictates of Madrid, nor have they ever hesitated to accept radical and subversive theories in the sphere of thought. Superficial picturesqueness and charm are not primary qualities among the Catalans. They are not unaware of those qualities; they can devote, indeed, the busiest part of their busiest thoroughfare to a flower market, and the market woman who offers an artichoke for sale holds it tenderly by the long stalk as if she knew the beautiful flower it really is; but they are always prepared to sacrifice picturesqueness and charm to practical usefulness and convenience. This temperament has slowly moulded their water-pot, which, instead of being, as in neighbouring Valencia, a beautiful but inconvenient jar of more or less classical shape, is here perfectly well adapted to its uses, although it has thereby lost most of its grace. The Catalan language, again, though closely related to Provençal, one of the most charming and musical of tongues, is a characteristic creation of a rough and vigorous race, somewhat careless of formal

commercial and industrial supremacy leads them to assign to Catalonia a more than provincial rank, and they believe that the restoration of Spain can best be accomplished with a Catalan hegemony, and increased home-rule in all the regions of Spain. It is quite likely that such a reform of the national constitution would lead to a state of things more suitable to the genius of the Spanish character than the present highly centralised system.

beauty, and willing to contract its speech into a series of unpleasantly sibilant and dental monosyllables, which might have been invented by a people whose mouths were habitually full. The people themselves, indeed, are not beautiful, men or women, that is in the great towns; it is often quite otherwise as regards the women when we go to secluded inland spots, and even just outside Barcelona they are often charming and of a type of fair regular beauty which, even among women of the people, is often quite sensitive and not of the Andalusian bronze or marble mould. In the city, especially, the faces are more mobile, the gestures are more dramatic, there is more refinement of expression in the whole body. It is the inevitable result of city life. They are clearly a very mixed people, and to their making many perhaps incongruous elements have gone; all sorts of types are met, on the whole more often fair than dark, with blue or grey eyes and rather light hair. In the main they are certainly a physically robust race, both men and women; and the women, even more than elsewhere in Spain, are often large, with great busts and hips, though there are also slender types, with lively round faces and sensitive everted nostrils, again not beautiful, but alert and intelligent.

The essential and pronounced characteristics of the Catalans are much less physical than psychic. To a tenacity like that of their

Aragonese neighbours they unite, what is not found in the Aragonese, a close grip of the material side of life, an executive energy which enables them to organise, and bring to successful issue, the practical schemes, and these are many, to which they set themselves. They are business-like, strictly honest, even in dealing with the most helpless foreigners; and that quality of urbanity, of instinctively humane friendliness towards the stranger, which had so impressed the sympathetic Cervantes, remains still one of their most characteristic features. To the traveller who approaches Barcelona, whether from the Spanish side or the French side, it may seem sometimes that there is a somewhat insensitive coarseness of fibre in the Catalonian. That impression disappears, however, when we realise that the fundamental Catalonian characteristic is a humanity which is not always timidly seeking to guard itself from hostile approaches. It is the temper of a people singularly well fitted to realise the claims of urban living and to organise its modern developments. To the Englishman, especially—scarcely yet beginning to realise that living is an art, and accustomed to feel that he is never comfortable except when he is uncomfortable—Barcelona cannot fail to be a revelation of what a great commercial city may be when humanely and harmoniously organised. In a beautiful and exquisitely tempered climate, that

is seldom too hot and seldom too cold, a robustly independent and clear-eyed population has here freely expanded itself, loving work and loving play, and combining these two fundamental human impulses more completely and more admirably than any other equally great city. When it has achieved the highest degree of economic and political freedom compatible with the integrity of Spain, of which it is more than any other region the executive brain and arm, Barcelona will worthily appear as in some essentials a model city, a place worthy of municipal pilgrimage and urban inspiration. We are accustomed to look upon Spain as a country which has fallen behind in the race of civilisation. But civilisation is largely a matter of beautiful and humane urban development under industrial conditions, and in Barcelona we realise that, in many respects, this has been attained in a degree which elsewhere we are still vainly toiling to achieve. So it is that in Barcelona we do not, as in so many cities that are both ancient and modern, shun the new while we seek out the old; we find the Rambla, the wharves, all the haunts of men to-day, not less delightful than the mysterious gloom of the cathedral or the venerable church of the populace, Santa Maria del Mar.

II

The vigour and inventiveness of the Catalans have been displayed in the sciences and the arts from the earliest times. Barcelona has always been an enlightened and liberal seaport. Arnold of Villanueva and other intellectual pioneers may be counted as Catalans, as may many Spanish revolutionaries and freethinkers of later times. The neighbouring monastery of Monserrat was in early ages a centre of light where all the artistic crafts were fostered. The Catalans have always cherished their poetic gifts and publicly rewarded their poets; they are among the most musical people in Spain; in painting they were pioneers of the Spanish school, and still to-day produce the greatest number of Spanish painters.

But while the Catalans have thus shown energy and versatile aptitude in so many fields, we have to admit, as we enumerate those aptitudes, that seldom in any of those fields have they achieved a supremacy which invites the reverent study of the world in general. There remains, however, one field of art in which the Catalan genius has expressed itself with a more notable emphasis and beauty, and that is architecture.

I can never forget how, on my first approach

to Spain, many years ago, through Roussillon, I stopped to rest for the night, before crossing the frontier, at the little city of Perpignan, once Spanish, and with an agreeable Catalan flavour still clinging to it. It was late afternoon, almost dusk, and when I found myself before the quiet and unostentatious cathedral, I pushed open the small door and entered. The church was very dark, it seemed the darkest church I had ever seen, with only one small red lamp twinkling through the gloom, but it was light enough to realise the simple and impressive plan of the building: a broad and aisleless hall, of solemn and mysterious simplicity, with that low-toned gravity and sweetness which strikes the perfect note of devotion in a church and veils its imperfection, if such there be, in tender mist. I was in a church of the Catalan type, although as yet I knew not so much as that there was a Catalan type of church. It had all the charm of a fresh and incalculable revelation.

Taking a broad survey of Spain as a whole, it seems to me, after traversing the country in most directions, that the main focus of vital feeling for architecture (excluding Moorish architecture) is in Catalonia and Valencia (with Majorca), while there is another minor focus in the portions of Old Castile and Leon immediately to the north of the Guadarrama

Mountains; these two foci, although unlike in character, being approximately connected by the valley of the Ebro, to Tudela and towards Pamplona, which has always been so important a channel of communication, and then falling back along the Duero to Old Castile. Nearly all the fundamental ideas of Spanish architecture have been imported from without, usually from France, but in Catalonia and Valencia they have been developed brilliantly, vigorously, sometimes luxuriantly, with a fine and often original sense of architectural beauty, in ecclesiastical, municipal, and domestic buildings, while in Castile an impressive and yet delicate form of church has been developed, a kind of Renaissance Gothic, finding its best expression perhaps in Segovia Cathedral, which is unique, and corresponds to that subtlety and refinement which seems to me to mark the people themselves and their spiritual productions generally. The reality of the architectural impulse in these two centres is indicated by the fact that it is illustrated not only in the special developments of Gothic here found, but also in the churches of the earlier Romanesque period. Outside these centres there are many great and splendid buildings, often expressing to the utmost the special temper of the Spanish people, but at the best they are not architecturally Spanish, and they have little or no

original beauty which is Spanish. Leon is purely French, its exquisite beauty, its extreme daring, still further heightened by the continuous reverence which, unlike its French sisters, it has always received. Santiago de Compostela, in a very different style, is the fellow of Saint Sernin at Toulouse, and doubtless designed by the same Aquitanian architect; Toledo and Burgos, superbly Spanish as they have become in their final effects, are fundamentally French; Seville Cathedral, with all the magnificence of its aim and its effect, lacks purely architectural beauty, and was planned and mainly built, one can well believe, by German Gothic architects.

The earliest fine church of the transition from Romanesque of the type of St. Sernin to Gothic in Eastern Spain is the colegiata (formerly the cathedral) of Tudela, on the Ebro. It was begun in 1135, and represents the earliest Pointed style, developing on a still strongly marked Romanesque basis. The plain, whitewashed cloisters, surrounding the closed court full of dense, luxuriant vegetation, are Romanesque, so are the interesting portals and the varied and elaborate capitals. But from this basis the church springs up in the very early French Gothic manner, symmetrical and simple in its fundamental construction, not spacious, not imposing, and with no ambulatory

in the choir, the eastern chapels being in a line with the *capilla mayor*. Outside, the effect is unsatisfactory, apart from the portals, and in any case difficult to view; while inside, the virtue of primitively fine construction, scarcely in itself sufficient to ensure beauty, has been overlaid by ugly painting, and disturbed by windows full of square coloured panes. We are in the presence of a very French church with an initial disharmony of style, which, notwithstanding its constructional virtues and its undoubted interest, has not attained to any satisfying beauty and solemnity.[1]

Passing by Lerida Cathedral, the next stage in the evolution, which I have never seen, we come to the great and fascinating church of

[1] I naturally give my own impression, which is not that of an architect. Street regarded this cathedral as one of the best churches in Europe. It has been said that Street had "a sort of delight in architectural uncomfortableness." In his dislike of false ornament and his enthusiasm, in season and out of season, for the bald virtues of the earliest Pointed style, he represented a wholesome reaction, though many architects, it is probable, would now bring a more qualified admiration into this field. It may not, I trust, be impertinent to express my admiration of Street's *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, written more than forty years ago, when means of communication were more difficult than at present, with few guide-books or manuals at hand (so that he was sometimes quite unprepared for what he was to find). During the hurried vacations of a busy professional life Street seems to have seen nearly every important Gothic church in Spain, accurately and precisely, with the illuminating vision of one familiar with the architecture of Europe, while he sketches what he has seen with the skill and rapidity to which his son has borne witness. The volume in which his experiences are recorded has something of the fresh charm and excitement of a book of pioneering adventures. It surely deserves to be republished.

Tarragona, which may be said to represent the finest development of the transitional stage before we reach pure and unmixed Gothic, and before the really specific tendencies of Catalan architecture have begun to emerge. In the early part of the twelfth century, Ordericus Vitalis says the cathedral church of Tarragona was overgrown with oaks and beeches which had indeed overspread the whole city within the walls, the Saracens having butchered or driven away the inhabitants. Here the energetic Catalans set to work, and on the top of the hill, facing the steep street, they rebuilt the cathedral, which, with its mighty mass of masonry, yet remains the central and most interesting object in this ancient city. With Romanesque details, and to some extent a Romanesque atmosphere, and with something of a luxuriance which belongs to a much later date, it is in the main the expression of an early Pointed style which has gained complete mastery of its effects and full self-consciousness. While interesting from outside, it is too closed in to be effective as a whole; it is from within, as is the case with so many Catalan churches, that its charm is alone fully revealed. Here we find, for the first time, the characteristic gloom of Catalan churches, so that it is many minutes before the eye is in any degree able to see clearly. It is here that we begin to

see the working of the vigorous and ingenious Catalan mind as applied to architecture. It was the ideal of the French Gothic artists to make a beautiful glass house scientifically supported by buttresses. We see that, for instance, at Leon, the most developed embodiment of the French Gothic idea that can well be conceived, the realisation of that ideal which the French Gothic spirit attempted at Beauvais and failed to achieve;[1] even the triforium, throughout nave and transept and choir, is all glass, and all stained glass; we are in a huge and lovely house of three storeys of richly painted windows; and, fortunately, in the northern climate of Leon it has been possible to leave undisturbed that original arrangement, though a little farther south, in Avila and many other places, it has been found necessary to fill in the superfluous windows of the French Gothic builders, and to substitute blank and awkward spaces of wall. But here at Tarragona, even at this early period, the Catalans had clearly grasped the problem of light in a glaring southern atmosphere, and had learnt how to deal with it. The windows are often very small and always filled with richly stained glass; when large, as in the rose windows, the tracery is very heavy, and the glass mostly in

[1] Constructionally Leon Cathedral was made possible by the very light stone used in building.

small patches of deep colour. Some of the round window-openings, also, while rather larger both at the exterior and the interior surfaces of the massively thick walls, diminish by concentric rings of ornamental moulding, the glass being inserted at the most constricted point in the centre of the wall.[1]

While Tarragona is a large church largely conceived and even characteristically Catalan, with a beautiful transeptal dome awkwardly placed on its arches, the specific constructional ideas of the Catalan genius have scarcely yet begun to appear; it is mainly the details which impress us here by their novelty, ingenuity, and luxuriance, and more especially the sculpture. From its earliest to its latest period, Tarragona Cathedral, inside and outside, and especially in the wonderful cloisters,—by far the most interesting cloisters in existence belonging to so early a date,—is a revel of Catalan sculpture, Romanesque and Gothic, sculpture that is solemn or beautiful or fanciful or trivial, always vigorous and interesting, always the

[1] Street, referring to the remarkably wide splay externally from the face of the wall to the glass, compares it to a similar feature of early work in England due to the rarity of the use of glass. It is doubtful if there is any real analogy; it seems to me that at Tarragona we are concerned with deliberate and artistic efforts, sometimes perhaps of an experimental nature, to regulate and modify light effects, the Catalan architects also at the same time being affected by the general Spanish tendency, quite unlike that of French architects, to sacrifice exterior effects to interior effects.

native outcome of the boldly fertile and realistic Catalan mind. There has always been an aptitude for sculpture here; in the Museo Arqueologico near the cathedral there are delightful fragments of sculpture of Roman and later date, while some of the latest pieces in the Roman manner, though florid, are in a bold and happily decorative style. Here, in the cathedral, the sculptor's work, though not always happy, always shows a fine sculptural feeling; sometimes it is exquisite, sometimes merely trivial, as in the marble butterflies and spiders of the *retablo*; sometimes it is broadly humorous, as in the scene, in the cloisters, where we see a solemn procession of rats joyfully bearing on a bier a demurely supine cat, who, a little farther on, is again seen vigorously alive and seizing one of her unfortunate bearers while the rest are put to flight—the most insignificant sculpture in the cathedral, but perhaps the most interesting, the sacristan observes smilingly. But everywhere there are sculptured figure scenes, serious or comic, realistic fruit and foliage forms, nearly always as fresh and perfect as though executed yesterday, and when at last one is compelled to leave, and the most charming and intelligent of young sacristans bows deeply his *adios* at the western door, it is with the feeling that nowhere has the Catalan soul revealed itself so variously and so riotously as at Tarragona.

When we turn to Barcelona Cathedral, which was begun at the end of the thirteenth, and mainly built during the early years of the following century, we reach at last the fully developed Catalan church of the so-called transitional period. I say "so-called," because we seem to realise at Barcelona, what we may already vaguely feel at Tarragona, that, so far as the Catalans were concerned, the retention of Romanesque elements in conjunction with Gothic is not the helpless result of a changing fashion, but a deliberately adopted method, carefully calculated for the attainment of definite architectural and artistic effects. And Barcelona is not, like Tarragona, a church mainly interesting for brilliant experiments and predominantly the triumphant achievement of the sculptor. It has a firmly designed beauty, as strong and attractive a personality of its own as Notre Dame of Paris. A church of such decided individuality suggests the moulding force of a great master-mind, and it seems probable that such a creative artist is to be found in Jaime Fabre, a very famous Mallorcan architect and builder of that time, to whom Barcelona Cathedral was entrusted. The genius of Fabre, we may judge, moved strictly within the Catalan limits. He imported no foreign spirit or method, but he worked out the specifically Catalan conception of a church with greater insight and

executive ability than had ever been displayed before, and he began to move towards those ideals which were afterwards triumphantly attained in the final form reached by the Catalan church.

Externally Barcelona Cathedral is not especially impressive, much less so even than Tarragona, and it is so hemmed in by buildings that only here and there are we able to approach it. Like Seville it is not even finished. In this subordination of exterior effects Barcelona resembles so many of even the finest Spanish cathedrals, and differs from the Gothic churches of Northern France. The French architects, like the old Greek architects, seem to have had in their heads the idea that a church is like a precious casket which must, above all, be beautiful, as a casket must be beautiful, to honour the treasure it contains within. The Spaniards, less artists, more personal in their point of view, with minds mainly set on the practical object for which a church is designed, were primarily concerned with the worshipper inside, and comparatively indifferent to every consideration which had no bearing on him. At Amiens, although it is not externally the most perfectly planned of French Gothic churches, yet perhaps the most delightful part of one's visit is the walk on the roofs. Only then can we fully realise the exquisite beauty and finish of the

building; and by comparison the interior, beautifully planned as it is, a little chills us by its roughness and bareness. But in approaching a Spanish church there is seldom much temptation, except at the portals, to linger outside.

When we enter it by the west door Barcelona Cathedral is found to be darker even than Tarragona; it is perhaps the darkest of all great churches. We realise here, indeed, how much the northern Gothic artists sacrificed when, in making their churches, they so much overpassed the necessary threshold of light and flooded their interiors with it from every side. Here the lighting is firmly poised on the necessary threshold of illumination. Before we have been here long we are able to see that this has been deliberately planned and finely achieved, and in such a manner, moreover, that what is really by no means a large, though a superbly planned church, is enabled to add to its fine proportions all the mysterious charm, the broken and varied lights, of unmeasured vastness.

The spiritual gaiety, the bold aspiration, the logic and symmetry of French Gothic, the expression of the people who created it, always seem to disappear even in the most genuinely French churches of Spain, at Burgos or Toledo, and are but barely retained at Leon. At Barcelona there is no attempt to retain them. The

designer has deliberately chosen to impress the massive Romanesque spirit on his work, the spirit that more truly expresses the grave and sombre spirit of Spain, and has used Gothic methods of construction, in so far as he has used them, not to disturb that spirit, but rather, by the added power it gives the builder, to heighten that effect, and to impart mystery to its sombre and massive solidity. Though there is never extravagance, there is a boldness which springs out of underlying sobriety; there is construction that is always simple, broad, and harmonious. The upper arches of the nave are round; the arches beneath the vaulting beyond the aisles are pointed, the windows slightly pointed, and the columns are clustered. The church is very wide between its main piers,—a characteristic which was later to become so prominent in Catalan churches,—and the side chapels are situated, in the Catalan manner, between the buttresses, which are within the church. There is scarcely any transept. The triforium is small; the clerestory windows of the nave are small and round, and such windows are continued round the *capilla mayor*. There is an ambulatory, marking a notable advance on Tarragona, where it is impossible to walk round the *capilla mayor*, and in this eastern end of the church there are very large windows above and small windows below. In front of

the *capilla mayor* or high altar—another very solemn and impressive feature of this church—there is a broad flight of steps down to the iron screen which is the entrance to the crypt, a feature specially emphasised in this church, because here is the shrine which contains the remains of Santa Eulalia, the patron saint of the city.

Such, baldly stated, are the main characters of this noble church, but its final charm is that of light and shade and colour. The nave in its lower part is dark, for its windows are narrow and obscured. Above, the clerestory windows, though small and round, admit more light, while, beyond, the apse, which is full of large windows above and small windows below, lets in what is, comparatively, a blaze of light. That admirable adjustment of light is the normal condition in this church, but the effects vary delightfully with the position of the sun. Towards evening, for instance, when the sunlight enters directly through the west windows, the nave is somewhat lighter than the *capilla mayor*, and the brilliant colour patterns of the windows are thrown on walls and piers and vaults. Many of the windows are old and very beautiful, and even those that are modern are not offensive, as they sometimes are in Spain as well as elsewhere. One realises here not merely the immense effectiveness of windows as colour

patterns, and the fascination which guided the Gothic builders of Northern France, but the extreme care required by windows apt to become so emphatic and definite. In this dark church the windows stand out with a tremendously brilliant emphasis in the surrounding gloom, because they themselves yield the only light by which they are illuminated, and windows not finely fitted to play so exacting a part would ruin the effect. Here they are right, and impart its final charm to one of the most beautiful and perfectly planned of Christian churches.

III

To study the Catalan church in its final and completed development we cannot do better than go to the ancient city of Gerona. It is a city that on all accounts is well worth a visit, finely and picturesquely situated among the hills, itself irregularly perched on their slopes. The note of Gerona is a solid though dilapidated sumptuosity. Its citizens of the old time seem to have eagerly taken advantage of their city's peculiar site to emphasise the grandiose effects they loved. Very characteristic seems the fine and broad flight of one hundred steps, in several stages with their balustrades, leading up to the north door of the cathedral. At San Feliu, again, while one door of the church is level with

the street, another opens on to a long flight of steps leading down to another street. It is this love of the people of Gerona for great and excessive effects which has given their cathedral a special place of its own in the history of architecture.

The story of the construction of Gerona Cathedral is known to an extent quite unusual with ancient buildings, and it is worth while to follow it. The apse was built first, early in the fourteenth century, by architects from Narbonne, who followed the model of Barcelona Cathedral. No doubt it was taken for granted that the body of the church would also be built after much the same admirable pattern. But by the beginning of the fifteenth century the church was still uncompleted, and by that time a new and daring idea had occurred to Guillelmo Boffiy, the architect who had been selected by the chapter. Why not adapt to this beautiful apse which already existed a church simply in one vastly broad, unbroken nave, supported by the inner buttresses which were already an accepted principle of Catalan construction? This conception had already been realised on a smaller scale in the closely allied French architectural centre of Aquitaine, for Albi Cathedral, begun in 1282, though not finished until 1476, is an unbroken vaulted hall, fifty-five feet wide, with buttresses inside,—a Gothic church, as Fergusson remarks,

on principles almost diametrically opposed to those regarded as essential to the style. This movement evidently, indeed, began in Aquitaine, but Catalonia was so closely related to that centre, that we can scarcely say with Fergusson that it "borrowed" architectural motives which developed so naturally and gradually in its own architecture. The chapter of Gerona Cathedral evidently hesitated; but they were not prepared to condemn the proposal, startling as it was,—were indeed, perhaps, inclined to favour it on the important ground that it would be less expensive. They wisely decided to take the advice of all the leading architects of Catalonia and the neighbouring French region, and submit to them certain questions. As might be expected, the architects expressed quite opposite opinions; the majority were in favour of the safe, old-fashioned plan of a nave with aisles, as the original builder of the cathedral had designed it. But a considerable minority, especially the architects from Perpignan and Narbonne, gave a support to Boffiy which was founded on their own experience, and emphatically declared that a single nave without aisles would be a grander, more beautiful, better proportioned, and less costly work. The chapter chose the latter opinion, though it was that of the minority, and thus endowed their city with "the widest Pointed vault in Christendom," though it still took two centuries more to com-

plete. The exact width is seventy-three feet, nearly double that usual in French and English cathedrals.

Gerona Cathedral was a splendid and triumphant experiment which remains unique. The change of plan, the length of time in building, and much that was tentative or unhappily planned in important details (such as the extremely large clerestory windows, now all but two filled in with stone to attain the requisite gloom), prevent it from taking rank as a perfect church. It fails to bear the impress of a single bold yet deliberate and far-seeing master-mind, such as we seem to recognise in Barcelona Cathedral. Yet it remains highly impressive.

Equally impressive, however, is the large and somewhat similar cathedral of Palma, though it has unobtrusive aisles marked by simple hexagonal piers. It is, indeed, even more obviously impressive than Gerona, for here there is now no huge choir in the midst of the church to block the view and disguise the impression of splendid breadth and spaciousness which the Catalans have so finely succeeded in imparting to their churches. In this stately and picturesque cathedral, however disfigured it is by minor blemishes, and perhaps by the ardour of the energetic Mallorcans in restoration, we realise at last the ideal which the Catalans had been striving towards for centuries in a vast simple

and noble edifice enclosing a great open space perfectly adapted for worship and for preaching, for here, however enormous the assembled multitude, all could see and all could hear. There is no internal indication of transepts, although externally on the north side there is a square transeptal tower in the manner of Exeter; the church is lighter than is usual in these Catalan edifices, though all the great windows have been blocked up, and small round or square openings made in them filled with plain glass. There is no true apse, but three eastern chapels, the central one (the *capilla real*)—the oldest part of the church—having a brightly lighted little apse, high up, which is charmingly effective.

If, finally, we desire to see the Catalan church in the last and most accomplished stage, though not in its largest or stateliest form, we may go back to Barcelona, to fifteenth century Santa Maria del Pino. This is the perfected type of the broad and aisleless Catalan church. There is a fine medium light, not bright, coming from long windows of clerestory type, many of them very beautiful, while there is also a beautiful rose window at the west over a stone gallery. There is an eastern apse. There are no columns, but the internal buttresses make spaces which, as usual, constitute chapels. No choir blocks the view; the altar is raised and fully visible. All the interior is beautifully simple

and definite; the arches are high, and rather narrow, almost Early English; there is little or no decorative detail, beyond large but not obtrusive bosses on the vaulting.

As we stand in the great cathedral of Gerona, or in this smaller but more completely realised church of Santa Maria del Pino, we understand the impulse which has moved the Catalans through three centuries in this long architectural evolution. They have ever stood between the two great sources of architectural inspiration: Rome and the Gothic of Northern France. With instincts that allied them to both these centres, yet nearly overwhelmed by the Gothic current to which they were so exposed, the Catalans slowly asserted within the Gothic field their equally imperative southern instincts. They craved a firm strength and simplicity, largeness and energy, with a fine economy in the adaptation of means to practical ends. Possessing great boldness in construction, together with a sound underlying sobriety, through which they were saved from all extravagant incoherence, they succeeded in moulding out of unlike elements a finely and deliberately blended style which expresses their own instincts and temperament. The old Roman basilica had remained as a half-divined ideal for ever within them; slowly they carved their way towards it. On the border-land between Roman architecture

and Gothic architecture they achieved the satisfaction of their complex frontier impulses in the creation of what we may, I think, term a Gothic basilica, a large, aisleless, internally buttressed hall which is one of the very fittest and finest types of the Christian Church.

IV

Santa Maria del Mar has no place in a sketch of the evolution of the Catalan church, because it marks no phase in the growth, and presents no single character of the type in peculiar perfection. Though large it is not the largest of Catalan churches, nor the boldest, nor the most exquisite. Yet it may well seem the most characteristic, the most representative of its style at the point of greatest architectural energy, the richest in all the combined elements that go to make up that style. It is, moreover, of all these churches that which most livingly preserves its original character as a great focus of popular worship. It stands far from the modern centre of commercial Barcelona, but, as of old, in the midst of the life of the people, near the sea, near the great popular Plaza, close to the outdoor market of the people. Here it arises serenely, with the restrained beauty of its western portal and the fine austerity of its long walls, from amid the little booths and sheds that nestle

around its base, still the church of the sailors and of the market people, with an endless stream of the poor passing in and out of its doors.

Santa Maria del Mar seems to have been built from the first to be, what it still remains, the great parish church of a busy seaport. For the State and its wealthier citizens there was the solemn and splendid cathedral in the heart of the city; for the seafarers, for the toilers on the wharves, for the market women who ministered to them, here in their midst was Our Lady of the Sea. The two churches, with their widely differing purpose and marked difference of detail in structure, were both built mainly at the same time, in the early years of the fourteenth century, though the cathedral was begun first, and the architect of both, in Street's opinion, was probably the great Mallorcan, Jaime Fabre.

Externally Santa Maria del Mar possesses in a high degree that noble simplicity which represents the ultimate ideal of the Catalan in architecture, though it contrasts with the riotous extravagance in sculptural detail which, in the cloisters of Tarragona and Gerona, and the portals of many churches, the Catalan genius also delighted in. In its external simplicity and unity of plan, in its fine economy of decoration, Santa Maria del Mar has a rare, even a distinctive beauty of its own.

In internal structure the church strongly

recalls Palma Cathedral. It has not its vastness, and the lighting is of lower intensity, but the principle is the same, and there are two aisles, with piers which are of the same simple hexagonal type. If Palma Cathedral was designed by Fabre—who seems to have possessed a full measure of that prodigious energy which the great Spaniards have often displayed—one can well believe that he was also the architect of Santa Maria del Mar. Perhaps the supremely beautiful feature of this church—here unlike Palma, but recalling Barcelona Cathedral—lies in the windows. The light is never bright, yet the church is full of windows, often in three tiers, for the most part heavily traceried, of the richly coloured and thick glass that never admits an excess of light, always remaining through every change of the sun brilliant and jewelled in the dark church. One never seems to have seen church windows before coming to Spain.

But it is as a centre of worship that Santa Maria del Mar holds its chief charm. The fine skill of the architect, the Spanish genius for ritual, the familiar piety of the men and women and children of the people who look upon this house as their own, combine to make Santa Maria del Mar a place where one lingers, and still desires to linger. Elsewhere the Catalan spirit may be revealing its audacious energies in new fields of thought or action. Here we are

still in a corner of the old Barcelona that Cervantes loved, "the haven of strangers, the asylum of the poor." It is more than this. To be in a church so complete and satisfying in itself, so adequate to the needs it is intended to fulfil, is itself an act of worship. For worship is a natural form of human energy, the satisfaction of a human need, of which, indeed, the forms may grow antiquated, but the underlying essence remains undying. And when in Santa Maria del Mar the great windows blaze gloriously by turns towards evening, and the sharp, clear voices of the girls chant sweetly in the western gallery, we are still as much amid the essential manifestations of life, human or divine, as when we enter the vast market close by, that palace full of movement and delight, where the piles of fruits down the long aisles form symphonies of colour, and two women sing in the midst to the accompaniment of a violin.

XI

THE GARDENS OF GRANADA

I

WHAT is the place of the Moor in Spanish national life? Was he, as so much in the civilisation and manners of the people suggests, an integral part of that life? Or was he, as the fierce religious and political struggle between Christian and Moslem suggests, an alien and hostile element? That is a question concerning which, even to-day, in Spain and still more outside Spain, people are apt to become partisans, even violent partisans.

It will, I hope, be fairly evident to those who have followed me through the preceding pages, that we can scarcely understand Spain unless we realise that the Moor was in very large measure, notwithstanding political and religious divergencies, a part of what we know as Spain. The points of contact in racial origins and in culture were great. It was religion alone

that effaced them, for religion has always brought a sword among men. Calderon and the other Spanish poets represent a Moorish knight as in every respect like a Spanish knight, except that he calls on the name of Allah instead of Christ. This was more than a common poetic license, it was entirely legitimate. The Moor took from the Spaniard, and he gave to him. During the most vigorous period of national development Moor and Spaniard were two players who in every field of life and of art, even in religion, were perpetually tossing the ball back from one to the other. The Moor, indeed, was in many respects a more alert and delicate player, for he belonged to a race which, though allied, was immigrant, and migration to a new soil generally tends to evoke qualities of finer intelligence than the more stolid aboriginals of the soil possess. But even though Moor and Christian to some extent stood apart, and though the Moor could not always compete with the Christian in energy, nor the Christian with the Moor in refinement, they alike contributed to the same common work of national civilisation; the conquered Moor, as well as the persecuted Jew, was still playing his part even in the golden age of Spain.

An interesting illustration of the fusion and the reciprocal influence of Christian and Moslem is furnished by the women of Moorish Spain. These enjoyed a far greater freedom than the

Islamic women of Africa and the East, and distinguished themselves by their literary and other achievements. This is attributed by Simonet, the eminent Arabic scholar (in his interesting study *La Muger Arabigo-Hispana*), to the permeating influence of the native Spanish Christian women, who were preferred by the Moors as wives to their own women, and were thus able to demand very favourable conditions on marriage. Many of the most distinguished Moorish women were of Christian descent. But their Christian sisters, apart from Moorish influence, usually played a much less brilliant part in life.

Just as in religion the Moor borrowed from the Christian, and the Christian again from the Moor—Christian Neo-Platonism becoming Sufism, and Sufism through Ramon Lull Christian mysticism—so it was in the arts, and notably in architecture. All the ideas of the Moors were borrowed, say some, and their work was always false. The Moors were the exquisite and consummate craftsmen without whose aid the Christians could do nothing, others say. There is some truth in both these views. The history of the horse-shoe arch, for instance, shows how intimately each side contributed to a common effect. The horse-shoe arch in its elemental form was not Moorish, for it existed in the East before the rise of Islam; it was intro-

duced into Spain by the Visigoths, whose interesting and still little known civilisation was of Byzantine origin, like that of the Moors. When the Moors came to Spain they found the horse-shoe arch already there, and they adopted it, exaggerated it, twisted it into graceful and fantastic shapes. When the Christians used it again they may well have been indebted to the Moors, yet they were merely carrying on their own ancient traditions.[1]

When we thus find that each owes so much to the other, it becomes futile to adopt a partisan attitude in this matter. To do so is to ignore not only the common origins, but the fundamental resemblances of Moorish and Christian work. Christian plateresque work is sometimes almost as delicate as Moorish work, Christian churrigueresque almost as fantastic, while, on the other hand, with all its licentious and luxuriant caprice, Moorish art knew how to be simple, dignified, and harmonious. There are students of Moorish architecture who have emphasised its lawlessness, its instability, its defiance of the laws of architectural construction.[2] Yet the great

[1] Gomez-Moreno ("Excursion á traves del arco de herradura," *Cultura Española*, vol. iii. 1906, p. 785) has an interesting illustrated article on the early history of the horse-shoe arch. See also L. Higgin, "Visigothic Art," *Fortnightly Review*, May 1907.

[2] This view of the fundamentally weak and fantastic character of Moorish and allied architecture is well illustrated by an interesting though one-sided article by L. March Phillips, "The Arab in Architecture," *Contemporary Review*, May 1907.

solid Gothic buildings, as we learn from the old chronicles, were continually toppling down, sometimes directly they were put up, while the fragile Alhambra, whatever its defiance of constructional principles, is standing still, triumphantly emerging from sudden onslaughts and long neglect which have reduced the later Renaissance palace of Charles V. within its precincts to a mere ruin. Nor is it true that the Moor in architecture sacrificed everything to trivial and fantastic detail. To show his firm and restrained sense of dignity, harmony, and proportion, it is enough to point to the Hall of the Ambassadors at Granada, where exquisite detail is always subordinated to the effect of the whole. The Sinagoga del Transito, again, at Toledo, that long and beautiful hall, so finely proportioned, so perfectly well lighted by its charming window openings high up beneath the ceiling, though its detail is less exquisite, still shows Moorish tradition persisting, and proves that the Hall of the Ambassadors was not an accident. Christian and Moor overlapped in the manifestation of qualities that were common to both. Yet at the extremes the individuality of each emerges, strong, isolated, and independent. In Toledo Cathedral we feel nothing of the Moor, in the most characteristic chambers of the Alhambra we can with difficulty trace the Christian.

II

The lover of Spain must always visit Granada with mixed emotions. The Granada of the imagination is the chief home of Spanish romance. From our early years Granada has been a magic name to so many of us. The Cid, the gate Elvira, the Bibbarambla, the luckless Boabdil driven out from the last and loveliest seat of Moorish civilisation—all these have from childhood brought before us a city which could be like no other city in the world.

But it has been the inevitable effect of the beauty and the power of Granada to evoke those reactionary forces which have devastated alike its beauty and its force. There are three ways especially in which this inevitable reaction has manifested itself. There was, first, the long delay in its capture by the Christians due to its strength and position. Majorca, Cordova, Seville, all great Moorish centres, were captured in rapid succession early in the thirteenth century. They were captured in days when not only on the Moorish, but also on the Christian side chivalrous feelings of toleration and respect were mutually displayed. In all these places no spirit of ferocious destruction was exerted, and in all three much of the Moorish spirit has survived even till to-day.

But by the end of the fifteenth century feeling on both sides had grown embittered; with the Moors it was now a struggle for life, and on the Christian side a furious eagerness to complete a conquest which had taken so long to achieve. Moreover, the terrible weapon of the Inquisition had been invented, or rather refurbished, and the unscrupulous Ferdinand, the able but bigoted Isabella, between them devastated Granada so ruthlessly that it has never since recovered from the blow. The Christian conquerors sought indeed to build up where they had destroyed, but Christian art had then reached a period of fantastic decadence. From the Christian point of view, notwithstanding the noble figures which have been associated with it, Granada is among the least attractive of Spanish cities; in the church of San Jeronimo alone, where the Gran Capitan lies buried, can we realise something of the grandeur that once was Spain.

Granada has been devastated by another invasion. At the time of the Peninsular War it was discovered by the English, who had come to the assistance of the Spanish against the French. The Duke of Wellington arrived, planted trees, and laid out the grounds of the Alhambra in the English manner, creating a glen haunted by nightingales, which is unquestionably delightful, but neither typically Spanish nor in any degree Moorish. Then Washington

Irving came, a spiritual Wellington, and conquered Granada for literature, as later Regnault by his stay here consecrated it for art. In the meanwhile the Spaniards themselves awoke to the treasure they possessed in the Alhambra, drove out the tramps and washerwomen who were in possession, and slowly began a work of restoration which still continues. Now a continuous stream of tourists—English, American, French, German — pours through Granada. The inflexible Spanish temperament has slowly adapted itself to this state of things. Almost alone of Spanish cities, Granada makes the exploitation of the stranger a more or less obtrusive industry. Even the children have learnt to ask the strangers for coppers, an indecorum of which few other Spanish children would be guilty.[1] The Alhambra, the supreme pearl of Moorish art, has become a show-place, a carefully kept museum. Every year it grows more rejuvenated, and though this restoration is carried out with all reverence, it is never beautiful to see in the aged the signs of artificial youth.

A third and still later development has completed the destruction of Granada. From being a dead city which scarcely existed save for the tourist, it has during recent years acquired a

[1] Begging in the streets has now been prohibited by the municipality in Granada (as it has long been in Seville), and a system of outdoor relief provided for the really suffering poor.

certain amount of industrial life as a manufacturing town, with a consequent outburst of municipal energy. A petty bourgeois activity, which seems singularly at variance with its traditions, now animates the streets, still sparing indeed the ancient and picturesque district of Albaicin, while spasmodic and irregular attempts have been made to modernise the city. A large portion has been destroyed, and a dreary and unfinished expanse of would-be boulevard has been driven through its centre. It is difficult not to feel that the industrial activity of Granada is parasitic, and this is really the case. The Granadine population of to-day is largely descended from Galician and Catalan immigrants, and, as Oloriz has shown, is not typically Andalusian.

It thus comes about that the lover of Spain can with difficulty find himself at home in Granada. He may still climb the hill—if the electric tramway is not yet completed—to the old Moorish stronghold and palace, to take refuge in the Alhambra. Nothing can dim the exquisite beauty of those courts and halls. The most delicate and fragile of all human architectural construction, they have yet outlived all the revolutionary cataclysms which have overtaken Spain. In these courts and halls, in innumerable corners and by-ways, it is always delightful to wander, for here we catch a faint

reflection of one of the most exquisite civilisations that the world has seen. Every one finds something which makes a special appeal to him. For my own part I delight in the Byzantine lions who stand in a ring in the midst of the court which bears their name. No photograph does justice to these delicious beasts. They are models of a deliberately conventional art which yet never becomes extravagant or grotesque. They are quite unreal, and yet they have a real life of their own. Their heads are rounded and flattened, their nostrils form semi-circles, their eyes consist of two concentric eye-shaped slits, the ears are all harmoniously semi-circular; the manes form regular loops; the legs are squarish, and the bodies taper somewhat towards the tail, which each animal carries between his hind legs and holds in a curve close against his left flank. They are altogether deliberately conventionalised to an extreme extent, and yet they are vigorous and robust creatures, each perfectly able to fulfil his function of supporting a pillar of the great basin, and spouting a large jet of water from his mouth. Byzantine as their conception may be in origin, nothing could be more finely in keeping with the highly conventionalised manner of Moorish architecture.

III

As we learn to know Granada better, however, there are certain recurring features of the place, apart from its jewels of Moorish architecture, which begin to leave an agreeable impression on the mind. In time what is harsh and unpleasant falls into the background, and at last Granada becomes to us above all a city of gardens and waters. Like the Alhambra itself these also are reminiscences of the Moors. Gardens and waters remain delicious wherever the Moor has left his impress. In Cordova there are no spots that one haunts so persistently as the splendid court into which the cathedral opens, the Court of the Oranges to which the women come to draw water,[1] and the ancient and solitary garden of the ruined Alcazar. The

[1] When the edifice was entirely open to the court on this side, as was the case before the mosque became a church, the effect from within and from without must have been still more delightful. I refer especially to the beauty of this aspect of the mosque, because on the whole it seems to me that much indiscriminating enthusiasm has been expended on this building. The tourist seems to arrive here with an accumulated stock of rapturous rhetoric which he is unwilling to throw away. Cordova is a great city with a great and glorious history, and the mosque is a fascinatingly interesting object to study, for it enables us to understand the evolution of Moorish art, still moved by almost Christian ideas, feeling its way from Visigothic sources, even using at random much of the material the Goths had left. But, nothwithstanding the charm and beauty of parts, its æsthetic value as a whole is not considerable. It is interesting to find that so appreciative a student of Moorish antiquity as Valera, himself a Cordovan, expresses no great admiration for the mosque.

Christians who hastened to wipe out the hated civilisation of the Moors in Granada for the most part spared their gardens and their streams, even though only in a spirit of careless disdain. So it is that as one passes along the streets of this city, built on the banks of two rivers, one seldom loses the sound of splashing and gushing waters, or the sight of jetting and flowing streamlets, while there are few cities of its size which hold so many quaint and exquisite gardens. At Malaga, not far off, a land of perpetual summer, it can scarcely be said that there is one public garden, though many luxurious private gardens, and even in Moorish Cordova gardens are few. But here the Moorish influence has persisted, in the end it has even triumphed. The luxuriant Alameda of the Alhambra, in the manner of an English park, and the splendid Paseo along the banks of the Genil in the Spanish manner, are alike comparatively modern and both in their way admirable. In the Jardin de los Adarves, a terrace on the verge of the Alhambra hill, we have a more ancient and more typically Moorish garden. This trellised retreat, entered by its massive gate covered with iron scallop shells, shut off from the world, yet—like so many of the gardens of Granada—with a wide and exquisite outlook over the plain and the delicate snow-capped hills in the distance, might well be

the home of an Arab *sufi*, an ideal spot for devout or philosophic meditation on the problems of the world.

Here and there throughout Granada and in its environs one comes upon fragments of garden in which the Moorish tradition is maintained, in some cases it would seem almost undisturbed. But the most admirable and typical Moorish gardens in Granada are those of the Generalife, —the summer garden palace of the Moorish princes, on the heights towards the Silla del Moro,—and these at last seem the most delightful haunt in Granada, for in this almost deserted and neglected spot one escapes the oppression of a show-place which so often weighs on one in the courts of the Alhambra. The buildings of the Generalife are indeed of much less extent than those of the Alhambra, and its interiors have in the past been very much spoilt, though the whole place is now preserved in a conservative spirit of agreeable negligence. We mount the pleasant path from the Alhambra, which we see spread out beneath us, to the Generalife with its gardens, perched on terraces on a slope, and really occupying a very small space, yet one may wander about them for a long time continually finding new features. The Moor—in this unlike the Christian Spaniard, who has chiefly sought the vast, the mysterious, the majestical—was enamoured of small and delicate

things. He might have said with Cowley, "I love littleness almost in all things: a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast." Herein, let us be sure, the Moors showed their insight into the art of living. The largest feature of the Generalife meets us as we enter, a charming court, full of trees and flowers, a homely and smaller version of the Court of the Myrtles at the Alhambra. A flight of steps brings us to another still smaller court, recalling the Court of the Reja at the Alhambra. Here is a very large old cypress. Above this court again, and reached by brick and stone steps, are five terraces, each containing one or more little gardens of diversified character, often with fountains, and with walls which seem to increase enormously the apparent extent of the grounds, yet are never in the way, and always covered by luxuriant vegetation. The pathway, extending from the lowest terrace but one up to the top, is almost purely Moorish; it consists of short flights of brick steps, each flight opening out into a circle, with semicircular balustrades at each side, paved with pebbles in mosaic patterns after the fashion so common in Granada, with a fountain in the middle, and water running in a channel of inverted tiles along the top of the whole length of the balustrades. The gardens are for the most part laid out in the formal

manner familiar in the gardening art of many countries, with symmetrically designed flower-beds and high box edges clipped flat at the top and straight at the sides. Everywhere there is the sound of water; and on Sundays not only the fountains, which are always playing, but the little jets everywhere are squirting out their playful cooling streamlets in all directions. Here we realise, perhaps better even than in the Alhambra, the more homely charm of Moorish life and Moorish ideals—the love of pure air and all-present water, of small and circumscribed, but elaborately wrought garden plots, looking out on a large and lovely expanse of scenery.

Here, too, with the great red towers of the Alhambra on their height below us, we forget that Granada which represents the victory of the least amiable moment of Christianity over the most exquisite moment of Islam. We are amid the relics of one of the finest civilisations the world has known, a civilisation we can only learn to know perfectly in the pages of the *Thousand and One Nights.*

XII

SEGOVIA

I

It sometimes happens to the traveller that a place he had all his life looked forward to visit fails entirely to make on him the overwhelming impression he anticipated. I experienced this disillusion in the Blue Grotto at Capri, a spot which from childhood had framed itself in my imagination as a vision of wondrous beauty. Once again this was my experience at Granada, a city which had embodied in my dreams a whole world of romance and chivalry. Segovia, on the other hand, I approached with an open mind. The name indeed, with the ancient Roman ring in the sound of it, had long been familiar to me. I knew also that it was a city on a hill, like a great ship with sails set towards the west, the mediæval Alcazar at the prow and the mighty Roman aqueduct stretching far to stern. But I reached Segovia with no romantic

illusions to be realised or destroyed. Now that I leave it, after too brief a stay, I feel that I am leaving what is to-day still one of the most delightful of Spanish cities. The charm that I once missed in Granada I have found in Segovia. Here is the real type of a "dead city," still serenely sleeping, in a dream of which the spell has been broken neither by the desecrating hand of the tourist crowd, nor by the inrush of commercial activity, nor by any native anxiety for self-exploitation. How deeply Segovia sleeps the bats well know, and as evening falls they almost dare to enter one's window in the heart of the city. Toledo, Granada, Avila have been awakened from their charmed sleep; they are learning the lessons of modern life, and at the least they are beginning to know how to utilise the tourist, so that the stranger can no longer wander at peace in their streets dreaming of the past. Segovia is still only a goal for travellers who are few and for the most part fit.

II

Segovia bears a general resemblance to Toledo, which is, indeed, the supreme type of the Spanish city; but it is still more loftily placed, it is more exactly girdled by waters—though its two clamorous little streams in no degree approach the majesty of the Tagus—and it is surrounded

by a still fresher expanse of verdure. It is a natural fortress accidentally placed in an unusually delightful site.

This character of Segovia as in a very complete degree a natural fortress, made its reputation at the beginning of Spanish history, and indeed earlier, for its name is said to be of primitive Iberian origin. The Romans expressed their sense of the importance of Segovia by planting here for ever the solidest of their monuments, the mighty aqueduct which brings the pure, cold waters of the Fuenfria from the Guadarrama Mountains ten miles away. The Moors held Segovia for an unknown period, and the palace-fortress or Alcazar, which they doubtless erected on what is the inevitable site for such a structure, became, in a remodelled and rebuilt form, the home of Alfonso the Wise, who here uttered the famous saying that he could have suggested improvements in the universe had the Creator consulted him, whereupon, according to the monkish chronicler, a terrific thunderstorm burst over the Alcazar and warned the audacious monarch of his wickedness. The destruction which Alfonso's repentance arrested seems, however, only to have been temporarily delayed, for half a century ago the incomparable beauty and antiquity of the interior of the Alcazar was totally destroyed by fire, and work —the finest production of fifteenth-century artists

and craftsmen—which is recorded to have left on the minds of all who saw it "an ideal memory of magic splendour," vanished from earth for ever, leaving nothing behind but a few inscriptions, a few arabesque friezes. To outward view, however, even to-day, when it is merely a receptacle of military archives, the Alcazar stands as superbly as ever, one of the most interesting examples that remain of a mediæval fortress.

As long as strong places were necessary Segovia was prosperous, but when at length Spain became united, Segovia's part in its life was played. It remains to-day a city that is mainly Roman, Romanesque, and mediæval. There is nothing in it of importance later than the sixteenth century, and the only great contribution which that century made was the cathedral. That, certainly, was no minor addition, for the dome of the cathedral crowns Segovia at its highest and most central point, and is for its own architectural sake, moreover, of great interest. It represents the finest ultimate development of a peculiarly Spanish movement in architecture. Long before its erection, at Zamora, the ancient small Romanesque church of early Spain had begun to grow to larger and airier shapes, and its development manifested itself most characteristically in the formation of a central dome, or *cimborio*, over the transepts, as peculiar a feature,

both internally and externally, of the fully evolved northern Spanish church, especially in Castile, as the square central tower—superbly manifested in the Bell-Harry tower of Canterbury—is a typical external character of large English churches that have attained their full natural development. This Spanish type of church, which slowly evolved in the region between Zamora, Astorga, Salamanca, and Segovia, afterwards becoming more widely extended, is counted as a development of Gothic, but it was a Gothic development which arose in a land where Romanesque elements had always been strong, and at a period when the Renaissance movement had already reintroduced the classic modes of architecture. It is scarcely surprising that—though, according to Fergusson, Segovia Cathedral is hardly a Renaissance work in any respect—this type of Gothic produces a peculiarly classic impression; its most conspicuous character, indeed, the dome, is altogether aside from Gothic ideals, and in harmony with Romanesque. The old Gothic principles are there, but attenuated, modified, transformed; the spirit is no longer truly Gothic, the details are no longer characteristically Gothic. The new cathedral of Salamanca is almost a Renaissance edifice outside, and if Segovia Cathedral must be counted as Gothic, it is perhaps, as Street remarks, the last Gothic building erected. Yet it is a genuine

growth, beautiful and harmonious, a natural hybrid. Salamanca Cathedral is a splendid and impressive example of this final manifestation of decadent Gothic; but Segovia, which is a later work of the same brilliant and accomplished architect, seems to me an even finer and more faultless example of the style. He found at Segovia, in the cloisters that had been added to the old cathedral half a century before—and were a little later to be carried by the indefatigable Segovians, stone by stone, to the new site where they still stand—a piece of work that may well have stimulated his finest efforts. These cloisters are certainly one of the finest things in advanced Gothic to be found in Spain, flamboyant yet restrained, a delicate and dignified late Gothic without any of the florid excesses into which it so easily fell. This is the spirit which seems to rule the cathedral. It is far less exuberant than Salamanca; the west end is severe in its almost bald but dignified simplicity; the east end, with its chevet, is a masterpiece of gracious felicity. There is nowhere any irritating excess of restless detail to jar the note of sober gaiety which dominates the whole. The tendency to nimiety, as Coleridge would have called it, the excessiveness of the Spanish temperament, has for one happy moment been held in due restraint. It may well have been that Juan Gil, rich in the experience of a life-

time of great work, deliberately intended to do over again better, with more swift and sure inspiration, what he had already attempted at Salamanca, for he followed somewhat the same plan, although he had been given a free hand. It is also very probable that the greater unity and simplicity of the building were aided by lack of money, for, unlike Salamanca, the city was nearing the end of its long career of vigorous life, and the Segovians made incredible sacrifices for the sake of their new cathedral, mainly built, indeed, by the efforts of the poor. Poverty, one suspects, may account for the flat and blank west front, admired as it is, facing the beautiful and usually deserted courtyard, such as Astorga and the other great churches of this region often possess. The cathedral was opened, with much rejoicing, in 1558, but its final completion languished in the general languor that overtook Segovia, though then a centre of Spanish woollen manufacture, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century—but yesterday in the city's long history — that it was possible to consecrate the cathedral as a whole. It is the last great monument of essential art at Segovia, though the first to strike our attention. The real ecclesiastical history of Segovia belonged to an earlier age. Like Zamora and like Avila, Segovia was at the height of its prosperity before the ideals of Gothic had conquered Castile,

and Segovia is now one of the chief homes in Spain of the Romanesque church.

To understand the splendid efflorescence of Romanesque architecture in Segovia we must try to understand a little of the obscure mediæval history of the city. For a very long period Segovia was on the border-land between Moors and Christians. The Christians had their base in Asturias and Burgos to the north; the Moors were planted on the heights of Toledo to the south. Segovia, the capital of an intervening Entremadura district—which means the region to the south of the Douro, with its apex at the junction of the Sierras of Avila and Guadarrama —was sometimes in the hands of one party, sometimes in the hands of the other. It was a process which seems to have had a hardening and invigorating effect on the men of this region, though it devastated their country. The people of the Entremadura became, as described in a doggerel Latin poem, innumerable as locusts, robust and reckless, so hardy that they despised the heats of summer, could bear any excess in wine, and had no fear even of death itself. But as a centre of civilisation Segovia could hardly flourish under these harassing and ever shifting conditions. When it fell finally into Christian hands is not definitely known. In 960 it was still Moorish, as we learn from the Cufic inscription on a beautiful marble capital of Corinthian

type but Moorish workmanship—the one exquisite relic of a lost edifice—which was found with its jasper column not far from the Alcazar. But in the first half of the following century there was, we know, a general increase in Christian activity, and it seems probable, since there is no record of any great struggle here, that the Moors quietly abandoned Segovia as part of a strategic movement towards threatened Toledo. "It was many years desolate," an old chronicle says, and probably not until Toledo itself fell was there an end to the desolating ebb and flow of Moor and Christian over this region. During that long period old Christian and late Moorish civilisation had alike been washed away. In the Segovia we see to-day a great gulf of a thousand years lies between the aqueduct and the Romanesque churches which now, when another thousand years are almost passed, impart to Segovia its remote air of ruined antiquity. In Christian hands the city was almost born anew. It was populated with Entremadurans from outside, mostly mountaineers from the north. They were a turbulent population at first, it seems, these new Segovians, accustomed to fighting and breeding cattle,—in which latter occupation the men of this district still excel,—but the work of civilisation progressed. Early in the twelfth century the mighty and magnificent Alcazar was solidly

raised under the inspiration of the three Alfonsos, who spent much of their time here, and during the twelfth and at latest the thirteenth century the great array of parochial churches now slowly falling to decay, all Romanesque, were built. That was the flowering time for Segovia. Alfonso the Wise, the thirteenth-century monarch who made his favourite home in the splendid Alcazar of the proud city he filled with churches to the honour of the God whose creative skill legend says that he questioned, marks the supreme moment of Segovia's glory. Afterwards nothing was left to do but to place the beautiful crown of the cathedral dome on the central summit of the city. In the six centuries that have since elapsed Segovia has otherwise remained practically untouched; there was nothing more to do; she has reclined in this lovely air, beneath her sunny skies and amid her green and snowy hills, holding her antique garments around her still, though with a loose and careless grasp, sinking ever into a deeper and more peaceful sleep.

III

It thus comes about that when we wander to-day through the streets of Segovia we feel ourselves back in a Romanesque city. It is still full of parish churches, not one of them said to be later than the thirteenth century,

and the slow shrinkage of the population, compensated by no such modern industrial expansion as we find in Granada and Toledo—for the presence of a barracks and some associated military avocations alone seem to give Segovia any simulacrum of life—has left nearly all these churches more or less untouched, some still in use, some locked up and abandoned, one or two used as museums or for other secular purposes, and a considerable number in a more or less advanced state of ruin and decay. The most important of them, indeed, San Esteban, is undergoing a sort of restoration; its mighty square four-storeyed tower—"the queen of Spanish Byzantine towers"—has been taken down because it threatened to fall, and at present only a high mass of scaffolding marks what was once a chief landmark of the city. That is the one stirring of life among the forsaken churches of Segovia.

The special characteristic of the Romanesque churches of Segovia is the cloister-like corridor which frequently runs along one or more of their external walls. No other Spanish city that I am acquainted with shows this feature in so marked and persistent a way. It admirably fits the Romanesque style, relieving the edifice of the somewhat heavy and sepulchral character it is apt to assume, and it adds a new charm and grace to the city, for these arcades and



colonnades bridge over the sacred and secular aspects of social life, and admirably harmonise the vista.[1] Here, at San Esteban, we have a fine antique example, untouched in the task of pulling down the great tower. San Martin, however, conspicuously placed on a height in the main street, has perhaps the most notable of these arcades within the city walls, but though it was once, doubtless, crowded by clergy and people, it is now inaccessible and deserted, save for a few stray feet when service is proceeding.

It is the silent desolation of these old churches which, more vividly than anything else, in a land that is still so pious as Spain, makes us realise that we are in a dead city. Often in ruins, some of them are still locked, and in one or two rare cases a guardian faintly jingles the keys as he sees the stranger approach, but otherwise remains impassive; for the most part not a solitary person is to be seen near these old churches. One passes out through the northern gate in the city walls, and descends to the little round church of the Templars, the Vera Cruz, beneath the heights of the Alcazar. The fine little church is still seated firmly on its rocky foundation; the deserted road winds by towards the hills; across the path lies the silent, peaceful monastery founded by San Juan de la Cruz, the holy mystic whose

[1] Street considers that these external cloisters had the practical object of keeping the church cool.

name stands beside that of his friend St. Theresa, and whose body now lies in its marble urn on the altar within. But the beautiful church was locked up, deprived of the fragment of "true cross" of which it was the casket, and deserted nearly three centuries ago, and no sound is heard save now and again the clang of the neighbouring convent bell. Or, once more, we turn out of a Segovian street into the little square which is almost filled with the small church of San Pablo, and we wander around it and around, to find no entrance and no soul to inquire of, until we realise that this church, too, was abandoned maybe centuries ago, and we feel like those wanderers in strange lands who, as the *Arabian Nights* tells us, sometimes found themselves in dead and deserted cities which offered no clue to their mystery. Or, once again, we turn down an alley and reach a rough plateau on the northern edge of the city overlooking the plain below, where stands San Juan, half-ruinous and solitary, enclosing within locked doors, beneath the splendid wrecks of their tombs, some of the chief of Segovia's sons, not least some of the conquistadores who had gone out into the world in quest of adventure, and quietly returned at last to seek repose in the sunny and sombre silence of this ragged edge of the Dead City, unlearned adventurers, but ready to say, no doubt, in the old Roman manner, which is

also Spanish, of their fellow-citizen, the learned physician of popes and emperors, Andrea Laguna, now lying in San Miguel, in the market-place:

Inveni portum: spes et fortuna valete:
Nil mihi vobiscum: ludite nunc aliis.

Fortune and Hope farewell! With others you may sport:
I need you now no more: I am come into port.

IV

In one's final impression of Segovia there stands out not alone, or perhaps even chiefly, the lofty city itself, in its pride that has grown silent and its splendour that is now tattered. One thinks at least as much of the delightful setting in which this rough mediæval jewel is placed, as it hangs suspended by the links of its aqueduct from the Guadarrama Mountains. Here and there, indeed, from within the city itself, we catch fascinating glimpses of the country below and around; there is a splendid outlook from the great Esplanade—the site of the early vanished Byzantine cathedral—which separates the Alcazar from the city; and the Paseo, scooped out on the southern side of the height—whither the military band on Sunday evenings attracts the women of beauty and fashion in Segovia, mostly, it would seem, the wives and daughters of the officers quartered here—gives us another vision of the environing

hills. They are not rugged or forbidding in aspect, these softly undulating hills, and they shelter, not far off, the palace gardens of La Granja, one of the chief summer resorts of Spanish kings, yet they are high enough to be covered with snow even in early summer. That superb white mantle which cloaks the loftier undulations to the south-east, and seems so strangely near in this clear air, gives a deliciously keen edge to the hot sun; and we feel here the presence, for once in harmonious conjunction, of those two purities of ice and flame which penetrate and subdue all this land of Castile, and are also of the very essence of its soul.

It is equally tempting to descend the zigzag roads and issue by the old gates on the one side or the other of the city, on the north across the Eresma, or on the south across the Clamores. If we descend on the north side by the steep but pleasant roads, amid the sound of running waters in the shaded cliffs by the side, we reach, just outside the walls, the abandoned monastery of Santa Cruz, built over the dark cave in which the austere Domingo de Guzman lived. Torquemada was once prior here, and many saints and kings and princes came hither to worship; now its decayed splendour forms an asylum for the poor, and in front of the beautiful portal an old man sits motionless in the sun. We cross the Eresma and pass the old Fabrica de Moneda, to reach in a few minutes the ruined monastery of

Parral, once a flourishing centre of civilisation and advanced agriculture, but with little to show now but its locked and mutilated church, its broken cloisters and conventual buildings, its beautiful site along the river. We leave it behind to enter the shaded avenue of the long and delightful Alameda, more or less parallel with the river below and the city above, where one may wander and dream at will, meeting no one, even on Sunday, and undisturbed by the women who are washing their clothes by the stream. No Spanish city offers so perfect a haunt to the solitary dreamer and student.

Once more we descend from Segovia, this time by the ancient gate of the south, and cross the swift little Clamores to the green slopes with their clumps of trees beyond. This is the only side from which one may obtain a fairly complete view of Segovia. To the right one sees the long stretch of the ancient aqueduct with the snow-covered hills beyond it; then the walls of the city supported by their towers and clinging to the rock, half-concealed by the intervening trees; within, churches innumerable; to the extreme left on its sheer height the Alcazar; and crowning all the beautiful soft golden brown mass of the cathedral, concentrating in finest tincture that Spanish tone of colour which is the note of all Segovia, and in some degree, indeed, of all Castile.

There is one day of the week when the dead city of Segovia is awakened to life, not, indeed, by any exertions of its own, but by invasion from outside. Early on Sunday morning varied family groups of peasants, some on foot, some on their donkeys or mules, come climbing up the zigzag roads from all directions. They are, as ever, a notable population, pretty women and fine intelligent men, and to a degree that is rare among the peasants of modern Spain they have preserved, men and women alike, the ancient costumes which alone really express the special and peculiar qualities of the race. It is not the least charm of this dead mediæval city that at the moments when it awakes to life it becomes a city of mediæval peasants.

The peasants have all set out for home again, as gravely and quietly as they came, long before evening. Here, on the slopes above the Clamores, as the Sunday afternoon declines, I lie watching the city, while fragmentary strains of music float across from the Paseo, and little family groups of Segovians are scattered among the trees or on the heights. The lofty and ship-like city lies majestically at anchor; its raggedness and dusty aridity are harmonised by distance, and the setting sun heightens its rich warm Castilian tones. It is the finest revelation of Segovia's beauty.

XIII

SEVILLE IN SPRING

"THANKS be to God," exclaimed the great admiral, Christopher Columbus, as he approached the new Indies on the 8th of October 1492, "the air is very soft, as of April in Seville, and it is a pleasure to be there!" There can, indeed, be no place where it is a greater pleasure to be than in Seville in April, as every Spaniard well knows. "What would you do if you came in for a fortune?" a Spaniard was asked. "Give half to the poor, and with the other half buy a house in Seville and spend the spring there," this true Spaniard replied. In summer Seville is too hot, the narrow serpentining Sierpes—the main artery of life in the city and reserved for foot-passengers—becomes a furnace, although covered by awnings, and no breath of air is felt save in the great Plaza Nueva. In winter, indeed, it is often pleasant, but even in Seville it is sometimes cold, and then the

Spaniard has no resource but his great cloak, which he folds more closely across his breast and mouth. But at the beginning of April spring comes to Seville in a flash with the heat of a northern summer. The acacias and other deciduous trees seem to burst into radiant verdure in a day; the orange trees throughout the city leap into blossom and scatter their deep perfume everywhere; and everywhere, too, in the street and in the hair and bosoms of the women, there are roses and carnations, the two preferred flowers of Spain, so tenderly and lovingly treated that they scarcely seem the mere flowers we know them elsewhere.

If Barcelona may be described as the brain and the arm of Spain, Seville may be called the heart of Spain. Every Spaniard is proud of Seville and glad to go there; every woman in Spain is happy to be mistaken for a Sevillian. To assert the prominence of Barcelona as a centre of modern Spanish life by no means implies that Seville is a dead city. Seville is even alive commercially, and from its wharves among the trees sea-going vessels convey abroad its wines, and its oil, and its oranges. With the discovery of the New World it became one of the great cities of Europe, and though it was for the time eclipsed by Cadiz, so far as trade is concerned, it has again asserted its old vigour. It might, indeed, at one time have become the

capital of Spain, had not political reasons placed this in the centre of the peninsula when Castile and Aragon were united, and we may be thankful that the natural growth and character of Seville have not been swamped by the artificial and cosmopolitan elements which are attracted to every capital. Seville has in many respects been peculiarly favoured: an inland city which is yet by its broad and easily navigable river practically a seaport, it has been saved alike from that excess of sterilising conservatism liable to overtake cities outside the great routes of communication, and from that excess of restless and featureless variety which tends to mark a busy seaport. Even the extreme heat from which Seville suffers in summer has helped to preserve its character as a typical southern city, while at the same time, doubtless, it has held aloof those foreign crowds whose presence might blur the city's gracious aspects.

The Sevillians may be said to be the Parisians of Spain. They possess a certain well-poised gaiety,—*alegria*, as they themselves call it,—a fine sense of temperance and harmony. They have that wit which is the sign of an alert intelligence; they are sufficient to themselves, and they are a people of artists. In most of these respects they differ from their fellow-countrymen in temperament. Spaniards generally are a grave and silent

people, tending to run to extremes, by no means artists, with fine moral qualities indeed, but, while very honest, also, it must be said, sometimes lacking in quick intelligence. The Sevillians, and especially the women of Seville, possess a quality which, like the ancient Romans, the Spaniards call "salt," a sapid and antiseptic quality of bright intelligence which permeates all that they are and all that they do. They do nothing quite in the same way as other people, and are thus placed, perhaps a little consciously, apart from other people. The meanest girl of the people in Seville has an easy consciousness and pride in this superiority, and in every movement shows a gracious dignity which we mostly seek in vain elsewhere, even in the cities that lie nearest.[1] If we go to Cordova we feel that we are among a people from whom the tide of life has retired, and who have proudly shut themselves up within their palatial and beautifully various *patios*. If we go to Granada we find ourselves among a busy bourgeois set of small tradesmen. The distinction of Seville

[1] It is this spirit of Seville which has given the real impress to the most beautiful Spanish dances. Many of these dances, while originally of Spanish origin, have returned to Spain with renewed vigour from America. But before they are accepted they must pass through Seville. Seville, as Estebanez Calderon has said in his *Escenas Andaluzas*, is the workshop in which they are melted, modified, and recomposed, purged of any sediment of exaggeration, impudence, and vulgarity they may have brought from over sea.

is at once aristocratic and democratic. We feel here the presence of an ancient civilisation that has been matured through many generations and has penetrated the whole people. Everything at Seville bears the touch of a finely tempered race, and the imprint is always gracious, noble, harmonious. We see this indicated even in the varied colouring of the houses. Sevillian houses, while very charming inside, are very simple outside, and it is usual to give them a coloured wash according to the taste of the owner. At Granada, where the same custom prevails, the colouring is often harsh, with a preference for an unpleasant brown, but at Seville an instinctive feeling for harmony seems everywhere to have presided over its arrangement. Again, Spain is a land where wrought iron has always been largely used. The iron *rejas* or gratings outside the windows, the iron gates of the *patios* or courtyards, the great iron screens enclosing the chapels in the churches, have everywhere offered scope for the development of skill in such work, but nowhere in Spain is the ironwork so bold and yet so felicitous as in Seville. And the same qualities we find in the highest degree in the people themselves, more especially in the women. The men and women whom Seville has produced, or whose names have been associated with the city, unlike as they may be, seem to mingle

harmoniously in this Andalusian atmosphere. From the hotel windows one may look out on one side at the house where St. Theresa lived, and on the other at the spot where legend places the famous statue of Don Juan's commander. In Seville we think, on the one hand, of Isidoro, the patron of the city, the first saint, philosopher, and scholar of his day; of Velazquez, the supreme artist; of Murillo, most typical of Sevillians; of St. Theresa, the greatest of women saints; and on the other hand we think of Mateo Aleman, the creator of the picaresque Guzman de Alfarache, of Beaumarchais's and Mozart's Figaro, of Mérimée's and Bizet's Carmen, and of a still more immortal type, the Don Juan Tenorio of Tirso de Molina.[1] The artist in every field

[1] The Don Juan legend, which is comparable in importance to that of Faust, and has penetrated European literature, is founded on *El Burlador de Sevilla*, the play written by the great Spanish dramatist Tirso de Molina (who was a priest, really named Gabriel Tellez) in 1630. There is no reason to suppose that the play was based on any real event. The Tenorio family is one of the most ancient in Andalusia, but no Don Juan Tenorio corresponding to the story is known. The legend has grown up that the real hero was a certain Don Miguel de Mañara of Seville, whose exploits had a faint resemblance to Don Juan's. Maurice Barrès, for instance, in his *Visite à Don Juan* solemnly accepts this legend. But Don Miguel de Mañara was only four years old when Tirso wrote his play. It was the excellence of the play that led to the belief that it was founded on fact. "The proud and impulsive character of the race," Reynier remarks, "was so well recognised in Don Juan that the fiction was instinctively made a reality." Possibly, as Reynier suggests, the austere monk and master in theology of the University of Alcala, who wrote the play, was here expressing his personal opinion concerning

has always found at Seville a finely fibred and finely tempered human type, the like of which elsewhere in Europe is mostly sought in vain. Saints or sinners, grave or gay, there is for the most part a certain heroic and noble distinction about the great figures of Seville; the saints are gay and the sinners are grave; they have alike drunk extremely of the cup of life and—in the spiritual world also it is true —*les extrêmes se touchent.* In that indeed they are true Spaniards; but they preserve at the same time a fine measure and distinction in their way of taking life, and in that they are true Sevillians.

It is in the most perfect season of spring that the Sevillians have wisely chosen to concentrate their chief festivals. The Carnival is comparatively disregarded here; it is held with much more vigour and animation in some of the other large Andalusian cities like Cadiz and Malaga. At Seville the great festival is that in which all the chief splendours of the Church are displayed, at Easter and the preceding days

the popular doctrine of the inexhaustible mercy of God, the favourite Spanish idea that there is no sin that cannot be pardoned; the old master of theology wished to show in his drama that men go to hell by the road of vain hope as well as by the road of despair. (Many studies of the Don Juan legend have been written. See, *e.g.*, Farinelli, "Cuatro Palabras sobre Don Juan," *Homenaje a Menendez y Pelayo*, vol. i. p. 205; G. Reynier, "Les Origines de la Légende de Don Juan," *Revue de Paris*, May 15, 1906; and the exhaustive work by G. de Bévotte, *La Légende de Don Juan*, 1907.)

of Holy Week; the first and best bull-fights of the year take place at this season; and the Feria, the great outdoor festival, unique even in Spain, in which Sevillians of every class take an active part, is held in the middle of April.

The religious processions bring home to the spectator much more vividly even than the ceremonies in the church the genuinely religious instincts of the people. The fervour and reality of the emotions they call out is unquestionable. The clergy play no part in these processions; it is the spontaneous and active devotion of the people themselves that maintains and carries them out on the lines of immemorial tradition.

The anti-clerical progressive movement represented in literature by Galdos, and embodied a few years ago in his play *Electra*, seems very far away when the colossal Virgins, sometimes gracious and beautiful figures, are carried in procession among the bare-headed crowds of Seville. We have, indeed, to remember that here there is no active propaganda of anti-religious and progressive views, although a considerable amount of quiet scepticism. At Granada and some other towns the street processions are now omitted on one pretext or another, for fear lest disturbances should occur. It may well be that every year now will bring some further shrinking in the imposing magnitude of these spectacles, and that, like the picturesque costumes of the

people, they will tend slowly to disappear from the streets. The growing indifference or hostility of one section of the population seems to render this course of events inevitable. But we cannot well imagine the religious element in the Spanish people dying out. It is too deeply engrained in the very fibre of the race. If Catholicism had no existence in Spain one feels that Spaniards would invent it. Mysticism, even monasticism, is part of their very temperament, a temperament at once so ardent and sensuous, so ascetic and unflinching. Let the shrewd Sancho Panza in the Spanish temperament mock as he will, Don Quixote will still pursue the inspirations of his own imagination. The enthusiasm aroused by *Electra* cannot make us forget that St. Dominic and St. Theresa, even Loyola himself, whose followers are now arousing such antagonism in the land, were Spaniards, and very typical Spaniards. One may recall that it was in Spain that the celibacy of the secular clergy was first established, a century before it was adopted elsewhere, and that the north-west of Spain in the early Christian centuries rivalled even Palestine in the number of its saints and its sanctuaries. And to-day it is difficult not to feel that Spain still naturally produces all the genuinely and naturally monastic types of men—from the alert, courteous, supple persons, with an inborn instinct for ceremonial and for intrigue,

to those mystical, simple-minded, sometimes perhaps rather dull-witted persons who are often the stuff out of which saints are made. I recall a brown-frocked friar of the latter type I once met in the train, near Cordova—a huge man, with bushy black beard, full, rather sleepy dark eyes, knotted brown hands, big bare feet in his sandals, very slow of speech, yet not unintelligent when he began to speak, and though very robust, with no suggestion of keen appetites or sensual passions; I have never come across a man who reminded me so much of a tree, full, as it were, of the vegetative sap of some vigorous oak.

On the Saturday before Easter Sunday the ceremonies of Holy Week may be said to come to an end, not without a feeling of relief on the part of the visitor. At 10 o'clock on that morning the veil of the temple is rent in twain, in other words, the vast purple curtain which has been hanging in front of the high altar almost from the vaulting is swiftly drawn away; the signal is thus given for the bells all over the city to ring out joyously, while the people shout, guns are fired, and vehicular traffic, suspended during Holy Week, is resumed. On Sunday morning the women, who have all been dressed in black, with black mantillas, now appear in white lace mantillas and costumes predominantly white. In the afternoon a considerable section of the population, including some of its most

characteristically Sevillian elements (also, it must be added, a large proportion of the British and American visitors, for it is only here their presence becomes obtrusive), are finding their way to the Plaza de Toros to witness the first bull-fight of the year.

It may seem a long way from the cathedral to the bull-ring. In Seville one feels that it is not so. The Giralda, the cathedral tower, is the one outside object that we see towering above the walls into the cloudless sky as we sit in the ring, and it introduces no clash of discord. When the toreadors enter,—grave, lithe, handsome men, in their varied and beautiful costume,—and walk with hieratic grace and dignity of carriage to salute the president in his box, we feel at once that we are still in presence of the same spirit—in a slightly different form—which has dominated the proceedings of the whole week. One recognises afresh that fundamental harmony in apparent opposites, which, though part of the Spanish temperament generally, may be said to reach its finest and deepest embodiment in the atmosphere of Seville. Gorgeous ceremony, elaborate ritual, solemnly accepted, we are just as much in the presence of here, as when we witnessed the Archbishop consecrating the holy oil or washing the feet of the thirteen old men. The whole process by which the death of the bull is compassed is nothing but

an elaborate ritual, the detail of which the stranger is altogether unable to appreciate.[1] In the church the ceremonies of every divine office gain their solemnity by association with the highest conceptions of the Christian faith; in the *Plaza* the sense of solemnity is gained by the possible imminence of death. But in both cases, ceremony, and a poignantly emotional background, furnish the deepest element of fascination. The bull-fight is Spanish, and appeals to Spaniards, quite as much because it is a sacred ritual as because it is a sport.

As a sport many hard things have been said about it, and not without justice. In Spain itself only a section of the public cares for bull-fights; very many Spaniards of all classes do not go, and do not like it; the party of religion and the party of progress are equally opposed to it. Certainly it is the national sport of Spain, just as horse-racing and betting constitute the national sport of England; in both cases alike we must not identify the whole nation with the national sport. Apart from its repulsive elements—which are as objectionable to many Spaniards as to the stranger—the bull-fight is a fascinating exhibition of skill, and since the contest with the bull is very rapid, and the

[1] Some common misconceptions are corrected in an article by Laurent Tailhade, "Toros de Muerte," *Mercure de France*, June 15, 1907.

animal's death swift and certain, it must be said that if sport is to be defended at all, this kind of sport compares favourably with fox-hunting or pheasant-shooting.[1] The element of risk also, the fact that the would-be slayer may himself be slain, adds an element of dignity which is wanting in nearly every other form of European sport. At the same time the bull-fight, reminiscent as it is of the feelings and habits of Roman times (though it is not actually a direct Roman survival),[2] is an anachronism under the conditions of modern civilisation. The continued vitality of such a spectacle, though rooted in the national temperament on more than one side, witnesses to the defects of the fine qualities of the Spanish character, to a certain hardness of fibre, a certain cruelty, if indifference to what is regarded as necessary pain, in oneself as well as in others, can properly be called cruelty.[3]

[1] See, *e.g.*, an article by an English sportsman, Basil Tozer, "The Abuse of Sport," *Fortnightly Review*, October 1906.

[2] The bull-fight was established in the eleventh or twelfth century, and has been traced to Moorish influence. "The bulls may have come from Africa," Ulick Burke observes, "the cavaliers may have had their origin in Damascus; but the savage solemnity, the orderly excitement, the whole form and feeling of the modern spectacle, are the heritage of Imperial Rome."

[3] These aspects of bull-fights were very temperately discussed by Valera in one of the last volumes of his essays. While praising the bull-fight, and realising the advantages of possessing such fine types of harmonious proportion as the *torero* presents—in opposition to the wretched and ugly jockey type—Valera still concluded with saying that the spectacle of the disembowelled horses is extremely repugnant, and that he preferred the Portuguese bull-fight, from which this

In the middle of April the climax of the spring festival in Seville is reached during the Feria. Thousands arrive from Madrid and other parts of Spain to take part in or to witness this great picnic, and those who come late have to sleep where they can, on dining-tables or in corridors, for all rooms have been engaged. The Feria lasts three days, but for many weeks beforehand preparations have been going on in the Prado de San Sebastian, an open space just outside the city, close to its finest parks and promenades, and appropriately named after a tortured martyr, for this was once the *Quemadero*, where the Inquisition burnt heretics. Here are erected rows of wooden buildings, *casetas* or little houses, consisting mainly of one room—usually furnished chiefly with chairs, a piano, and flowers—entirely open to view on the front side. Hither during the afternoon the people of Seville drive out in their carriages, each family proceeding to its own *caseta*. As evening comes on the sound of castanets and guitars begins to be heard in all directions, and ladies and children in nearly every *caseta* are seen dancing the gracious Sevillian *seguidilla*, while the paths are crowded with onlookers.[1] This is the centre of

element is absent, as indeed it shortly seems likely to be from the Spanish bull-fight also, in which it has never been really essential.

[1] I have read an account of this scene by a lady who described it as a wearisome and spiritless routine. This it certainly is not, though there is a complete absence of boisterous hilarity. The same writer

the Feria, and hither the people flock; the broad avenues radiating in various directions—each softly lit up by its thousands of Chinese lanterns, a different scheme of colour prevailing in each avenue, and fragrant with the blossoming orange trees—are almost deserted, though delightful as a scene from the *Arabian Nights*.

Towards midnight the lights have begun to fail, and the Sevillians are quietly returning home. One hastens to walk away in the silence, under the wonderful southern sky, lest one should spoil the perfect sensation of this scene of gracious and sustained *alegria*, that quality which gives, sometimes a little proudly and self-consciously, so fine a distinction to the Sevillian. Yet as one recalls the impressions of Holy Week, of the whole of this spring festival, one feels that there has really been no break. The fair, like the bull-fight, has been no orgy in which the Sevillian seeks to drown and compensate the penances of Lent. "There is something traditional and sacred about these Sevillian holidays," a Spaniard casually remarks. "Something *sacred*"—even these domestic spring outings have not taken us beyond the region of ceremonial; even here we are in presence of an ostentatious though

regretfully exclaimed that there was not one white cap, and no *sabots*! That any one could desire an Andalusian woman to exchange so perfect a head-dress as the mantilla for a stiff, expressionless cap, or to encase her beautiful feet in thick wooden clogs, is indeed strange.

easy ritual; a holiday is here really a holy day. We are far away from those northern lands, whether Britain or Russia, where excesses of strenuous effort are followed by excesses of relaxing orgy. On Sundays and great moral occasions we people of northern race exhibit a tense and rigid virtue, like Sir Walter Scott's heroes, draw ourselves up to our full height, and then, in the blessed consciousness of that painful effort, we feel free to collapse in a heap. Here people neither hold themselves stiffly at full moral height nor awkwardly collapse. During Holy Week, in the Church ceremonies, one might note the vestmented dignitaries talking and smiling even beneath the Archbishop's eyes; and once, at a side altar, a kneeling young woman, whom I had supposed lost in devotion, slowly lifted and critically examined the lace border of the white altar-cloth; it was typical of the Spaniard's easy familiarity with divine things.[1] But, on the other hand, at the Feria it was impossible to detect the faintest sign of drunkenness or the slightest impulse to rowdiness or indecorum; strenuous tension may be absent from the Sevillian temperament, but so also is any

[1] In *La Tribuna*, Emilia Pardo Bazan, describing how the *cigarreras* in the Galician tobacco-factory placed their shawls, umbrellas, and dinners on the altar, adds: "But this kind of familiarity revealed no lack of respect for the holy altar, before which not one passed without making the sign of the cross and a genuflexion."

instinct or habit of vulgarity. It would be fruitless to discuss which of these two methods of facing the problems of life is the more worthy of admiration. We may at least be thankful that, whatever men may elsewhere do or leave undone, this "something traditional and sacred" is still preserved in Seville.

XIV

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

THE largest of all Gothic churches, and indeed, after St. Peter's at Rome, the largest church in Christendom, Seville Cathedral during recent years has practically been closed. In 1888, as the result of a series of earthquake shocks, the dome fell in with a mighty crash, every precious object below, from the east end of the choir to the screen of the *capilla mayor* or high altar, being inevitably destroyed, and the pavement was covered by a vast mass of confused masonry. On a former visit to Seville I had been unable to obtain any conception of the interior, for although one could penetrate at certain points, the way was blocked in every direction, and no vista left open. Now, the cathedral has been really opened; the ceremonies of Holy Week are no longer robbed of their splendour, and the remains of Columbus have found a last resting-place in the city which has the best right to claim them. Fortunately

it is possible to compliment the Sevillians on their skill in church restoration. Whatever views one may hold on restoration, here certainly was a case where every one must admit its necessity, and this inevitable restoration seems to have been accomplished in the most judicious manner possible. The fine taste of the Sevillians, and the conservatism natural to all Spaniards, have here at all events been happily united; nothing has been done that was not absolutely necessary to preserve the harmony of the edifice, and no foolish attempt has been made either to extend the operations beyond the field of damage, or to do anything better than the original builders. Seville Cathedral still remains to us a focus of the religious spirit of Spain, a great vessel full of mystery and romance.

It is more than five hundred years since Seville Cathedral was planned. In 1401 the chapter resolved to build a basilica "so magnificent that coming ages should call them mad for attempting it." The cathedral was designed by foreign architects, possibly German, who took a century to complete the work, though externally some of the portals are not completed even yet. In some respects one may compare it with another Gothic church, the cathedral of Cologne. Each was meant to be stupendous, and each represented an

essentially foreign idea, for alike on the banks of the Rhine and in Andalusia, though not everywhere in Germany nor everywhere in Spain, Gothic architecture is an exotic art. It is this exotic character which enabled both churches to preserve their unity of design, and in the case of Cologne even of detail, over a very long period of construction, unaffected by the developments which always modify every living form of architecture in its own home. But with these points of resemblance there could not be a greater contrast. Cologne Cathedral, though in design and on paper it seems to be one of the most perfect and impressive works of man, is in reality to an extreme degree artificial, cold, uninspiring, dead. One feels that in form and in spirit it is utterly alien to the men of the Rhine, and that they have never even attempted to make it live. Catholicism in Germany has itself a distinctly Protestant character, and Cologne Cathedral, with its French nobility and harmonious logic, is even more foreign to the Rhine than the Renaissance temple of St. Paul's is to foggy Protestant London. But Seville Cathedral is alive, after half a millennium alive with a full exuberance of life which, it seems to me, can be found in no other great church. To make the vast expanse of St. Peter's alive with worship would be beyond human faculty. And if we

turn to a great French and Gothic church, like Notre Dame of Paris, again we feel the lack of life. Cologne and St. Peter's can never have been alive; at Notre Dame the life has departed. Once it may have been filled with splendid ritual. Now it is shrunken and cold. Notre Dame has been swept bare by the Revolution, and has never quite recovered from the effects of that storm; the very orderliness, elegance, and comfort of the worship now carried on there are an incongruity, and indicate an attenuation of the true spirit of worship. But Seville Cathedral is still alive; if less so than once it was, the difference is one which in our time cannot be perceived.

The arrangement of a typical large Spanish church, which we find at Seville in its completely developed form, is unlike that we are familiar with in England and France. The northern Gothic church is shaped like a cross, the eastern arm of which is the most sacred, most filled with light, most exquisitely decorated. All the active functions of the church are concentrated into the eastern end; here is at once the stage and the orchestra of that great sacred drama which every religious office, and above all the Mass, essentially is. The mystery and solemnity of divine service is thus secured by distance, by placing the sacred ceremonial in a remote blaze of light, as far away as possible from

the worshippers in the body of the church. The worshippers are scattered and isolated, in comparative gloom, throughout the building, an arrangement which probably has its source in the northerner's love of solitude. Very different is the arrangement in a cathedral like that of Seville. Here the whole object of the very construction of the church is to attain that filling of the edifice with active worship which is in fact so perfectly attained. The building is strictly of a broad, oblong shape, without projecting transepts, without more than a rudimentary apse. The choir is almost in the centre of the church, slightly to the west, and the *capilla mayor* containing the high altar is slightly to the east. In the early days of the Christian Church the choir was enclosed in the nave, though the enclosure was not usually very high, and the Spanish custom (though this is not Street's opinion) may possibly be a survival of the primitive practice; we may see a somewhat similar arrangement, though here of modern introduction, in Westminster Abbey. Between the choir and the *capilla mayor* is a square space, underneath the dome, which can be enclosed as required, and in which some of the most characteristic ceremonies take place, such as the consecration of the holy oil and the washing of feet. Choir and *capilla mayor* are alike

massively enclosed, and constitute a church within a church. Thus the choral part of the service is completely separated from the ceremonial function, from which it is naturally distinct, and yet the whole actively dramatic movement of the service takes place in the centre of the edifice. The sense of mystery is here attained, not by distance, but by enclosure and height, and at the same time the conditions are secured for filling the vast edifice with the maximum effect of worship. Such an arrangement perfectly fits this cathedral for the uses of Spanish ritual; the noble simplicity of the building in its elements of construction, and the boldly flowing rhetoric of its decoration, lend themselves admirably to that mysteriously grandiose and romantic quality which is the note of these functions, and expresses itself in every detail and every various appeal to the senses.

As the great festivals of the year come round the whole of this vast edifice is not too vast for its part in the functions; it seems to live, to change perpetually with the changes in the rich and varied atmosphere that fills it, the one great and conspicuous object in this city built on a plain, seated broadly and solidly in the midst of the city, as the beauties of Seville know how to seat themselves, alert and robust under the semblance of languor.

The elements that go to make up the charm of this building are highly complex, even if we disregard the worship and the worshippers it is so admirably fitted for. I have spent many hours—morning, afternoon, and night—during several weeks within its walls, and at the end it seemed as elusively delightful, as full of novel surprises, as at the first. One learns to detect, however, certain of the elements of the place's charm. It is perfectly lighted; the light is of medium intensity, midway between the clearness of a northern cathedral, which detracts from the sense of mystery, and the extreme and sombre gloom of a typically southern cathedral like Barcelona or Perpignan, where the obscurity, however impressive it may be, renders all details invisible. The prevailingly medium light in this vast edifice is really made up of a number of kinds of light from many sources, separately of a wide range of intensity, and the atmosphere itself thus becomes here a visible component in the structural harmony of the place. Its varieties of atmospherical effect, its long vistas of light, are produced by various planes of air coming from the doors in every direction, from the veiled and unveiled stained windows at different angles and at different heights, never too dazzling to neutralise altogether the illumination of candles and lamps.

While all the main constructional features

of the building are bold and harmoniously planned and proportioned, it has to be confessed that Seville Cathedral is not, and as an exotic phenomenon could not be, a model of exquisite Gothic workmanship in its decorative details, either internally or externally. Any one who comes fresh to Seville from those great Gothic buildings which arose among a people with a genius for architecture, whether in Amiens and Chartres, or in Barcelona and Tarragona, may easily find cause for offence here. But where the builders have fallen short in delicate architectural sense, they have made up in their fine artistic felicity, in their instinct for bold and noble proportion; and in the end even the somewhat coarse, peculiar, or meaningless decorative detail in the stone, which is, indeed, always restrained and never obtrusive, takes its place as an element in the whole effect.

Apart from architecture proper, the decorative feeling becomes right at once. Here, for instance, we see everywhere the bold and splendid iron screens, or *rejas*, which the Sevillians use so frequently, and design with so fine, varied, and happy a decorative feeling. The stained windows, again, are an element in the character of the church. Every one of the windows, nearly a hundred in number, is stained; and they are for the most part harmonious, usually in the rich and florid Flemish manner of the

seventeenth century, which is here entirely in place. These windows are often veiled by semi-transparent curtains, and are generally very highly placed, the clerestory being at a great height, and they are by no means very large. The varied patches of colour which they throw on the walls and piers and pavement, bringing out the crystalline texture of the marble, harmonise happily with the impression of the whole place. All the accessories, moreover, of the cathedral's equipment are on the same scale of harmonious vastness as the edifice itself. The great candles, the bells clanged in the choir at the elevation of the Host, the immense choir-books, the enormous font for the consecrated oil, the huge iron-bound chests to hold the contributions of the faithful,—all these and the like accessories are on the same grandiose scale.[1]

While romantic and mysterious splendour, and a harmonious rhetoric, confidently and happily bold, are the dominant notes of Seville Cathedral, there is yet a certain negligence and familiarity, a certain homeliness, about the splendour that is not the least part of its effectiveness. Merely as a museum of pictures and antiquities it would rank high among the galleries of Europe. Yet it is not mainly or

[1] Thus there are as many as two hundred choir-books, over three feet in height by over two feet in breadth, many dating from the fifteenth century, with varied and beautiful miniatures, borders, and capitals.

primarily a show-place, like St. Peter's with its cold and vacuous magnificence, or our painfully well-kept English cathedrals. There is no extreme care for spotless cleanliness, for the perfect repair of every detail, for rigid neatness and orderliness. Here and there the marble is broken and the stone-work crumbled away; fragments have fallen out of some of the gorgeous stained windows. But a faint crumbling of decay seems part of the very vitality of Seville Cathedral; a spotlessly neat and trim church is scarcely likely to be put to much use. This church is a place of real and constant use; people of all classes frequent it; the flutter of ceremonial, the sound of worship, seem seldom to cease within its walls. There are eighty-two altars besides the high altar, and one hesitates to say that there are too many.

The cathedral is the chief scene of all the great Church ceremonies, as well as the centre towards which the characteristic popular religious processions, the *pasos*, are naturally directed. These *pasos* take place everywhere and all day long on Good Friday, and to some extent on the two preceding days. The whole city is given up to them, all vehicular traffic is stopped, and every one, from the mayor and civic dignitaries downwards, is present, either in special seats in the public squares or at the windows or in the streets. It is impossible to

cross or penetrate the main arteries of traffic; the visitor must see the *pasos*, for he cannot see anything else. Every procession consists of a single sacred figure, or a group representing a scene from the Passion, of more than life-size proportions,[1] borne on the heads of some twenty-five invisible men at an extremely slow pace, and accompanied by the members of the *cofradia*, or lay brotherhood, to whom it belongs, dressed in their peculiar costume, which varies in colour in the different brotherhoods, but is essentially a long gown with a tall, stiff, peaked cowl, covering the face, with loopholes for the eyes, while each brother carries a great lighted candle. Many of the figures are very finely conceived, and are dramatic in expression; some of them are the work of Montañes, the seventeenth century Sevillian sculptor, and the best and most characteristic exponent of the Sevillian spirit as applied to polychrome carving. More impressive, and to the crowd also more peculiarly sacred, are some of the single figures of the Virgin, in which the quality of the carving is not visible. Such is the Virgen de Regla,—a

[1] It is noteworthy that there is some reason to think that the Christian adoration of images first became marked in Spain; this is indicated by a famous canon (36) against such worship, passed by the Council of Elvira (the ancient Granada) in 306, while Pope Damasus, who, by giving a new impulse to Christian art, exerted an influence in the same direction, was also a Spaniard of this period (see A. W. W. Dale, *The Synod of Elvira*, p. 292; also Glover, *Life and Letters in the Fourth Century*, p. 250).

gracious Virgin, slightly bowed forward, with a delicate lace handkerchief in her hand, and enfolded in a vast and gorgeous mantle of dark velvet, gold-embroidered in a large flowing decorative scheme. Candles and bouquets are placed in front of her; a few marigolds (a flower in England also dedicated to the Virgin, as the name still bears witness) are sprinkled on the edge of her mantle, and now and then from among the crowd a child or young girl, in a timid yet ardent voice, sings a brief *saeta* with eyes fixed on the Virgin's face. As the gracious hieratic goddess is thus borne towards the cathedral on the heads of men, through the reverent bareheaded crowd, to the sound of music, with exceeding slowness and a tremulous vibratory movement which seems to impart to her a kind of personal life, one begins to realise Ashtaroth and the great Mediterranean goddess of spring, of which the Virgin is indeed the last lineal descendant, the Berecynthian mother, borne, as Virgil describes her, on a car through Phrygian cities. One remembers, indeed, that Seville was the only city of the western world that held a temple of Salammbo, whence every year at her festival the goddess went through the city in procession on the shoulders of noble ladies. Justina and Rufina, the young Christian market-girls, refused to do her homage and were martyred by the pious crowd, be-

coming in their turn the tutelary saints of Seville. Yet in the end Salammbo has conquered, and the ancient Sevillians could not fail to recognise and reverence their goddess in the streets to-day. As one gazes on her one begins to understand the potent life with which custom and faith and art can endow a mere symbol, and the fascination with which such a symbol can hold the imaginations of men.

If Seville Cathedral is ceaselessly rich and interesting in daylight, it gains a new and profound impressiveness at night. Nothing could exceed the overwhelming impression produced by the cathedral at night during the days before Easter Sunday. All the vast doors were opened wide, and at one corner a brilliant glimpse of the electrically lighted streets streamed in. Yet the cathedral was very dim, for the most part only lighted by a few candles placed high against the great piers of the nave; all round the choir the crowd was impassable; in the rest of the church characteristic Spanish groups crouched at the bases of the great clustered shafts, and chattered and used their fans familiarly, as if in their own homes, while dogs ran about unmolested. The Miserere of Eslava was being performed, and the vast church lent itself superbly to the music and to the scene. It was a scene, as the artist-friend who accompanied me remarked, stranger than the designs

of Martin, as bizarre as something out of Poe or Baudelaire. In the dim light the huge piers seemed larger and higher than ever, while the faint altar-lights dimly lit up the iron screen of the *capilla mayor*, as in Rembrandt's conception of the Temple at Jerusalem. In this scene of enchantment one felt that Santa Maria of Seville had delivered up the last secret of her mystery and romance.

XV

MONSERRAT

I

THE mystic shrine that was the home of the Holy Grail, borne away from human strife to a remote corner of the world, long haunted the mediæval mind, and when in modern times that legend again emerges in the crowning achievement of Wagner's genius, the Grail is still preserved by a religious order at Monsalvat, in Gothic Spain, not far from the land of the Moslems.

The northerners who dreamed of Monsalvat in their moments of fervent devotion or romantic exaltation had heard a rumour, but for the most part they knew little or nothing of its kernel of fact. Yet the rumour itself is the most potent evidence of the world-wide fascination which the ancient mountain shrine of Monserrat exerted over the imaginations of men for more than a thousand years, and,

indeed, still exerts even to-day. It is in vain that one climbs the heights of Monserrat with memories of Amfortas and the "pure fool." When we have made our way up, beyond even the shrine and the monastery, to the great ravine which is said to have rent the summit of the mountain at the moment of the crucifixion, and when we have passed the fantastic row of rocky pinnacles to which the name of "Guardians of the Holy Grail" has been assigned, we have seen all that there is to connect the real Monserrat with the legendary Monsalvat.[1] Perhaps we should be well content that so sublime a symbol has long been borne away to an invisible home, and that the Holy Grail should have its sole and immortal shrine in the human imagination.

But the real and still living legend of Monserrat, though of no profound imaginative significance, has yet sufficed to give an incomparable spiritual halo to a spot which, even if it had not become a shrine of faith, must always be a shrine of Nature. It is said that St. Luke—by tradition regarded as the most accomplished of the first Christians—once fashioned a wooden image of the Virgin Mary. Whoever the sculptor may have been, however, it seems

[1] It may be worth noting that not very far away from Monserrat, in Valencia Cathedral, there is a chalice, the Santa Caliz,—carved out of sardonyx, and belonging to the Imperial Roman epoch,—which is traditionally held to be the cup used at the Last Supper.

to be agreed that the image, still venerated here, was counted as sacred at a period anterior even to legend. In the eighth century—and how much earlier it is impossible to say—monks would seem to be settled in the mountain, and on the coming of the Moors to have concealed the image in a grotto and fled. Towards the end of the ninth century—when the history of Monserrat, heightened by legend, really opens —the image was accidentally discovered by shepherds. Nuns were then planted here, soon to give place to Benedictine monks from the great abbey of Ripoll. Through many vicissitudes the Virgin of Monserrat always emerged triumphant; early in the fifteenth century her shrine, from being only a priory under Ripoll, became an independent abbey. From the first, probably, it was the haunt of hermits. The serrated mountain was as naturally formed to be the home of hermits as the devout Spaniard is formed to make a hermit; every hermit could here find his solitary eyrie in the cliff over the great plain, and no hermitage was ever without its inmate. Slowly, too, as the fame of the Lady of Monserrat grew, a mighty army of pilgrims began to march up the winding path, to this high shrine, to present their offerings and to receive the hospitality of the monks. In the sixteenth century, it is said, they numbered half a million a year. Kings and princes

and nobles joined in the procession; once a queen, Violante, the wife of Don Juan I., climbed up barefoet; Charles V. came here nine times; a great conqueror, Don John of Austria, came here to lay at the feet of the Virgin the spoils of Lepanto and to cover the whole church with gold; most memorable visit of all, it was here that the soldier Loyola came to bid farewell to earthly camps, to spend the night before the Virgin, to leave his sword on her altar, to watch over his new spiritual weapons like a knight of chivalry in *Amadis de Gaul*, consecrating himself as a soldier of the Church—the first general of the best-organised and most famous army that has ever fought in her service.

It was not alone in the spiritual sphere that Monserrat stood forth resplendent above the world around. Like every great Benedictine monastery, it was a focus of work and enlightenment. Its abbots were sometimes fine architects, and they knew also where to find the best sculptors and craftsmen in Spain to beautify their splendid Byzantine church. They founded a school of music. They set up a famous printing-press when printing was still a novelty in the world. If men brought here in profusion their precious things for love of the Virgin, the guardians of her shrine in the days of its prosperity were never unmindful of their own re-

sponsibilities. The gifts of natural site and scenery, antiquity and legend, the adoration of a large part of Europe, the skill and energy of its own monks, thus combined to render Monserrat a shrine of almost unparalleled magnificence, although from its natural position it always preserved a certain aristocratic aloofness, and never enjoyed the immense vulgar fame throughout Christendom of the other great Spanish shrine, that of St. James of Compostela.

Then at last in the early years of the nineteenth century came the War of Independence. Monserrat is a natural fortress—a tempting one, moreover, to seize, for the French scented a rich booty. They climbed the mountain, slew or dispersed the monks, trampled down the shrine, melted or carried off its precious things. What the French left was overturned by that internal revolution, a few years later, which made every great religious house in Spain the picturesque ruin which we see it to-day. When Ford visited Monserrat he found it "an abomination of desolation," in which it was hard even to secure a resting-place.

Now once again, though its old splendour has departed, Monserrat is alive. The great church has been restored; large buildings cluster around to furnish the pilgrim and the visitor with a lodging that is, nominally at all events,

free; the old shrines are well kept, and the Brothers who guard this ancient home of Our Lady have re-established the School of Music. The Virgin of Monserrat is still the battle-cry of the Catholics of Catalonia. At a meeting held not long ago in Barcelona to protest against the law of association proposed by the Liberal Government, amid cries of "Viva España!" and "Viva Cataluña!" arose the opposing Catholic cry of "Viva la Virgen de Monserrat!" For there is an indestructible vitality in this mountain shrine. It was once the Roman Estorcil and a temple of Venus. Even before that, we may well believe, some Iberian deity was reverenced here. Many a faith may have alighted on this misty height and silently winged its way into the darkness when the twilight of its godhead arrived. And if in the ages to come a new faith should arise in the world, a new goddess embody the human dream of adorable grace, we may be sure she will be worshipped at Monserrat.

II

Nowadays not only is Monserrat a centre of activity once more, but the path of the pilgrim has even been made easy. When first I saw Monserrat from afar, fifteen years ago, there was no way of access to the monastery but by the

ancient though excellent roads made by the monks. Since then the ascetic Spaniard has so far condescended to modern ideas of comfort as to make a little mountain railway from Monistrol up almost to the very spot below the monastery where, as the inscription shows,—"Aqui se hizo immovil la Santa Imagen en 880,"—the image of the Virgin on its discovery refused to be borne away from her mountain, and so indicated the magnificent site on which the monastery was to be erected.

At last, one day early in May, I stepped into the train which was to bear me beyond the river Llobregat, and so up the face of the mountain, somewhat awed at the prospect of at last visiting a sacred spot towards which my thoughts had so often been set. I was at first surprised to find that my only companions were two loving young couples belonging to the people. It had not occurred to me that the shrine of Our Lady of Monserrat should be a fitting place for a honeymoon. I had forgotten, what I was soon to realise, that in the simple, ardent, and austere temperament of the Spaniard love and religion are two forms of passion that naturally merge into each other, and that the conditions for gratifying the one instinct may very well be adequate to gratify the other; in Spain a holiday is still, as it once was with us in the north, a holy day.

Imagine a vaster and more gracious Gibraltar, piled and clustered masses of conglomerate rock, with bushes and small trees growing on the ledges and in the clefts, rising—sheerly, it seems in the distance—from an immense undulating plain through which winds the river Llobregat, dotted along its banks with towns and villages, while in the distance lie the hills, and far beyond, dim and shadowy, the snow-capped Pyrenees, of which Monserrat itself is really a separate outlying eminence. Too far from any strategic position to have played a great part in history as a fortress, Monserrat has been a spiritual citadel, and this holy mountain with its divine lady and her servants has dominated the land from before the dawn of history.

The little train has arrived, and I follow in the wake of the two young couples, for whom the way seems not unfamiliar, to an office, where a young man, a lay Brother, enters my name and place of abode in a book, and without further question hands a key to another similarly habited youth, who, with two sheets and a towel over his arm, precedes me to a barrack-like building bearing the name of Santa Teresa de Jesus, unlocks the door of a third-storey room, and leaves me absolutely and in every respect to my own devices for the three days during which Our Lady of Monserrat grants me the hospitality of her lodging.

I look around the little whitewashed cell which for this brief space will be all my own. It is scrupulously clean and neat, furnished with absolute simplicity. I note—an indication that I am not actually within a duly constituted monastery—that there are two little beds, separated from the rest of the cell by a brillant curtain, the one touch of colour and gaiety my cell reveals. A little table, a chair, a basin, an empty water-pot, and a candlestick without a candle, complete the equipment entrusted to my care. When I have made my bed, taken my water-pot to fill it below, and bought a candle at the provision-store which supplies those pilgrims who find the one restaurant here beyond their means, I feel at last free to put the key of my cell in my pocket and give all my thoughts to Monserrat.

It is now evening; from the ledge on which the little group of buildings stands, the final summits of Monserrat, above the monastery, are to-night wreathed with delicate mist. As I wander up and down the silent deserted terrace, in front of the small group of buildings which makes Monserrat an abode of the living, and breathe the exquisite air, and gaze out into the mysterious depths below, or up at the rocky pinnacles which alone remain bright, I feel at last that I have indeed reached the solemn shrine that I have long dreamed of finding at Monserrat. The absolute peace, the absence of any sign of life,

becomes at last a little puzzling; but the puzzle is solved when I make my way in the gloom to the church, and pushing open a little door, find myself amid the scattered worshippers in the obscurity of the great church. The gloom here, indeed, is far deeper than outside; the fine Spanish instinct for devotion has always known, what in the north the glorification of light has made it so hard for us to realise, that a light subdued to gloom alone befits the attitude of prayer or of adoration; that a church is the last place where we should wish to become acutely conscious of the petty details which mark the individualities of our fellow-creatures. An atmosphere of mystery, a vaguely glowing splendour that envelops and conceals all the world's distinctions, alone befits the attitude of approach to the supreme mystery.

It is the hour of Oracion, almost the only hour of the day when the church is open to the pilgrims, and the exquisite voices of the boys are chanting the Ave Maria, with the restrained and deliberate modulation that comes of good training, as I grope to a seat. If the glare of day could penetrate the church, it might reveal, one feels, a painfully brilliant spectacle of tinselled tawdry, which now is subdued to a vague shimmer of gold, setting forth the massive proportions of the aisleless Romanesque church, while the scattered lamps the better emphasise

the duly ordered candles that burn in the shrine, high up in the apse above the altar, enclosing the sacred image. In this atmosphere of mellowed spiritual exaltation one's mood blends insensibly and harmoniously with that of the unceasing company of human souls which for more than a thousand years has climbed up to pray in this mountain. Here at last the pilgrimage to Monserrat is accomplished.

III

Sleep is quickly banished by the air of this height, and to arise at five in the fresh morning and stroll along the mountain paths when few or none are yet stirring is the best way to realise that Monserrat, far from being the mere home of the Santa Imagen, was a shrine of Nature's making long before it became a shrine of man's.

It seems to be the special distinction of Monserrat that it achieves the sheer altitude, the solemnity, the aloofness of a mountain, and yet retains a certain accessibility and amenity which bring it into communion with humanity. Within certain narrow limits its aspects are infinitely varied,—every time revealing some new and impressive spectacle of jutting promontory, or serried and mighty rock columns, or dark ravine,—but its main characteristics remain uniform. It is always a huge rock reared high

in the clouds, but trees and plants in immense variety grow almost to the summits; pleasant paths lie in every direction, and for the fairly intelligent wanderer no guide is necessary. There are no hardships the pilgrim here need surmount. Now and again one hears the distant sound of youthful laughter; for the note of Monserrat is one of laughter as well as of prayer, and on this keen and radiant height, which seems in a very literal sense so near the sky, it strikes no discord.

The paths that wind round the mountain towards the summit reveal here and there a neglected chapel, a cave that was once inhabited, a ruined hermitage. Every such spot once had its hermit, and when he died there were always eager candidates for the vacant post. Very sacred is the little cave associated with the name of Garin—a ninth-century saint whose sins were grievous and his life here, it is said, of awful austerity. "It is a common and indeed a commendable custom among the Spaniards," wrote James Howell from Madrid, in 1622, in his *Familiar Letters*, "when he hath passed his Grand Climacterie to make a voluntary Resignation of Offices, be they never so great and profitable, and sequestering and weaning themselves, as it were, from all mundane Negotiations and Incumbrances, to retire to some Place of Devotion, and spend the Residue of their Days

in Meditation."[1] Very certainly, however, the lives of the world-weary men who came to spend their last years here were not usually without their joys. Even this cave of Garin's, small as it is, stands in an admirably chosen spot and commands a magnificent view. It is impossible not to believe that the men who retired from the conflicts and anxieties of the world to this serene height were not entirely moved, as it seemed to the ignorant mob, by an unquenchable thirst for suffering, or a resolute determination to expiate their sins at all costs. That would have been far better accomplished in less exquisite spots. For many a weary and sensitive soul, we may be sure, it was not the thirst for suffering but the thirst for joy that led them to Our Lady of Monserrat. When they let the heavy burden of the world slide from off their shoulders — the cares of a household, the hardships of camps, the restraints of courts—and climbed to a new home in this mountain, it was not with a sinking, but with a rising heart, with the exhilaration of St. Francis, with the glad new sense of delicious freedom which once filled the men who went into the Thebaid. To lie in the sunshine, and teach

[1] This impulse has by no means died out from the Spanish temperament. Thus Ruiz Zorrilla, the celebrated Republican leader, who played a great part in the revolution of 1868 and the subsequent reign of Amadeo, in his later years at Paris virtually became a monk, experiencing the influence of the Dominicans, and being a fervent admirer of the memory of Lacordaire.

the birds to feed from the hand, to know how delicate is the taste of the water one has one's self fetched from the spring, and the herbs one has gathered with care; to watch the superb and ever-changing procession of day and night, of summer and winter; to gaze on the towns and villages that lie along the banks of the Llobregat below and look so insignificant—here was an unfailing source of spiritual joy to men who knew how bitterly tasted the dregs of the cup of life.[1]

Such thoughts are natural at Monserrat as one wanders from holy place to holy place, or spends a day in a long solitary ramble among the ever-varied delights of the path that leads to the extreme summit of the mountain at San Jeronimo. It would be an error, however, to assume that even when the shrine of Our Lady of Monserrat was at the height of its glory, even when the mountain was the goal of innumerable pilgrims, the hermit's life was altogether without hardship. But here it is that the peculiar temperament of the Spaniard comes into play. A certain ardour and at the same time a certain hardness lie at the heart of that temperament. In love and in religion, in the life of the crowd or in solitude, whatever the excess of his fervour, he

[1] Peyron, who came here before Monserrat was devastated, wrote that "each of the solitary hermitages, though from afar they seem to lack everything, has its chapel, its cell, a well hollowed out in the rock, and a little garden; the hermits are for the most part men of good family."

retains the instincts of a spiritual athlete—that is to say, in the strict sense, of an ascètic. That is indeed the secret of the curious unity and simplicity of the Spanish soul—it ever has the ardent and unsparing simplicity of flame. Santa Teresa de Jesus and Don Juan Tenorio, unlike representatives of the Spanish soul in life and legend as they may seem, yet alike reveal this flame-like quality. It is equally visible in the lowliest and the greatest spirits. Even Lope de Vega, with all his passionate exuberance of literary production, and all his reckless dissoluteness of living, to the end of his long life never shook himself free from his inborn spiritual asceticism. He never ate meat on Fridays, we are told, though for his health's sake he had a dispensation to do so, and on that day also he always flagellated himself; even on the Friday before he died, it is recorded, the walls of his room and the discipline he had used to scourge himself were found stained with fresh blood.[1] It is the preoccupation with passion, the predominance of the lover and the saint, which makes it so easy for the Spaniard to treat with a light and easy negligence the heavy burden of material comfort which hangs like a millstone round the necks of northern people.[2]

[1] Rennert's full and authoritative life of Lope de Vega is well worth study for the light it throws on some aspects of Spanish character.

[2] On the literary side Coventry Patmore, in a review of Valera's *Pepita Jimenez* (*Religio Poetæ*, p. 73), has well summed up what is

Thus it is that a large part of the charm of Monserrat lies in its freedom, in the exclusion of all demands which are not essentially necessary. The ascetic temperament of the Spaniard renders few things necessary, while his individualism makes it easy for him, in no unkindly spirit, to leave the stranger alone. I cannot remember that any one during the whole of my stay made any attempt to hamper my movements, to offer his services or his wares, or to demand any gratuity. There are guides, indeed, but they do not proffer their services, and there is a little bureau where post-cards are sold, but it is nearly always closed. One reflected on all that would be seen here if some evil fate had placed Our Lady of Monserrat's shrine in one's own country

quintessential in this aspect of the Spanish soul: "Alike in Calderon and in this work of Juan Valera, we find that complete synthesis of gravity of matter and gaiety of manner which is the glittering crown of art, and which out of Spanish literature is to be found only in Shakespeare, and even in him in a far less obvious degree. It is only in Spanish literature, with the one exception of Dante, that religion and art are discovered to be not necessarily hostile powers; and it is in Spanish literature only, and without any exception, that gaiety of life is made to appear as being not only compatible with, but the very flower of that root which in the best works of other literatures hides itself in the earth, and only sends its concealed sap through stem and leaf of human duty and desire. The reason of this great and admirable singularity seems mainly to have been the singular aspect of most of the best Spanish minds towards religion. With them, religion has been, as it was meant to be, a human passion." Patmore seems to have made no special study of Spanish things, but he was himself, though without strain of Spanish blood, akin to the Spanish temperament, *anima naturaliter Iberica*, narrow and yet deep, individualistic and daring, passionate and mystical.

—of the huge and gaudy hotels, with their liveried flunkies, of the tea-garden which would replace the cross on the Mirador, of the innumerable shops and booths where the stranger would be pestered to buy altogether unnecessary articles, of the gigantic advertisements of whiskies and liver-pills which would defile every exquisite point of rock. As one thinks of these things one realises how far we have yet to travel before we attain to the Spaniard's insight into the art of living, his fine parsimony in life, lest for life's sake he should lose the causes for living, his due subordination of dull material claims to the larger spiritual claims of joy and freedom.

That, indeed, is the final lesson of Monserrat, and the last thought as we leave this shrine in the sky where the Spaniard comes for a brief season to pray and to laugh and to make love. It is but a little thing to have seen the old wooden image of the Virgin, laden as it may be with the memories of a dozen centuries. But it is a great thing to have been lifted for a moment into a larger spiritual air, to have caught a glimpse of a finer ideal of life, to have learnt a lesson in the art of living. The symbolic quest of the Grail, after all, may still be pursued in Monserrat.

XVI

SPANISH IDEALS OF TO-DAY

THE war which deprived Spain of the last relics of that empire on which once "the sun never set," has exerted a twofold influence on the Spanish people. On the one hand, it has had a definite material effect in enabling Spaniards to devote their energies to the task of working out their own economic salvation. On the other hand, it has had a less obvious influence of a more spiritual character. It has induced those Spaniards who hold that a nation can only be great by its moral and intellectual distinction, by its fidelity to its own best instincts, to set themselves a task of national self-analysis and self-criticism. What is the real spirit of Spain? these men seem to ask themselves; what is the nature of her great traditions? how can we modern Spaniards learn to become faithful to that spirit and those traditions? to what extent are we wise in doing so? The men who ask these questions—a small group of university

professors, novelists, journalists, belonging to all parts of Spain—play in their own land to-day the same prophetic part which was played in a more sonorous manner nearly a century ago by Carlyle in England and Emerson in America. The new growth of material prosperity in Spain has received attention from many writers in many places, but, so far as I am aware, this corresponding movement of spiritual self-questioning has attracted little or no notice outside Spain; and it may be worth while to attempt to describe its character and tendencies.

The writer of the group who on many grounds deserves to be mentioned first, perhaps as the leader,—for his book appeared before the war, and has not been excelled by any that has appeared since,—is Angel Ganivet. It is not a name that seems ever to be mentioned outside Spain, even by those who concern themselves with Spanish literature, but to serious Spaniards of the younger generation Ganivet is well known, and with reason, for his little masterpiece, *Idearium Español*, contains more good thinking and good writing than any book that has come out of Spain during recent years. It was not, indeed, written in Spain, and to that fact, doubtless, its fine quality of detachment, of deliberate and discriminate insight into the genius of Spain, is in large measure owing. After a highly distinguished academical career Ganivet had

entered the consular service, and a consul's duties have not rarely, from the days of Hawthorne onward, been found compatible with even the best literary work. A consul, moreover, though he is in a specially favourable position to obtain an objective vision of his own land, can scarcely be described as an exile; he is still living under the flag of his own country, and is daily brought into contact with its people and its interests. For a long time Ganivet was stationed at Antwerp; his *Idearium* was completed at Helsingfors in 1897. Two years later, when only thirty-three, he was dead by his own hand, under obscure and tragical circumstances.[1]

Ganivet's diagnosis of the disease from which his country is suffering—for nearly all intellectual Spaniards seem to agree that there is a disease, though they differ as to its nature and gravity—is *aboulia*, or lack of will power. And though his training was so cosmopolitan, he seeks the remedy in Spain's own native force. "The central motive of my idea," he declares, "is the restoration of the spiritual life of Spain." In the possibility of that restoration he has no sort of doubt. Parodying St. Augustine, he lays down the injunction: "Noli foras ire; in interiore Hispaniae habitat veritas." It is within,

[1] An interesting account of Ganivet by his friend Navarro y Ledesma is prefixed to a volume of his letters, *Epistolario*, though the letters themselves are of no great interest.

and not without, that Spain must seek salvation · close with locks and padlocks the doors through which the spirit of Spain issues, to be wasted at the four quarters of the horizon. This attitude was no doubt the outcome of Ganivet's personal temperament. "There is such a thing," he wrote to his friend Navarro y Ledesma, "as spiritual acclimatisation, and there are people who have no aptitude for it; I am one of them." The war which immediately followed the publication of the *Idearium* gave point to its moral by rendering that moral one with the logic of the moment's facts. In this way it came about that Ganivet, whose book would in any case have been memorable—though it attracted little notice until Unamuno called attention to it—became the prophet of a movement of spiritual renaissance in Spain.

Most of the books, indeed, which were immediately called forth by the war, were too hasty and superficial to show the direct influence of so subtle and quietly suggestive a thinker as the author of *Idearium Español*. Some of them, reflecting the profound dejection which was the first effect of the struggle on many Spanish minds, reveal an almost unmitigated pessimism. A favourable example of this class is *El Problema Nacional*, which Ricardo Macias Picavea published, just after the war, in 1899; for while it presents a very gloomy picture of the national

character, there is in it a considerable element of truth. Macias Picavea reproaches his fellow-countrymen with their excesses of arbitrary individualism and their centrifugal tendencies; therein he sees the source of all Spanish evils. He would probably agree with another Spaniard, Donoso Cortes, that "every country has the government it deserves." "We have produced a thousand rebellions and seditions," he declares, "but not one fruitful revolution." This capricious and facile expenditure of energy, Macias Picavea more definitely traces in the form of two original defects of character: an original dynamic defect in the predominance of passion over will (in which he may be said to be at one with Ganivet), and an original moral defect in the substitution of the principle of justice by the socially inadequate sentiment of friendship and affection. By the first defect he accounts for the Spanish tendency to live in the present and put off every inconvenient task to a remote *mañana*, the impulse to convert life into a lottery, the subjectivism that is content with imaginary possibilities in place of solid and prudent motives. The second quality is the source of the administrative immorality of Spain, which consists, not so much in venality or theft as in the domestic and neighbourly feeling which is always inclined to favour a friend because he is a friend, and which erects

impunity almost into law. Undoubtedly Macias Picavea here touches on the real source of a real evil, felt by all foreigners who have come into contact with administrative Spain. But the reason is that the Spaniard, more perhaps than any man in the civilised world, is devoted to his family, his friend, his guest, his neighbour, and on behalf of the remote and invisible persons outside that circle he feels no intrinsic motive for action; in the case of such some extrinsic motive is necessary. It is an anti-social attitude so far as society in the larger sense is concerned, though it has its very lovable and admirable side. We have to reconcile it as well as we can with the equally undoubted fact that Spain has always been prolific, not only in rhetoricians, but in moralists. So far as Macias Picavea was concerned, he saw little hope for his countrymen, and regarded the national problem as almost or quite desperate. He died in the same year in which his book appeared, at Valladolid, before any signs of a brighter future had appeared on the horizon.

This book, it may be noted in passing, illustrates the assumption, so often tacitly made both by Spaniards and foreigners, that the defects in the Spanish national character are necessarily of recent growth, and due to a supposed decadence. Let us, for instance, consider a characteristic which is to-day very familiar both to natives

and visitors—the tendency to delay everything to a remote to-morrow. To every demand the Spaniard responds with a cheerful *Mañana!* When the International Medical Congress met a few years ago at Madrid nothing was ready on the opening day, and even the invitations were by many only received after the Congress was over. Perhaps it was this incident which suggested to the satirist who writes under the name of "Azorin," to play on the dilatoriness of his compatriots in *La Ruta de Don Quijote*, by imagining a distinguished English surgeon who comes to Madrid, full of enthusiasm, and eager to write a book about a country which seems to him the best in the world; but as he pursues his studies he is met on every side by procrastination, the most trifling action cannot be accomplished without delays, and he finally resolves to call his book *The Time they Lose in Spain.* But exactly three centuries ago, in 1607, Sir Francis Bacon referred in an official memorandum to the notorious delays of the Spaniards in negotiation, and records the opinion of the Secretary of State, Lord Salisbury, that it was not due to "malice or alienation of mind from us," but in part to the multiplicity of Spanish tribunals, and in part to a psychological cause, to "the nature of the people and nation, which is proud and therefore dilatory, for all proud men are full of delays and must be waited

on."[1] "All which," Bacon adds, for his own part, "have made the delays of Spain to come into a by-word throughout the world: wherein I think his Lordship mought allude to the proverb of Italy, *Mi venga la morte di Spagna*, Let my death come from Spain; for then it is sure to be long a-coming." Yet this was in the midst of the great age of Spain, when in every department of life and of art Spaniards were displaying an energy and resolution in fine achievement which have made their names immortal. Questions of national psychology are more complicated than we sometimes realise, and the incalculable men who make a country great may often display qualities unlike, and even the opposite of those which permanently mark the mass of their fellow-countrymen.

With Macias Picavea's ably written book may be coupled a lecture delivered by Doña Emilia Pardo Bazan in the same year, *La España de Ayer y La de Hoy*, for it reflects a very similar mood of depression, and scarcely seems altogether to correspond to the lecturer's habitual attitude. In agreement with Macias Picavea she considers that the most serious Spanish defect is "an instinct of individualistic anarchy,"—quite distinct from the spirit of independence,—which

[1] Van Aerssen, a few years later, alluding to these Spanish delays, attributed them not to pride but to policy, to a "judicious obstinacy" which slowly wore out opposition.

has dispersed the national force and tended to discord. The Spanish people was formed into a nation by Ferdinand and Isabella, but while under the earlier conditions there was vigour and sap everywhere, the nation grew weaker and weaker; "the higher we go back up the stream of history the more we find progress, liberty, toleration, faith, work, virile effort."[1] Spain has long been content to live on that old legend, but now it is no longer possible to do so, and Spaniards must seek to replace the legend by an ideal of renovation, of work, and of effort.

A more hopeful tone is adopted by Ramiro de Maetzu in his *Hacia Otra España*, also published in 1899. He realises, indeed, that Spain is at the beginning of a great economic struggle, and he is not quite sure how far she is adapted for success in the paths of industrial progress. But it is along such paths that he sees signs of progress. By energetically progressing in this direction Spain may again become great, and we may again hope for a new renaissance of the Spanish spirit. A still more facile optimism is represented by the book on "The Lesson of the Defeat," *La Moral de la*

[1] The inevitable conclusion is that the ancient Spanish individualism was the best strength of the people, though it held the germ of serious defects. Saavedra (*La Invasion de los Arabes en España*) concludes that the Moorish conquest was due to the indiscipline and particularism of the Christian resistance. It might be added that the final defeat of the Moors was due to their exhibition of the same defects.

Derrota, which Luis Morote published in 1900. Morote is a journalist, and was a correspondent in Cuba, where he was taken prisoner by the rebels and condemned to death as a spy. But he lived to return to Spain, and to write a series of books marked by fervid patriotism and enthusiastic faith in the new Spain of the future. All that Spain needs, he believes, is to learn the lesson of experience, to abandon the vain policy of adventure abroad, and to work for the happiness and civilisation of her own peninsula. That is "the moral of the defeat." It is the less necessary, he thinks, for Spain to concern herself with foreign expeditions since she has already conquered her place in the wide world, and established one of the four world-languages. "Our speech, civilisation, art, genius, and racial spirit will last for ever and constitute the Greater Spain of the planet, the moral and mental country of eighteen nationalities, nearly a whole continent, which, however politically separate, must still, for writing and for speech, for song and for love, continue to use the tongue of Castile." In a subsequent book, published in 1904, *Los Frailes en España*, Morote deals with a question which, in common with many progressive Spaniards, he regards as at the root of the regeneration of Spain,—the question of religious communities. "If we could only get rid of our monks as easily as of our colonies!" a Spaniard is

represented as declaring in one of the comic papers of Madrid during the war. It was certainly an aspiration breathed by many Spaniards of all classes. A century and a half ago there was one priest to every thirty inhabitants in Spain. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Portugal, Rome, Sicily, and Turkey were still the only spots in Europe which showed a larger proportion of ecclesiastics than Spain. Shortly afterwards, indeed, there followed the revolutionary reform which has filled Spain with the noble ruins of monasteries, but Morote's book serves to show that Spaniards are still troubled by the existence of their mostly unproductive monks and nuns.

It is a little difficult to define precisely where Spain stands to-day in relation to this question of religious communities. In one direction there is clearly, among both men and women, a large amount of faith, of religious observance, even of passionate devotion, and sometimes also of intolerant bigotry, the whole supported by a mass of superb tradition, of magnificent architecture and ritual, of ecclesiastical organisation and wealth, to-day unsurpassed in any country. But in another direction we have the subtly penetrating influences of Liberalism and Republicanism and Anarchism, of the revolt against the ancient and inert forces which are believed to be impeding the advance of Spain.

The extent and reality of this movement is shown by the vigorous efforts of the Liberal party in Spain to follow the example of France and secure a national control of religious associations.[1] This discrepancy is reflected in the opinions of Spaniards to-day. On one side we have, for instance, one of the most modern of Spanish literary critics, Manuel Bueno, declaring

[1] The Conde de Romanones, the political leader of the anti-clericals, and Minister of the Interior in the last Liberal cabinet, is by no means opposed to Christianity, or even to Catholicism of the democratic school of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland. He fights only against a Church which refuses to keep in touch with social progress, and calls political weapons to its aid instead of relying on spiritual force. This is clearly brought out in a paper by Romanones lately contributed to the *Mercure de France* (April 15, 1907): "The Christian world," he remarks, "is making towards higher conceptions of its faith, and perhaps no historical epoch, not even the thirteenth century, has been so profoundly Christian as the present. The ethical essence of the doctrine of Jesus is rapidly being incorporated in social aspiration, and the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, the heart of contemporary democracies and the ideals to which political evolution is tending, are the echo of Christian preaching." Similarly, on the literary side, Perez Galdos, although his *Electra* once became the watchword of many belonging to the most extreme anti-religious, free-thinking, and revolutionary parties in Spain, is himself by no means an extremist. He is fully able to sympathise with all that is best and freest in the mystical, religious temper of his countrymen. He is not opposed to the Church, he tells us; on the contrary, he thinks the Church should be preserved, but he wishes to check the growth of monasticism, which has, he believes, attained alarming dimensions during the past century, and to restrain the undue influence of the Church on secular life. "Do not touch the secular clergy!" he exclaims, and even among the monastic orders he is willing to uphold those which, like the Augustinians and the Carmelites, retain an atmosphere of poetry, reserving his indignation for those, more especially the Jesuits, who preach a barren ideal of gloomy virtue, and whose "diabolical inspiration" tends to dry up the fountains of life.

that "no philosophy opposed to Christian piety will ever find a favourable atmosphere in Spain." On the other, another thoughtful observer, Pascual Santacruz, asserts that the Spanish people are now largely at bottom sceptical, even indifferent, and that in so far as they are still religious they are ceasing to regard the actual Catholicism of to-day as the legitimate outcome of the gospel of Christ. Emilia Pardo Bazan, also, though personally sympathetic towards Catholicism, similarly writes: "Our religiosity is part of our legend. We are no longer a religious people, even in observance."

It may surprise us to hear such statements concerning a people who once played so fervid and imposing a part in the development of Catholicism. But we may remember that France, once the most Catholic of countries and the land of saints, has since taken the lead in throwing off any official connection with religion, and that even so fervidly devout a region as Brittany is also characterised by the fervour of its freethinkers. The old wine is poured into new bottles, and the spirit of the fathers is renewed in the sons under other forms. That it should disappear we cannot expect. The temperamental passion of the Spaniard and his fundamental mysticism—the force that lay behind Raymond Lull and Loyola and St. Theresa—are inherent in the race. Ganivet considered

that the Spaniard's tendency to mysticism, or exaltation of religious feeling, is a sanctification of his primitive African sensuality, and that his tendency to fanaticism, or exaltation of practical action, is a turning towards himself of the fury accumulated during eight centuries of battle between Christian and Moor. However that may be, these qualities cannot fail to persist, even though they cease to inspire the Catholicism which was once their supreme manifestation.

It is unnecessary to occupy ourselves in more detail with the rather superficial manifestations of the Spanish spirit represented in the pessimistic shape by Macias Picavea, and the optimistic by Morote. Of greater interest are the more penetrating efforts of the best thinkers of modern Spain to ascertain what really are the fundamental and permanent traits of the Spanish character. A notable attempt to clear the path in this direction, careful and deliberate, although the direct outcome of the war, is furnished by the *Psicologia del Pueblo Español*, published by Professor Rafael Altamira of the University of Oviedo in 1902. Altamira is not, indeed, a subtle psychologist like Ganivet, but as a student of law and sociology and the history of civilisation he is far too familiar with the events and the opinions of the past to fall into any extravagant attitude in face of the problems of the present. He represents the best type of modern

Spanish professor, erudite and cautious, but enlightened and progressive, an enthusiast for educational advance, and a fervent advocate for its popular form of "university extension," of which his own university has already set the example in Asturias. As might be anticipated in the case of a man with the historian's habit, Altamira is less inclined to find the source of Spain's present social and political weakness in personal defects, such as lack of persistency to which Costa traces it, or excess of individuality to which Ganivet attaches importance, than in more slowly and complexly working causes of economic order. He finds the explanation not so much, according to the old theory, in the demoralisation produced by "American gold," as in depopulation, to which many causes contributed, in national impoverishment, and in the erroneous direction taken by religious sentiment. The combined tendency of these influences during recent centuries, Altamira believes, has interposed obstacles which have so dispersed the energies of Spain that at critical moments they have been unable to concentrate on the solution of internal crises. Like the waters of the Guadiana in part of its course, the stream of national vigour has been diverted and swallowed up in the soil. Altamira concludes that national regeneration is possible, though only on the basis of the natural conditions demonstrated by the

study of the past. As essential to this regeneration, he regards a renewed faith in the native qualities of the people and its aptitudes for civilised life, but with due care to avoid the attempt at any mere archæological revival of the forms of the past, for it is only by contact with modern civilisation that the national genius can be vivified and rendered apt for the tasks before it.

For a combined historical and psychological analysis of the Spanish spirit, with a touch of irony superadded, we may finally turn to a writer who to-day occupies a more distinguished place in Spanish letters than any of the other living writers we have encountered. Miguel de Unamuno, a Basque by birth, and now Rector of the University of Salamanca, is one of the most brilliant of Spanish writers and a penetrative critic, especially the critic, caustic more often than sympathetic, of his countrymen's characteristics and shortcomings. His recent *Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho* is a curious attempt to present an essay of Spanish philosophy expressed in terms of the two figures who together sum up the whole attitude of the Spanish mind towards life. Of more significance, however, from our present point of view, is the volume entitled *En Torno al Casticismo*, published in 1902, although it was really written in substance during 1895, and thus belongs to the same period as Ganivet's

Idearium Español, to which it forms an interesting counterpart. Ganivet, living a cosmopolitan life outside his country, concentrated his devout reflections on the permanently vital and precious elements in the Spanish spirit, the sole source, it seemed to him, of any national regeneration. Unamuno, a less deliberate writer perhaps, a less fascinatingly individual thinker, possesses a larger outlook, the charm of a spontaneous and ardent style, a wide acquaintance as well with books as with the younger generation of Spaniards, and an eager impatience with the obstacles in the road of progress which leads him to throw an air of satire even over his serious attempts to define precisely the essence of the Castilian spirit. The word *casticismo* by which he designates this spirit—a word which occurs so often in the writings of Spanish critics—may be said to correspond to our "breed" or "race" in the more popular use of the words as an indication of approval. It is in the golden age of Castilian literature, especially in the drama, and above all in Calderon,—the "poeta españolissimo," as Menendez y Pelayo terms him,—that Unamuno finds the purest manifestations of *casticismo*. In that word are concentrated the special valour and virtue of Castile, just as some have attempted to concentrate the special valour and virtue of Japan in the word *bushido*. But Unamuno, while by no means wishing to cast

contempt on what is *castizo*, reveals that he is not himself a true child of Castile, by pointing out how largely it is characterised by sterility and impracticability. It is plebeianly realistic on the one hand, and formally idealistic on the other, seldom able to effect any vital union of those two unlike elements. The grave Hurtado de Mendoza (if we may believe the improbable story of his authorship) narrates the tricks of Lazarillo de Tormes, and Quevedo turns from Marcus Brutus to write of Don Pablos. Unamuno contrasts the narrow sterility of this *casticismo* with the universally human spirit of Cervantes, and urges his countrymen to recognise that it is only in the larger and more vital ideas of old Spain that they can find help to grapple with the problems of the modern world.[1]

When we seek to compare the ideals of progress maintained by these preachers of Spanish regeneration, we find, various individual differences, but they are all agreed as to the direction

[1] In a more recent essay Unamuno goes farther, and declares that the apparent idealism of Spaniards, even in religion, is really materialism, a lack of ideality and of the poetic spirit, which he by no means identifies with the literary spirit. "If in Spain there is an absence of what is called the practical spirit, it is because there is a lack of the poetic spirit, the most practical of all. Other peoples excel us in business because they have a freer play of imagination and apply it to business. Literature will not help us to make railways, harbours, factories, or agriculture, but without poetry they are impossible." Unamuno is here writing in a hortatory rather than a scientific spirit, but it may no doubt be maintained that the English, who are one of the most practical of peoples—in so far as commerce and industry can be termed practical—are also one of the most poetic and idealistic.

in which they would desire the new generation of Spaniards to walk. Ganivet, indeed, may seem to stand somewhat apart, with his emphatic advice to his fellow-countrymen to look within, to seek salvation in themselves and in their own best traditions. His consular experiences in progressive countries had taught Ganivet that the glorification of political and commercial activities, which make up the contemporary notion of civilisation, only leads to the triumph of the commonplace and vulgar elements in society, and is far from constituting an ideal worthy of imitation. It must also be remembered, on the one hand, that Ganivet wrote before the war, when Spain's limited energies were still being wasted in the fruitless struggle to maintain what was supposed to be Spain's honour in Cuba, and that, on the other hand, Ganivet's conception of the Spanish soul by no means corresponded to that narrow Castilian *casticismo* which Unamuno cruelly analyses; he included as a permanent element of it the Arab influences of the Spanish Moslem world, and believed that those who deny or abstract those influences not only show themselves unable to comprehend the Spanish character, but "commit a psychological crime." This opinion concerning the relation of Moorish and Spanish civilisation, it may be noted in passing, although opposed to some popular traditions, is supported

by many modern scholars. The invading Moors —for the most part Berbers mixed with a few Arabs—brought no civilisation with them; they had scarcely emerged from savagery. But they acquired in Spain a peculiar receptivity which they have not often manifested at home, and slowly absorbed and developed the elements of the Christian and classic traditions they found around them.[1] "Averroes," Valera remarks, "was as much a Spaniard as Seneca." "The Cid himself," says Dozy, with perhaps a little exaggeration, "was rather a Mussulman than a Christian." In spirit, and very often, there seems little doubt, in blood, the great names of Moorish civilisation belong to Spain. It must also be remembered that while the Moors tolerated Christianity, the great Christian cities of Spain, on their part, welcomed Moorish men of science and Moslem philosophy. It was to Raimundo, Archbishop of Toledo and Chancellor of Castile, Renan has said, that Christendom owes the introduction of Arabic texts into its schools, and the initiation of a new scientific and philosophic movement which deeply affected the fate of Europe. Ganivet is not widely at variance, therefore, with Unamuno and the others who urge that Spain is suffering from

[1] Simonet, for instance, has emphasised the extraordinary aptitude of the Moors for absorbing the best elements of the life of the peoples around them.

lack of receptivity to foreign influences. The learned Altamira—who desires to "harmonise the ideals and the genius of Spain with all that is good and sound in modern civilisation"—is careful to point out that the greater Spain of an earlier age was singularly alive to all foreign currents of influence, Christian and Moslem alike, and that the fecundation of its native genius by these relationships was manifested in mediæval Spanish literature, in the Spanish humanism of the Renaissance, and in many elements of Spanish law. Not only was this so, he adds, but Spaniards deliberately sought to multiply their points of contact with the world, both by attracting foreign professors to their universities, and by themselves going abroad to study, while the canons of many Spanish churches were compelled by ecclesiastical statutes to pursue a part of their studies at foreign universities, a state of things not entirely upset by the efforts of Philip II. to isolate Spain intellectually. We are accustomed to regard all Spanish thought as cast in a mould of rigid uniformity, but, as Altamira remarks, here following Menendez y Pelayo, this was not the case even in the sphere of religion; within the Church there was wide liberty of speculation in all matters that were not matters of faith, while outside the pale of orthodoxy the various manifestations of rationalistic thought were not rare.

So marked, indeed, was the variety of theological opinion in Spain, that an Italian traveller observed that the Inquisition, though not required in his own country, was a necessity in Spain. The violent opposition which the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition encountered, an opposition which made martyrs of some of the early inquisitors, points in the same direction.

Unamuno, although a writer of different temperament and interests, reaches conclusions similar to Altamira's. He deprecates the Spanish emphasis on individuality and distinguishes between individuality and personality.[1] San Juan de la Cruz, who represents the culminating point of Spanish mysticism, the essence of Castilian *casticismo*, was in the highest degree individual, but his spirit was anti-personal, and it is rich personality, instinctively feeling that each is in all, and all in each, which can alone prove fruitful. A narrow and rigid historical *casticismo* can but be the instrument of spiritual impoverishment. The Castilian soul was great only when it opened itself to the four winds and scattered itself across the world. It is only by opening our windows to the winds of Europe,

[1] Excess of individuality has certainly nowhere been so highly honoured as in Spain. Van Aerssen, nearly three centuries ago, alluded to the psychological significance of the fact that in adopting the word *bizarro*, which in Spanish has an entirely noble sense, the French instinctively gave it an eccentric and ridiculous tinge.

Unamuno finally repeats, in the faith that we shall not thereby lose our own personality, that we can hope to regenerate the exhausted moral soil of Spain.

That Spain has for a long time past been suffering from an attack of spiritual marasmus, every one of the typical Spaniards whose opinion has been passed in review clearly admits, and indeed for the most part emphasises. As to the chief cause of this moral disease they differ. For one it is found in the prolonged influence of unfortunate economic and political circumstances. For another it is largely due to adherence to a too narrow historical tradition of past greatness. For a third much significance is to be found in a temperamental discrepancy between an extravagant impulse to great designs and an inadequate executive aptitude. For yet another the nation is overcome by the disease of loss of will power. To the outsider who takes a comprehensive view of the situation it may well seem that—admitting the existence of a defect of vitality in the spiritual state of Spain—both external circumstances and temperamental reaction to them have contributed to bring about and to maintain this state. A succession of chilling mortifications, of failures largely imposed from without during many centuries, may produce even on a fervent and high-spirited people the

auto-suggestion of its own ineffectiveness and the hopelessness of effort.[1] Even Altamira, who finds the real source of the trouble in economic conditions, compares the intellectual element of the Spanish population to Turgueneff's Dmitri Rudin, the victim of a distrust in his powers, himself creating an atmosphere of pessimism in which faith and energy cannot breathe.

Yet, in this sphere at all events, it is men's beliefs that mould reality, and he is strong who feels that he is strong. It is difficult for the outsider to see anything more fundamentally wrong in the spiritual life of Spain than the Spaniard's belief that it is wrong. Every foreign student of Spain has been impressed by the sterling and noble qualities possessed by the peasants and working people of Spain; "as fine a race as one might wish to meet with," has truly said one who knows them well. The people of Spain are still sound at the core; they have suffered as much from their virtues as from their vices,—from their idealisms, their indifference to worldly advantage, their cheerful good-nature, their stoical resignation. If Spaniards could but realise the unused reservoir

[1] We have in English several good books on the history of Spain: for the early period Ulick Burke's *History of Spain to the Death of Ferdinand the Catholic*; for the latest period Mr. Martin Hume's *Modern Spain*, and the late H. Butler Clarke's *Modern Spain*. For the intervening period I may mention Mr. Hume's recent illuminative book, *The Court of Philip*.

of original energy which is still stored within their race, quietly manifested in the details of everyday life, their problem would be solved. They have but to educate and utilise the excellent human material they possess. The self-styled decadent insists on lying down in the belief that he is hopelessly paralysed. Some day, we can scarcely doubt, the voice of a more potent prophet than we hear to-day will compel him to take up his bed and walk. On that day he will find that his spiritual state is no more hopeless than are his economic and industrial conditions.

We are apt to forget, however,—and the Spanish pessimists of to-day seem peculiarly apt to forget,—that in any country in any age the men who arise and walk, strongly and fearlessly, in accordance with the inspirations of their own souls, can be but a very small minority. The majority, always and everywhere, are lame and weak, timid and conventional. Unamuno is grieved because the youth of Madrid are suffering from *ideophobia*, the horror of ideas; but it is a disease by no means confined to Madrid; in London, for instance, it is endemic. National indolence or social parasitism, which Spanish reformers seek to battle with to-day, is ever present in some form, a more respectable or a less respectable form; in its more respectable Spanish form it finds refuge in officialdom,

in its less respectable forms it inspired the picaresque literature which is among the achievements of Spain's golden age. It is not the existence of such an element in the national life which is the main concern,—for not every one can be a Vasco da Gama or a Hernan Cortes, a Cervantes or a Calderon, a Velazquez or a Goya,—but the freedom and vigour with which the elect few can live and move in the national life and dominate its currents. That is never an easy task, even for the most indomitable and audacious persons, even in the ages most favourable for their achievements.

If we bear in mind all the difficulties—political, economic, and religious—with which the Spanish people have so long been struggling, and not on the whole ineffectively, it can scarcely seem to us that in Spain the elect few have ever quite failed to make themselves felt. As we have seen again and again, the Spaniard has always possessed character. Spain has always been a land of great personalities. In art and literature, more especially, Spain to-day—as well as that larger Spain beyond the ocean which is coming more closely into touch with the mother country than it has ever been before—still emphatically embodies those ideals which, elementary as they are, have never been more potently and influentially asserted than by Spaniards. In art there is no more supreme

representative of nature and realism than Velazquez, for whom the truthful presentation of life, and of the air in which life breathes and moves, was lifted to a beauty and perfection beyond and above that of ideal art. In the supreme Spanish novelist, again, in Cervantes, we find the same equally triumphant achievements, the same complex picture of real life transcending the ideal.

It is naturalism, the passion of life, the stimulating appeal of aspiring and inexhaustible energy, in harmony with the movement of life itself, that has for ever moved the Spanish soul. There is no more inspiring moralist, it has often been said, than the old Spaniard Seneca. Even the Spanish mystics have been practical, with energies directed towards action, and instead of following the misty iridescent paths of a Böhme or a Ruysbroeck, they have written with a clearness, vigour, and balance which place them in the ranks of classics. The fury of life moves in this grave and passionate Spanish soul, alike in its national philosophy and its national dancing. *Trompetas de Organo* is the title given to a collection of his verse by one of the most characteristic writers of Spain to-day, Salvador Rueda. It cannot be said that the finest utterances in song, even from Homer at one end to Verlaine at the other, are fittingly called *Trompetas de Organo.* But the Spanish

genius is seldom æsthetically exquisite; it seeks above all the emphasis of character in its naturalistic grasp of life, the emphasis that Rueda seeks, enamoured of the earth and of all natural things. It is in the characteristic spirit of moral valour, again, that Nuñez de Arce, a writer of the like temper in the previous generation, called his chief volume "battle-cries," *Gritos del Combate. Trompetas de Organo,* again, or *Gritos del Combate,* with the like lack of exquisite æsthetic quality, are many of the most notable volumes and plays of the day, with all the long historical series of *Episodas Nacionales,* in which Galdos, the most representative literary force on the side of progressive reform, has sought to picture the national life. Blasco Ibañez reveals the same qualities in a still more emphatic shape; in his life and in his works this son of indomitable Aragon has displayed all the typical Spanish virility, the free-ranging personal energy, the passion for independence which of old filled Saragossa with martyrs and heroes. And in art, with a still wider human appeal, the modern painters of Spain,—Sorolla, Zuloaga, and Anglada-Camarasa at their head,—have translated these same personal and moral qualities into pigment, imparting to their Spanish vision of the world its own special savour, its exhilarating vigour, its heroic execution. It has been by passion,

by virility, by moral energy carried to the farthest point, that the firm-fibred soul of Spain has achieved its place in the world, and in his own way the Spaniard of to-day still carries on the traditions of the race.

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